SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII MARCH 1895 No. 3

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

FEW quarter-centuries in the world's life bristle with salient events as does the last. The series of articles here begun is an attempt to portray the chief of these so far as they relate to the United States. A detailed national history since 1870 the reader must not expect. He is going upon a rapid excursion through vast tracts, with frequent use of the camera, and not upon a topographical survey. Happenings of mere local moment are ignored altogether; legal and constitutional developments we cannot so much as sketch; while many interesting and even vital matters which are brought to notice we only touch. The task is arduous. None of the sources for our most recent history have been sifted. On each specially critical occurrence studied by them congressional committees report contradictorily. Treating affairs so uncertainly vouched, the historian must keep in tense exercise a form of discretion which in better trodden fields predecessors have made unnecessary. In discussing yesterday's transactions one is open to challenge from participants. If you are right in essentials, your ideas of proportion and of the relative importance of things may seem strange. And, however sincere and unremitting the effort to treat all sections, parties, and persons with perfect fairness, perhaps no man can judge his contemporaries without a degree of prejudice. To record freshly made history would thus be difficult enough had one ample space for all necessary explanations; being obliged to condense the narrative, as these pieces require, doubly

Copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aggravates the undertaking. But there are two encouraging considerations: It is hoped that the doings set forth will have a peculiarly living interest precisely on account of their occurrence in our time; and that the work may here and there rescue from oblivion some significant deed which would surely meet that fate were the recording deferred.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE CLOSE OF RECONSTRUCTION

The Material Conditions.
Growth of Urban Population.
The Chicago Fire.
Downfall of the Tweed Ring.
Grant's First Cabinet.
Reconstruction.
Rise of the Liberals.
The Ku-Klux Klan.
Gould and Fisk.
Black Friday.
The Alabama Claims.
Sumner and San Domingo.

IN 1870 the United States covered the same tract of the earth's surface as now, amounting to four million square miles. Hardly more than a fifth of this represented the United States of 1789. About a third of the vast domain was settled, the western frontier running irregularly parallel with the Mississippi, but nearer to that stream than to the Rocky Mountains. The centre of population was forty-eight miles east by north of Cincinnati, having moved westward forty-two miles since 1860. Except certain well-peopled sections on the Pacific slope, and little civilized strips in Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, the Great West had but a tenuous white population. Over immense regions it was still an Indian fastness, rejoicing in a reputation, which few could verify, for rare scenery, fertile valleys, rich mines, and a wondrous climate.

The American people numbered 38,558,371 souls. In the settled parts of our country the population had a density of 30.3 persons to the square mile, southern New England being the most closely peopled. Much of western Pennsylvania was in the condition of the newest States, railroads building as never before, population increasing at a remarkable rate, and industries developing on every hand. Petroleum, which before the Civil War had been skimmed off the streams of the oil region and sold for medicine, in 1870 developed a yield of over five million gallons in Pennsylvania alone, more than ten times as much as a decade previous. The West was rapidly recruiting itself from the East, the city from the country. Between 1790 and 1860 our urban population had increased from one in thirty to one in six; in 1870 more than one in five dwelt in cities.

There were now thirty-seven States, nine organized territories, and two unorganized ones, these being Alaska and the Indian Territory. Noteworthy among the territories was Washington, whose population had doubled in the preceding decade, was now 23,000, and during the year 1870 leaped to 30,000. Colorado had about 40,000. Utah boasted 86,000, one-third of whom were foreigners. New Mexico numbered 114,000, less than one to each square mile. Arizona was still much harried by Indians, and contained hardly 10,000 civilized men. This year female suffrage, hitherto unknown in America, if not in the world, gained a foothold in Wyoming and in Utah.

During seven years preceding 1873, the railroad facilities of the country nearly doubled. The Union and Central Pacific Roads, forming the only transcontinental line then in existence, had been completed on May 10, 1869.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Into Denver already came, besides the Union Pacific, three other railroads, all short, while Washington Territory contained the germ of the Northern Pacific, whose eastern extremity had just been begun at Duluth. Dakota had sixty-five miles of railway, Wyoming four hundred and fifty-nine. With these exceptions, the territories were wholly without railroads.

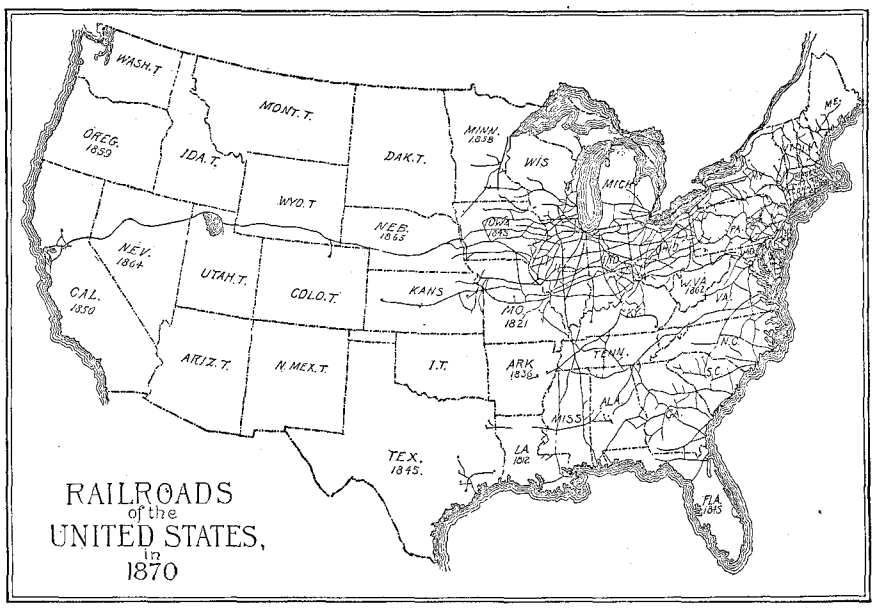
THE CHICAGO FIRE.

In 1870, New York, with 942,292 inhabitants, Philadelphia, with 674,022, Brooklyn, with 396,099, St. Louis, with 310,864, and Chicago, with 298,977, were, as in 1890, our five largest cities, and they had the same relative size as now, save that Chicago has since passed from the fifth to the second place. This in the

Driving the Last Spike of the Union Pacific. Scene at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869.

(After a photograph in the possession of General G. M. Dodge.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

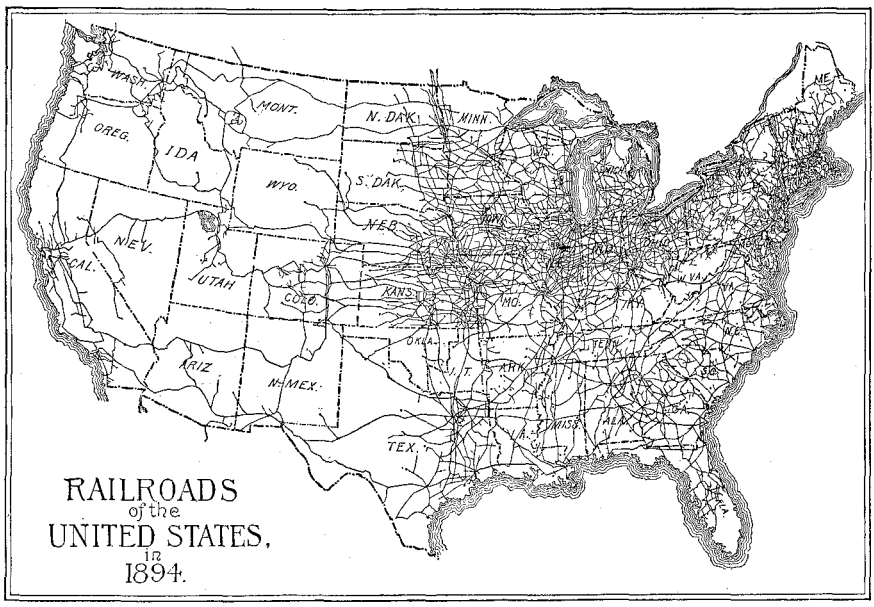


face of adversity. In October, 1871, the city was devastated by one of the most terrible conflagrations of modern times. It began on Sunday evening, the 8th, in a wooden barn on DeKoven Street, in the West Division. Lumber yards were numerous there, and through these the flames raged, leaping across the stream before a strong westerly wind into the Southern Division, which was closely built up with stores and warehouses. The fire continued all Monday. It crossed the main channel of the Chicago River into the Northern Division, sweeping all before it.

"Niagara," says an eye-witness, "sinks into insignificance before that towering wall of whirling, seething, roaring flame, which swept on and on, devouring the most stately and massive stone buildings as though they had been the cardboard playthings of a child. Looking under the flame we could see the buildings on either side of Randolph Street, whose beauty and magnificence and whose wealth of contents we admired the day before, in the centre of the furnace. A moment and the flickering flame crept out of a window; another and another followed; a sheet of fire joined the whirling mass above and they were gone. One after another they dissolved like snow on the mountain, until the fire had reached the corner just before us. Loud detonations to the right and left of us, where buildings were being blown up, added to the falling of the walls and the roaring of the flames, the moaning of the wind and the crowd, the shrill whistling of tugs as they endeavored to remove the shipping out of the reach of danger, made up a frightful discord of sounds that will live in memory while life shall last."

"Some one cries, 'The elevator is on fire!' 'No, that's the reflection of the fire.' Every eye is turned that way with the utmost anxiety. The smoke is so dense that we can hardly see. It blows aside, and what was the reflection of the fire is now a lurid glare of flame. It is doomed. Two or three minutes more and it is a monstrous pyramid of flame and thick black smoke, solid as stone. 'My God! Look there! There are men on the *top!*' 'No!' 'Wait a moment till the smoke clears away.' 'Yes, there are — three, *five.*' They're lost. See, they are suffocating; they have crept to the corner. God! Is there no help for them? What are they doing? They are drawing something up. 'Tis a rope. They fasten it, and just as the flames burst out around them the first one slides from the para-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



pet and down, followed by one after another until the whole are saved. Thank God!"

For hundreds of miles over the prairie and the lake could be seen the glare. The river seemed to boil and mingle its steam with the smoke. Early Monday morning the Tribune building remained intact, the only structure left in the business quarter. Two patrols were constantly at work, one sweeping away live coals and brands, the other watching the roofs. Till four o'clock the reporters passed in regular reports of the fire. At five the forms were sent down. In ten minutes the cylinder presses would have been at work. At that moment the front basement is discovered on fire. The water-plug at the corner is opened, but the water-works have been destroyed. The pressmen have to fly for their lives. By ten o'clock the block is in ashes.

Streets, bridges, parks are gorged with panic-stricken throngs. Not a few are crazed by terror. One old woman stumbles along under a great bundle, crooning Mother Goose melodies. Anarchy reigns. The horrors of the night are multiplied by drunkenness, arson, burglary, murder, rape. Vigilance committees are formed. It was estimated that fifty ruffians first and last were shot in their tracks, among them five notorious criminals. A number of convicts locked in the basement of the court-house are supposed to have been burnt alive. Happily for the safety of the city, General Sheridan was at hand with troops to keep order.

The morning after the fire the indomitable Chicago pluck began to show itself. William D. Kerfoot knocked together a shanty, facetiously called "Kerfoot's block," an unrivalled structure, for it was the only one in the neighborhood. To it he nailed a sign which well typified the spirit of the city. "Wm. D. Kerfoot, all gone but wife, children, and ENERGY." The next Sunday the Rev. Dr. Collyer preached where his church had formerly stood, in the midst of the city, yet in the heart of a wilderness more than a mile from human habitation.

Not till Tuesday morning was the headway of the fire checked, and parts of the charred *débris* smouldered on for months. Nearly three and a third square miles were burned over; 17,450 buildings were destroyed; 98,500 persons rendered homeless; and 200 killed. The total direct loss of property amounted to $190,000,000, which indirect losses

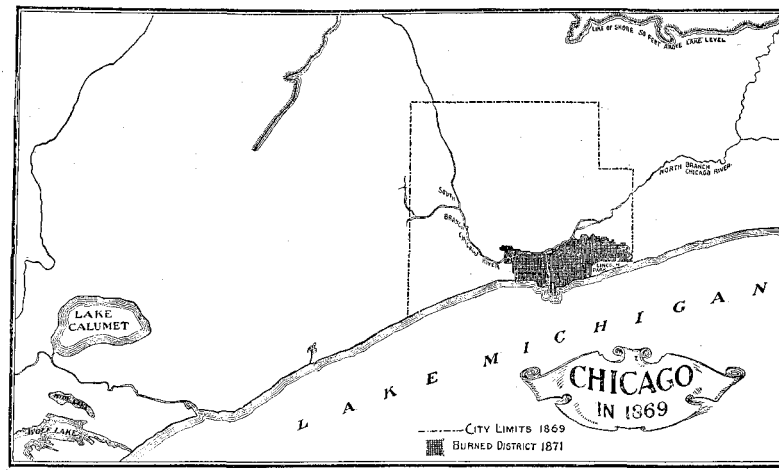
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

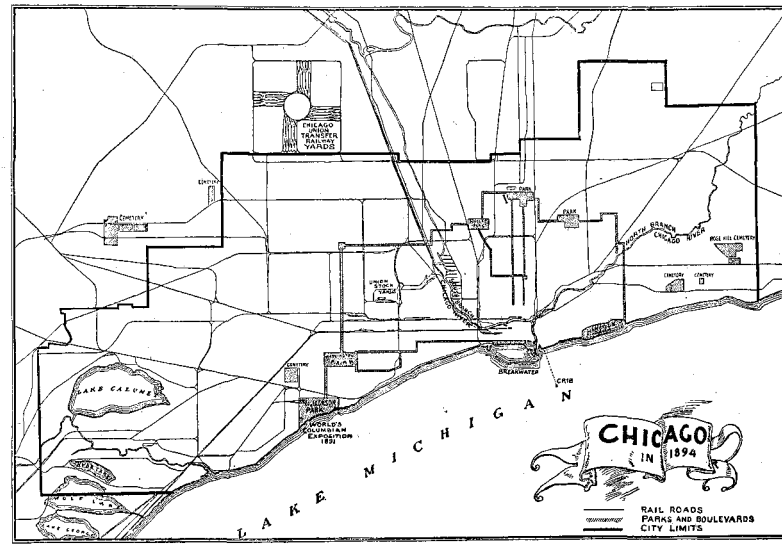
of various sorts would swell to perhaps $250,000,000, nearly a third of the city's valuation. Forty-four million dollars was recovered on insurance, a small part of the sum insured for, as fifty seven of the companies involved were rendered insolvent by the fire.

THE TWEED RING.

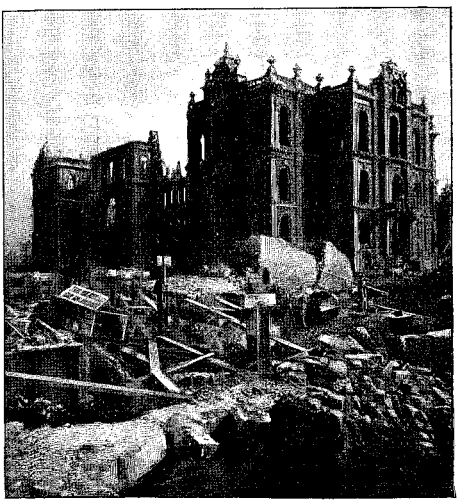
MEANTIME New York City was suffering from an evil worse than fire, the frauds of the "Tweed Ring," notorious forevermore. In the summer of 1871, proof was published of vast frauds by leading city officials, prominent among them "Boss" William M. Tweed, Superintendent of the Street Department. Having made themselves supreme in Tammany Hall, these men so worked the city elections as to control the city government, placing themselves, in 1866, each in the office he wished. A new charter, of which they secured the adoption, gave them absolute charge of the city's purse. Exorbitant claims for work and material had been paid, raising the city's debt from $50,000,000 to $113,000,000, with bills to an unknown amount not adjusted. Thus the courthouse, building at this time, ostensibly cost $12,000,000. The Ring's robberies cheated the city's tax-payers, first and last, out of no less than $160,000,000, "or four times the fine levied on Paris by the German army."

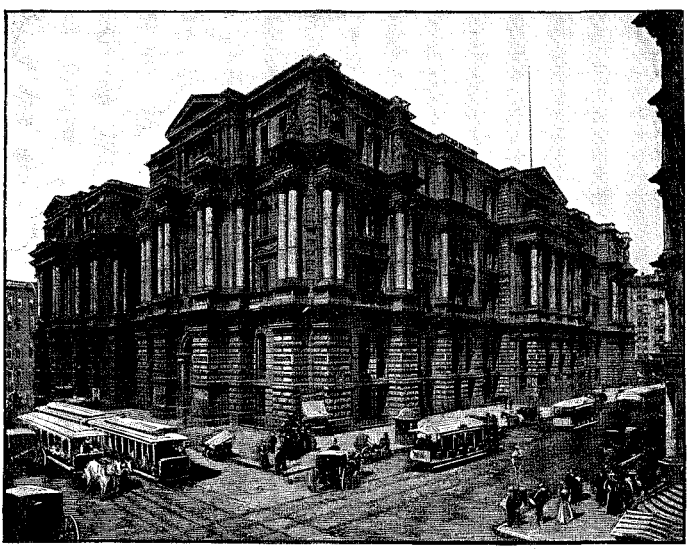
On October 28, 1871, Tweed was arrested and gave a million dollars bail. In November, the same year, he was elected to the State Senate, but did not take his seat. On December 16th he was again arrested, and released on $5,000 bail. The jury disagreed on the first suit, but on the second he was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $12,550, with twelve years imprisonment. This sentence was set aside by the Court of Appeals, and Tweed's discharge ordered. But in the meantime other suits had been





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





The Chicago Court House—before the great fire, after the fire, and at the present day.

brought, among them one to recover $6,000,000. Failing to find bail for $3,000,000, he was sent to the Ludlow Street Jail. Being allowed to ride in the Park and occasionally to visit his residence, one day in December he escaped from his keepers. After hiding for several months he succeeded in reaching Cuba. A fisherman found him, sunburnt and weary, but not homesick, and led him to Santiago. Instead of taking him to a hotel, Tweed's guide handed him over to the police as probably some American filibuster come to free Cuba. The American consul procured his release (his passports were given him under an assumed name), but later found him out. The discovery was too late, for he had again escaped and embarked for Spain, thinking there to be at rest, as we then had no extradition treaty with that country. Landing at Vigo, he found the governor of the place with police waiting for him, and was soon homeward bound on an American war-vessel. When Caleb Cushing, our Minister at Madrid, learned of his departure for that realm, he at once put the authorities on their guard. To help them identify their man he furnished them with a caricature by Nast, representing Tweed as a Tammany policeman, gripping two boys by the hair. Thus it came about that "*Twid antelme*" was apprehended by our peninsular friends as a *child-stealer*. Spain's courtesy in delivering Tweed was in return for some favor shown her by Seward. Tweed promised, if released, to turn State's evidence, and offered to give up all his property and effects. No compromise with him was made, and he continued in jail till his death in 1878.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

To guard against mistakes, the sender of a message should order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office. For repeating, one-half the regular rate is charged in addition. And it is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any UNREPEATED message beyond the amount received for sending the same, nor for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any REPEATED message beyond fifty times the sum received for sending the same, unless specially insured, nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption in the working of their lines, or for errors in cipher or obscure messages. And this Company is hereby made the agents of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

Corrections in the transmission of messages to any point on the lines of this Company, can be insured by contract in writing, stating agreed amount of risk, and payment of premium thereon at the following rates, in addition to the usual charge for repeated messages, viz.: one per cent. for any distance not exceeding 1,000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance. No employee of the Company is authorized to vary the foregoing.

The Company will not be liable for damages in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after sending the message.

O. H. PALMER, Secretary. ANSON STAGER, General Superintendent, Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM ORTON, President.

Oct. 9 1871

Send the following Message subject to the above terms which are agreed to.

To Gen. Belknap.
Sec'y War. Washington

City of Chicago is absolutely destroyed by fire. There is now reasonable hopes of arresting it. If the wind does not change which is now blowing a gale. I have ordered no general authority Rations from St Louis. Tents from Jeffersonville and two companies of infantry from Omaha. This will be ~~the last~~ many thousand people and much distress.

P. H. Sheridan
Lt General.

Facsimile of the Autograph Telegram from General Sheridan to the Secretary of War, announcing the Great Fire at Chicago; in the collection of C. F. Gunther.

In 1870 the national debt amounted to $2,500,000,000, three times the sum of all the country's state, county, and municipal indebtedness combined. Yet the revenues sufficed to pay the interest and gradually to reduce the principal. Our total imports of merchandise in 1870 were valued at $435,958,408, which exceeded the figure for any previous calendar year. The duties on these imports footed up nearly $200,000,000. The exports for the year fell short of the imports by over $40,000,000.

Tweed.

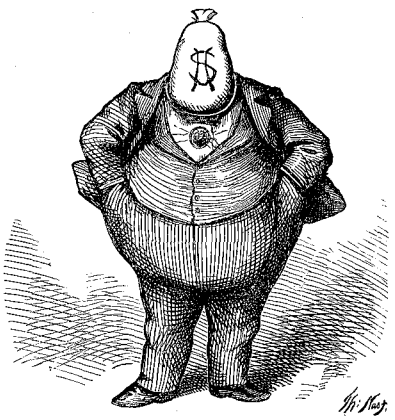
Painful to notice was the small proportion of our commerce which was carried on in American vessels. Between 1850 and 1855 we had outstripped England both in ship-building and in tonnage. Seventy-five per cent. of our ocean traffic was then borne in American vessels; in 1869 the proportion had fallen to thirty per cent. The decay of our merchant marine was originally due to the fatal enterprise of Confederate privateers during the war, and to the change now going on from wood to iron as the material for ships. This transferred to British builders the special advantage which Americans had so long as wood was used. Why the advantage continued with the British was a much disputed question, hardly as yet political.

GRANT'S FIRST CABINET.

THE *personnel* of President Grant's first cabinet surprised all. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, became Secretary of State, but resigned to accept the position of Minister

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to France. He was succeeded by Hamilton Fish, never active in public affairs, but remembered as an admirer and friend of Clay's. The Interior Department was placed in charge of J. D. Cox. A. E. Borie was made Secretary of the Navy, but soon gave place to George M. Robeson. President Johnson's Secretary of War, General Schofield, was retained for a time by Grant. General Rawlins succeeded him, but died soon after and was followed by William W. Belknap. J. A. J. Creswell was Postmaster General; E. Rockwood Hoar, Attorney-General. A. T. Stewart, the New York millionnaire merchant, was named for the Treasury portfolio, and the Senate confirmed him with the rest, but the appointment was found to be contrary to a statute of 1789, providing that no person engaged in trade or commerce should hold that office. Efforts were made to remove the legal barrier, which failed, and George S. Boutwell was appointed.



[Reproduced from *Harper's Weekly* (October 21, 1871) by permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1871, by Harper & Brothers.]

The Brains

that Achieved the Tammany Victory at the Rochester Democratic Convention.

The year 1870 found in full power the party to which these gentlemen belonged. In the Senate of the Forty-first Congress sat but nine Democrats, and out of its two hundred and thirty representatives only seventy-five were Democrats. Spite of differences in their own ranks, spite of the frantic struggles of the opposition, the Republican policy of reconstruction had been put through and consummated by the

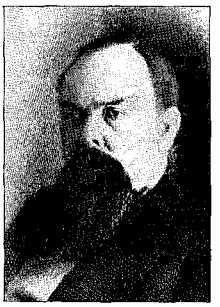
WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY? "—DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.

'TWAS HIM.

[Reproduced from *Harper's Weekly* (August 19, 1871) by permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1871, by Harper & Bros.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fifteenth Amendment, "making all men equal." Sweepingly victorious upon every issue recently tried, freed, moreover, from the incubus with which President Johnson had weighted them, having elected to the executive chair of the nation a hero whom practically the entire party and country trusted, the Republicans could not but be in a happy mood.



Oliver P. Morton.
(After a photograph by Handy.)

This self-gratulatory spirit was an unhealthy sign. Honest as were its rank and file and a majority of its leaders, much corruption marked the party. Moreover, no strictly positive policy inspired it. Republicans certainly opposed any repudiation of the war debt, whether by taxing bonds or by paying the principal or the interest of them in dollars less valuable than gold dollars. But this was only a phase of its war zeal, which always carried men's thought backward rather than to the future. Upon the tariff question it was impossible to tell where the party stood, though, clearly, the Whig high-tariff portion of its constituency did not yet dominate. Nothing bolder than "incidental protection" was urged by anyone, except where a State or section, like Maine, tentatively commended some interest to the "care, protection, and relief" of the Government. In their public utterances touching the tariff the two great parties differed little. In each, opinion ran the gamut from "incidental protection," where Democrat met Republican in amity, to "approximate free trade," which extreme there were not lacking Republicans ready to embrace had that been then an issue.

Stanley Matthews.
(After a photograph by Handy.)

Instead of looking forward and studying new national interests, the party grounded its claims too exclusively upon the "glorious record" which truly belonged to it, and upon the alleged total depravity of the Democrats and the eternal incorrigibleness of the South. Said Senator Morton, of Indiana: "The Republican Party . . . could not afford to make a distinct issue on the tariff, civil service reform, or any other individual measure; it must make its stand on these assertions: The Democrats, if they return to power, will either take away the pensions of loyal soldiers, or else will pension Confederate soldiers also; will, when they have a majority in Congress, quietly allow the Southern States to secede in peace; will tax national bonds and unsettle everything generally."

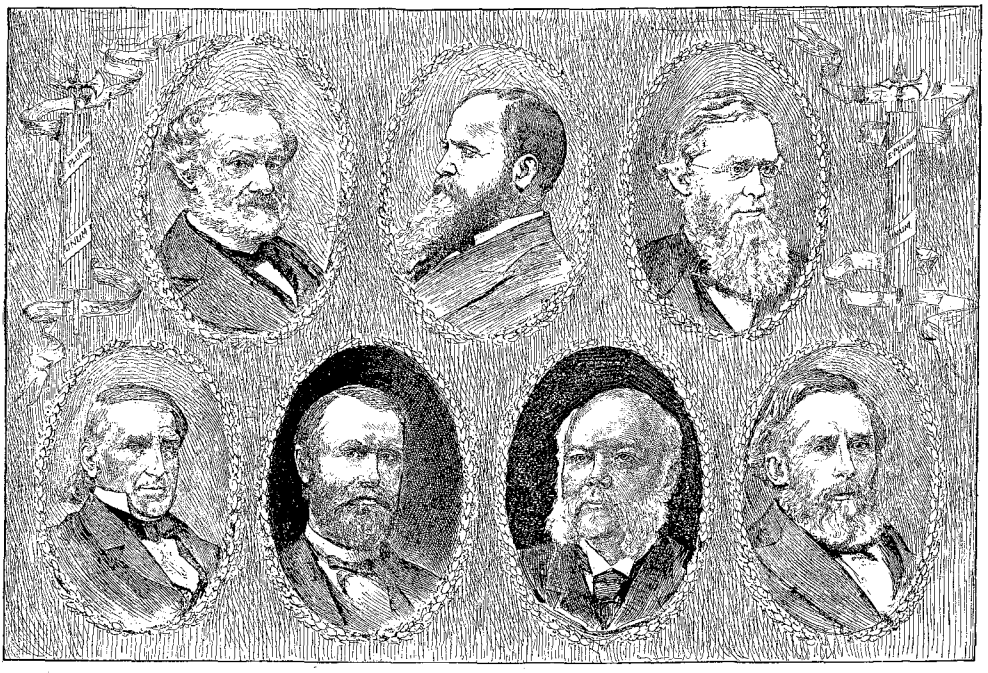
There were, however, Republicans who by no means shared these views, and the lifting of their hands already foreshadowed the bolt of 1872. Not a few republican participants in the war wished the earliest possible re-enfranchisement of the Southern whites. It was this sentiment that carried West Virginia for the Democrats in 1870. Re-enfranchisement was a burning question also in Missouri. At the republican convention in that State the same year, after a hot discussion, General McNeill mounted a chair and shouted "to the friends of the enfranchisement of the white man, that they would withdraw from this convention to the senate chamber." About a third of the delegates, led by Carl Schurz, retired, and nominated a Liberal-Republican State ticket, headed by B. Gratz Brown. Supported by most of the Democrats who could vote, this ticket was triumphant.

Clement L. Vallandigham.
(After a photograph in the collection of James E. Taylor.)

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

EARLY in the year 1871, at a political meeting in St. Louis, was manifested the first overt hostility on the part of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

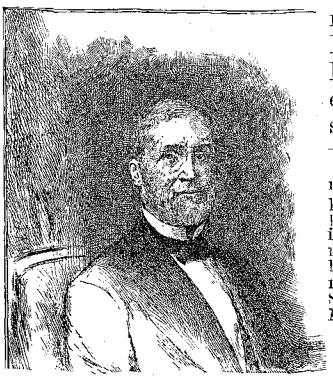


President Grant's First Cabinet.

A. E. Borie, Navy. J. A. J. Creswell, Postm'r-General. E. R. Hoar, Att'y-General.
E. B. Washburne, State. J. D. Cox, Interior. * J. M. Schofield, War. G. S. Boutwell, Treasurer.

the Liberals, or "Brownites," to President Grant. This sign of the times was followed on March 10th by a meeting of a dozen prominent Republicans in Cincinnati, Ex-Governor Cox and Stanley Matthews being of the number. They drafted a report which was signed by a hundred well-known Republicans, advancing four principles: (1) general amnesty to the late Confederates, (2) civil service reform, (3) specie payments, and (4) a revenue tariff. During the year the "bolt" took on national importance. Sympathy with it appeared throughout the country and in Congress, and existed where it did not appear. Influenced by Mr. Sumner, even the Massachusetts Republican Convention, without going further, condemned, impliedly, Grant's foreign policy. Finally a call was issued from Missouri for a National Convention, to be held at Cincinnati on May 1, 1872, in opposition to Grant and his administration.

In impotent wrath and bitterness, proportioned to the apparent prosperity of the Republicans, stood the Democracy. The more strenuous its opposition to a "godly thorough reformation" of unrepentant rebels, the more determinedly had the people rebuked it at the polls. Hardly more inclined were the people to follow it upon the great question of the public debt, where the party demanded that the five-twenties should be redeemed in greenbacks—"the same money for the plough-holder and the bond-holder"—and that all national bonds or the interest thereon should be taxed. Even in the South the leaders began to see that the true policy of "The Reform Party"—the Democracy's



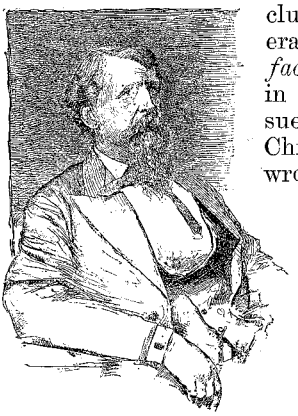
Alexander T. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart always refused to sit for a portrait. The accompanying illustration is from a painting, made after his death, by Thomas Le Clear, now at St. Paul's School, Garden City, Long Island.

* Schofield held the office for several months after President Grant's inauguration. The latter then appointed John A. Rawlins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nom de guerre, was that voiced by the South Carolina Convention of 1870, which proposed to "accept the results of the war as settled facts," and make the best of them, striking out for new issues. This was the key-note of the "New Departure" led by Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio. Vallandigham had been the most extreme "copperhead" in all the North. By his outspokenness in defence of the Confederacy during the war he had got himself imprisoned and banished to the South. It was significant, therefore, when, in his last public utterances—he was accidentally shot a month later—he once more joined his voice with that of South Carolina, this time in accepting "the results of the war, including the three several amendments *de facto*, as a settlement in fact of all the issues of the war." Chief Justice Chase wrote Vallandigham, praising his action as a "great service to the country and the party," and "as the restoration of the Democratic Party to its ancient platform of progress and reform." John Quincy Adams, Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, like Vallandigham, proposed a hearty acquiescence in what was past, and "deplored the halting and hesitating step with which the Democracy was sneaking up to its inevitable position." "The South," he continued, "is galled to-day, not by the presence" of the Fifteenth Amendment, "but by the utter absence of the Constitution itself. Is it not silly then to squabble about an amendment which would cease to be obnoxious if it was not detached from its context?"



Representative George E. Harris, of Mississippi, admitted February 23, 1870.

Senator John F. Lewis, of Virginia, admitted January 27, 1870.

"Reconstructed Congressmen."

Joseph F. Rainey, of South Carolina.

The first colored member of the U. S. House of Representatives. Admitted December 12, 1871.

Hiram R. Revels, of Mississippi.

The first colored member of the U. S. Senate. Admitted February 25, 1870.

When the resuscitation of the South began, it raised a most interesting constitutional question, viz., what effect secession had upon the States guilty of it; whether or not it was an act of State suicide. That it amounted to suicide was held by many, among them Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens. Both these influential men conceived the problem of the disordered States as that of an out-and-out "reconstruction;" and they assigned Congress the right to work its will in the conquered region, changing old State lines and institutions as it might please, and postponing settlement for any convenient length of time. Against this theory a strong party maintained that of State indestructibility, asserting the total nullity of secession acts.

The universal supposition at first was that the Southern States needed only "restoration," to be conducted by the President. "Restoration" was the policy of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson; as also of the entire Democracy. Following the idea of simple restoration, Lincoln had recognized loyal State governments in Virginia at the beginning of the war, and in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee later. During 1865 Johnson did the same in all the other States lately in secession.

Strong considerations had led Con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress, at this point, to assume charge of the restitution of the States, and, braving President Johnson's uttermost opposition and spite, to rip up the entire presidential work.

"The same authority which recognized the existence of the war" seemed "the only authority having the constitutional right to determine when, for all purposes, the war had ceased. The Act of March 2, 1867, was a legislative declaration that the war which sprang from the Rebellion was not, to all intents and purposes, ended; and that it should be held to continue until State governments, republican in form and subordinate to the Constitution and laws, should be established." *

RECONSTRUCTION.

On March 2, 1866, it was enacted that neither House should admit a member from any seceder-State till a congressional vote had declared it entitled to representation. The ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, making negroes citizens of the United States and of States, and forbidding legislation to abridge their privileges, was made prerequisite to such vote. Tennessee accepted the terms in July, but, as action was optional, all the other States declined, thus defeating for the time this amendment. Congress now determined not to wait for the lagging States, but to enforce their reconstruction. The iron law of March 2, 1867, replaced "secessia" under military rule, permitted the loyal citizens of any State, blacks included, to raise a convention and frame a constitution enfranchising negroes, and decreed that when such constitution had been ratified by the electors to the convention and approved by Congress, and when the legislature under it had ratified the Fourteenth Amendment and this had become part of the Constitution, then the State might be represented in Congress. The supplementary law of March 19th hastened the process by giving district commanders the oversight of registration and the initiative in calling conventions.

After this the work went rapidly on. Registration boards were appointed, the test-oath applied, delegates elected, and constitutions framed and adopted. These instruments in all cases abolished slavery, repudiated the Confederate debt and the pretended right of a State to secede, declared the secession acts of 1861 null and void, ordained manhood suffrage, and prohibited the passage of laws to abridge this.

Congress then acted. Alabama, Arkansas, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana, were admitted to representation in June, 1868, agreeing never to revoke universal suffrage. As Georgia was suspected of evading some of the requirements, the senators from the State were refused seats at Washington, and did not obtain them till the last of January, 1871. Georgia's representatives were given seats, but subsequently, in 1869, these were vacated, and they remained empty till 1871. To regain representation in Congress, this State, too, was obliged to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment.

Thus stood matters in 1870; all but four of the late Confederate States nominally back in the Union, these still contumacious, but confronted by an inflexible Congress, which barred them from every national function of statehood till they had conformed to all the conditions above described.

Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas held out the longest. The Act of April 10, 1869, was passed to hasten their action, authorizing the President to call elections for ratifying or rejecting the new constitutions in those States. To punish the States' delay, their new legislatures were required to ratify the proposed Fifteenth Amendment, guaranteeing the negro's right to vote, as well as the Fourteenth. When it passed the House the bill lacked such a provision, which was moved by Senator Morton, of Indiana, an ultra Republican. All opposition was overborne, and by February, 1870, the new constitutions, together with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution, had been ratified, and the three belated States again stood knocking at the doors of Congress.

* Opinion of Attorney-General E. R. Hoar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The House of Representatives began by declaring Virginia entitled to representation in the national legislature. The Senate, more radical, influenced by the still lurking suspicion of bad faith, amended this simple declaration with a provision requiring the "test-oath" of loyalty from members of the Legislature and public officers before they should resume their duties, at the same time making it a condition that the constitution of the State should never be so amended as to restrict the suffrage, the right to hold office, or the privilege of attending public schools. Similar provisos were attached to the resolutions admitting senators and representatives from the other two States. Out of sheer weariness the House concurred. By January 30, 1871, all the States were again represented in both Houses, as in 1860.

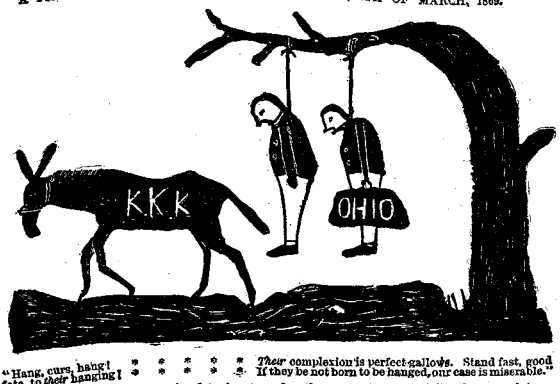
The method of reconstruction resorted to by Congress occasioned dreadful evils. It ignored the natural prejudices of the whites, many of whom were as loyal as any citizens in the land. To most people in that section, as well as to very many at the North, this dictation by Congress to acknowledged States in time of peace seemed high-handed usurpation. If Congress can do this, it was said, any State can be forced to change its constitution for any action which Congress dislikes. This did not necessarily follow, as reconstruction invariably presupposed an abnormal condition, viz., the State's emersion from a rebellion which had involved the State government, whose overthrow, with the rebellion, necessitated congressional interference. Yet the inference was natural and widely drawn.

"Congress was wrong in the exclusion from suffrage of cer tain classes of citizens, and of all unable to take a prescribed retrospective oath, and wrong also in the establishment of arbitrary military governments for the States, and in authorizing military commissions for the trial of civilians in time of peace. There should have been as little military government as possible; no military commissions, no classes excluded from suffrage, and no oath except one of faithful obedience and support to the Constitution and laws, and sincere attachment to the Constitutional Government of the United States." *

If the South was to become again genuine part and parcel of this Union, it would not, nor would the North consent that it should, remain permanently under military government; and, so soon as bayonets were gone, fair means or foul would speedily remove the sceptre from colored hands. Precisely this happened. Without the slightest formal change of constitution or of statute, the whites gained their ancient control of Tennessee in 1869, of North Carolina in 1870, of Texas, Georgia, and Virginia from their very reconstruction in 1870–71.

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

Where white men's aims could not be realized by persuasion or other mild means, resort was had to intimidation and force. The chief instrumentality at first used for keeping colored voters from the polls was the Ku-Klux Klan,



[From the Independent Monitor, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, September 2, 1868.]
A PROSPECTIVE SCENE IN THE CITY OF OAKS, 4TH OF MARCH, 1869.

"Hang, curs, hang! * * * * * * Their complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to their hanging! * * * * * * If they be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

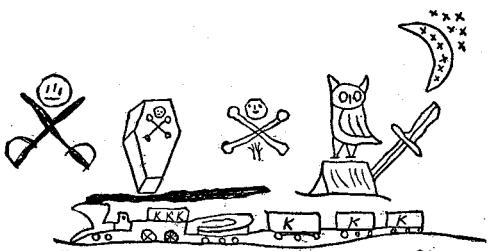
The above cut represents the fate in store for those great pests of Southern society—the carpet-bagger and scalawag—if found in Dixie's land after the break of day on the 4th of March next.

A Newspaper Cutting put in Evidence before the Congressional Committee.

* Salmon P. Chase, Letter to National Democratic Committee in 1873.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a secret society organized in Tennessee in 1866. It sprung from the old night patrol of slavery times. Then, every Southern gentleman used to serve on this patrol, whose duty it was to whip severely every negro found absent from home without a pass from his master. Its first *post bellum* work was not ill-meant, and its severities came on gradually. Its greatest activity was in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, where its awful mysteries and gruesome rites spread utter panic among the superstitious blacks. Men visited negroes' huts and "mummicked" about, at first with sham magic, not with arms at all. One would carry a flesh bag in the shape of a heart and go around "hollering for fried nigger meat." Another would put on an India-rubber stomach to startle the negroes by swallowing pailfuls of water. Another represented that he had been killed at Manassas, since which time "some one had built a turnpike over his grave and he had to scratch like h—l to get up through the gravel." The lodges were "dens," the members "ghouls." "Giants," "goblins" "titans," "furies," "dragons," and "hydras" were names of different classes among the officers.



"Dam Your Soul. The Horrible *Sepulchre* and Bloody Moon has at last arrived. Some live to-day to-morrow "*Die.*" We the undersigned understand through our Grand "*Cyclops*" that you have recommended a big Black Nigger for Male agent on our nu rode; wel, sir, Jest you understand in time if he gets on the rode you can make up your mind to pull roape. If you have any thing to say in regard to the Matter, meet the Grand Cyclops and Conclave at Den No. 4 at 12 o'clock midnight, Oct. 1st, 1871.

"When you are in Calera we warn you to hold your tounge and not speak so much with your mouth or otherwise you will be taken on supprise and led out by the Klan and learnt to stretch hemp. Beware. Beware. Beware. Beware. Beware.

(Signed) "PHILLIP ISENBAUM,
"*Grand Cyclops.*
"JOHN BANKSTOWN.
"ESAU DAVES.
"MARCUS THOMAS.
"BLOODY BONES.

"You know who. And all others of the Klan."

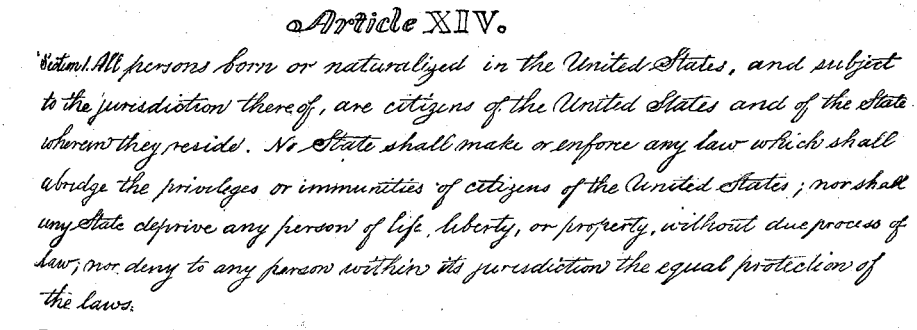
Facsimile of a Ku-Klux "Warning" in Mississippi—put in evidence before the Congressional Committee.

Usually the mere existence of a "den" anywhere was sufficient to render docile every negro in the vicinity. If more was required, a half-dozen "ghouls," making their nocturnal rounds in their hideous masks and long white gowns, frightened all but the most hardy. Any who showed fight were whipped, maimed, or killed, treatment which was extended on occasion to their "carpet-bag" and "scalawag" friends — these titles denoting respectively Northern and Southern men bold enough to take the negroes' side. The very violence of the order, which it at last turned against the old Southrons themselves, brought it into disrepute with its original instigators, who were not sorry when federal marshals, put up to it by President Grant, hunted den after den of the law-breakers to the death.

In 1871, by the so-called Force Bill, federal judges were given cognizance of suits against anyone for depriving another of rights, privileges, or immunities under the Constitution. Fine and imprisonment were made the penalties for "conspiracy" against the United States, or the execution of its laws, as by forcibly or through intimidation preventing men from voting. The army and navy were placed at the service of the President to enforce the act, and federal judges might exclude suspected persons from sitting on juries. By this drastic measure and its rigorous execution in nine counties of South Carolina, the organization was by 1873 driven out of existence. But some of its methods survived. In 1875 several States adopted and successfully worked the "Mississippi plan," which was, by whatever necessary means, to nullify black votes until white majorities were assured. Less violent than the Ku-Klux way, this new one was equally thorough.

It yet remained to restore the disfranchised whites and to remove the political disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment. Except in the case of a few leaders, the disabilities were annulled by the Act of Amnesty passed May 22, 1872. At about the same time general re-enfranchisement was accomplished by State legislation, Liberal-Republicans joining with those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Article XIV.

Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

A Fragment in Facsimile from the Original Engrossed Text of the Fourteenth Amendment, at the State Department, Washington. Adopted July 28, 1866.

Democrats, specially numerous in Missouri and West Virginia, who already enjoyed the right of suffrage.

Much credit is due President Grant for the country's financial success in emerging from the war. No other American, being chief magistrate, could have launched it so successfully. Bondholders had confidence in Grant's sincerity and strength. The policy was to get our finances back at the earliest moment on to a specie basis, to refund the nation's debt at lower interest so fast as possible, and to pay it off at the nearest convenient date, in gold, except where otherwise expressly stipulated. One-fifth of the public debt was liquidated during Grant's eight presidential years.

President Grant early announced his determination to secure "a faithful collection of the revenue and the greatest practicable retrenchment." His partial failure in this worthy aim was due to faults of his character which were based in virtues. To the man's moral and physical courage, and his calm, all but stubborn bearing, he added a magnanimity and an unsuspecting integrity, which were at once his strength and his weakness. Herein lay the secret of the love men bore him and of their trust in him. But these characteristics combined with his inexperience of civil life to disarm him against the dishonorable subtleties of pretended friends, thus continually compromising him. Said General Sherman, once: "Don't give any person the least encouragement to think that I can be used for political ends. I have seen it poison so many otherwise good characters that I am really more obstinate than ever. I think Grant will be made miserable to the end of his life by his eight years' experience. Think of the reputations wrecked in politics since 1865."

GOULD AND FISK.

By March, 1866, the price of gold in paper money had fallen from war figures to 130¼. There was much illegitimate speculation in the metal, dealing in "phantom gold"—mere betting, that is, on gold fluctuations. Prominent among the operators was the firm of Smith, Gould, Martin & Co. The mind of the firm was Jay Gould, a dark little man, with cold, glittering eyes. He was clear-headed, but utterly unscrupulous. Closely associated with him was James Fisk, a vulgar and unprincipled, yet shrewd and bold, man of business. During the spring of 1869 Gould bought $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 in gold, immediately loaning it again on demand notes. There being not over $20,000,000 gold in the entire country outside the Treasury, the business community, in case of any call for gold, was at his mercy, unless the Treasury should sell. This must be prevented.

In June, 1869, President Grant, journeying from New York to Boston, accepted a place in a private box of the theatre which Fisk owned, and next day took, at the invitation of Fisk and Gould, one of their magnificent steamers to Fall River. After a handsome supper the hosts skilfully turned the conversation to the financial situation. Grant remarked that he thought there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reconstruction Committee.

The Joint Committee of Fifteen, appointed to "inquire into the condition of affairs in the so-called Confederate States," who finally adopted, April 28, 1866, a series of resolutions embodying a recommendation which afterward took form as the Fourteenth Amendment. Senators: W. P. Fessenden, Maine, *Chairman;* J. W. Grimes, Iowa; Ira Harris, New York; J. M. Howard, Michigan; George H. Williams, Oregon. Representatives: Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania; E. B. Washburne, Illinois; Justin S. Morrill, Vermont; J. A. Bingham, Ohio; G. S. Boutwell, Massachusetts; Roscoe Conkling, New York; H. T. Blow, Missouri; H. M. Grider, Kentucky; A. J. Rodgers, New Jersey; Senator Reverdy Johnson, Maryland. The last three voted against the resolutions.

was a certain fictitiousness in the prosperity of the country, and that the bubble might as well be tapped. This suggestion "struck across us," said Mr. Gould, later, "like a wet blanket." Another wire must be pulled.

Facts and figures were now heaped together and published to prove that, should gold rise in this country about harvest time, grain, the price of which, being fixed in Liverpool, was independent of currency fluctuations, would be worth so much the more and would at once be hurried abroad; but that to secure this blessing Government must not sell any gold. Gould laid still other pipes. Fisk visited the presidential sphinx at Newport; others saw him at Washington. At New York Gould buttonholed him so assiduously that he was obliged to open his lips to rebuke his servant for giving Gould such ready access to him.

The President seems to have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persuaded that a rise in gold while the crops were moving would advantage the country. At any rate, orders were given early in September to sell only gold sufficient to buy bonds for the sinking fund. The conspirators redoubled their purchases. The price of gold rose till, two days before Black Friday, it stood at 140½.

Though he kept it to himself, Gould was in terror lest the Treasury floodgates should be opened to prevent a panic. Business was palsied and the bears were importuning the Government to sell. At his wits' end, he wrote Secretary Boutwell:

"SIR:—There is a panic in Wall Street, engineered by a bear combination. They have withdrawn currency to such an extent that it is impossible to do ordinary business. The Erie Company requires eight hundred thousand dollars to disburse. . . . Much of it in Ohio, where an exciting political contest is going on, and where we have about ten thousand employed, and the trouble is charged on the administration. . . . Cannot you, consistently, increase your line of currency?"

Gould, like Major Bagstock, was "devilish sly, sir." In his desperation he determined to turn "bear" and, if necessary, rend in pieces Fisk himself. Saying nothing of his fears, he encouraged Fisk boldly to keep on buying, while he himself secretly began to sell. Fisk fell into the trap, and his partner, taking care in his sales to steer clear of Fisk's brokers, proceeded secretly and swiftly to unload his gold and fulfil all his contracts. From this moment they acted each by and for himself, Gould operating through his firm and Fisk through an old partner of his, named Belden.

On Thursday, September 23d, while his broker, Speyers, is buying, Fisk coolly walks into the Gold Room and, amid the wildest excitement, offers to bet any part of $50,000, that gold will rise to 200. Not a man dares take his bet.

Jay Gould.
(After a photograph.)

BLACK FRIDAY.

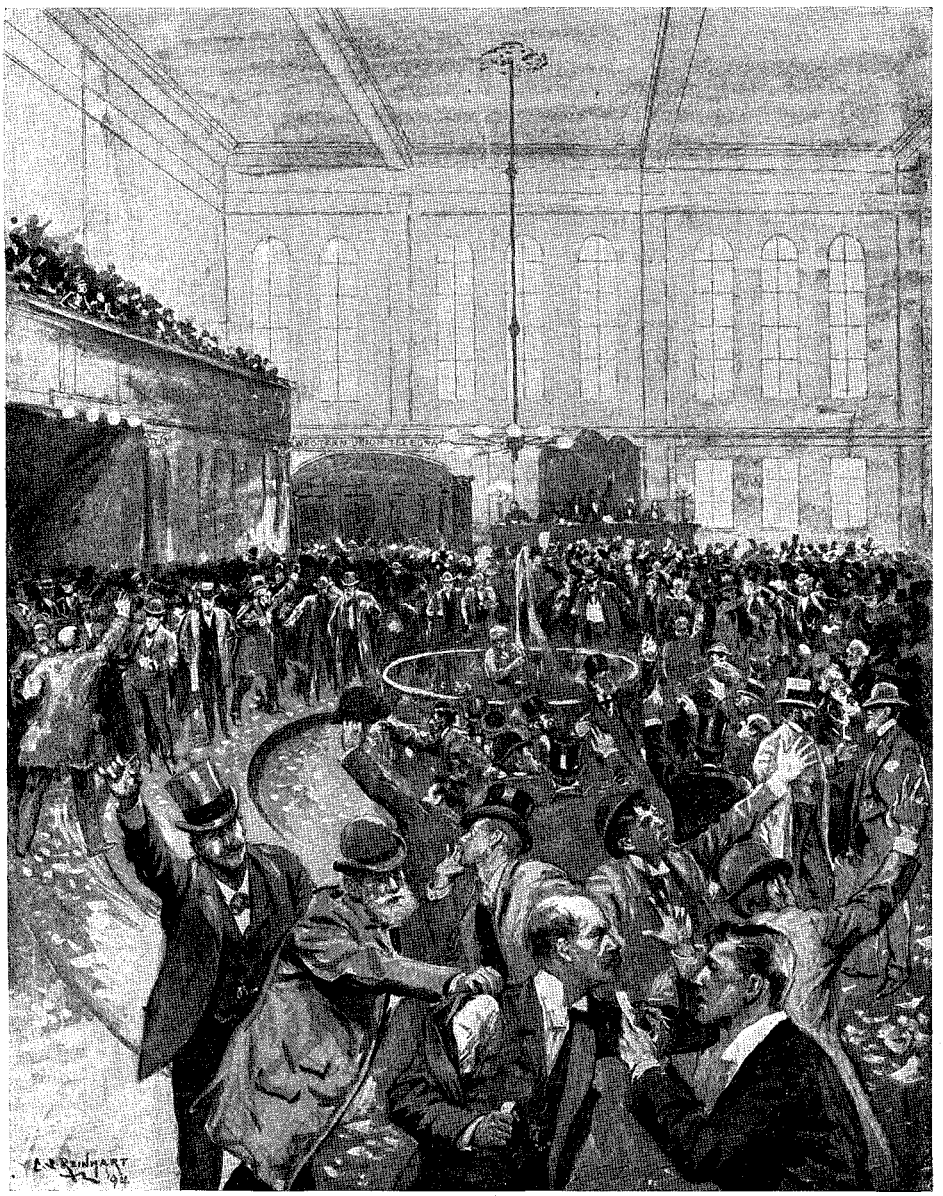
ON Black Friday the Gold Room is crowded two hours before the time of business. In the centre excited brokers are betting, swearing, and quarrelling, many of them pallid with fear of ruin, others hilarious in expectation of big commissions. In a back office across from the Gold Room, Fisk, in shirt-sleeves, struts up and down, declaring himself the Napoleon of the street. At this time the Ring was believed to hold in gold and in contracts to deliver the same, over $100,000,000.

James Fisk, Jr.
(After a photograph by Rockwood.)

Speyers, whom all suppose to represent Gould as well as Fisk, begins by offering 145, then 146, 147, 148, 149, but none will sell. "Put it up to 150," Fisk orders, and gold rises to that figure. At 150 a half million is sold him by Mr. James Brown, who has quietly organized a band of merchants to meet the gamblers on their own ground. From all over the country the "shorts" are telegraphing orders to buy. Speyers is informed that if he continues to put up gold he will be shot; but he goes on offering 151, 152, 153, 154. Still none will sell. Meantime the victims of the corner are summoned to pay in cash the difference between 135, at which the gold was borrowed, and 150, at which the firm is willing to settle. Fearing lest gold go to 200, many settle at 148. At 155, amid the tremendous roar of the bull brokers bidding higher and higher, Brown again sells half a million. "160 for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any part of five millions." Brown sells a million more. "161 for five millions." No bid. "162 for five millions." At first no response. Again, "162 for any part of five millions." A voice is heard, "Sold one million at 162." "163½ for five millions." "Sold five millions at 163½." Crash! The market has been broken, and by Gould's sales. Everybody now begins to sell, when the news comes that the Government has telegraphed to sell four millions. Gold instantly falls to 140, then to 133. "Somebody," cried Fisk, "has run a saw right into us. We are forty miles down the Delaware and don't



The Scene in the New York Gold Room on Black Friday, September 24, 1869.

(From photographs and descriptions by eye-witnesses.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know where we are." "Our phantom gold can't stand the weight of the real stuff."

Gould has no mind permanently to ruin his partner. He coolly suggests that Fisk has only to repudiate his contracts, and Fisk complies. His offers to buy gold he declares "off," making good only a single one of them, as to which he was so placed that he had no option. What was due him, on the other hand, he collected to the uttermost dollar. To prevent being mobbed the pair encircled their opera-house with armed toughs and fled thither. There no civil process or other molestation was likely to reach them. Presently certain of "the thieves' judges," as they were called, came to their relief by issuing injunctions which estopped all transactions connected with the conspiracy which would have been disadvantageous for the conspirators.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

FAR the strongest side of Grant's administration was the State Department, headed by the clever diplomat, Hamilton Fish, one of the most successful Secretaries of State who ever served our country. Here great ability and absolute integrity reigned and few mistakes were made. Were there no other testimony, the Treaty of Washington would sufficiently attest Mr. Fish's mastery of his office. Ever since 1863 we had been seeking satisfaction from Great Britain for the depredations committed during the war by Confederate cruisers sailing from British ports. Negotiations were broken off in 1865 and again in 1868. In 1869 Reverdy Johnson, then our Minister to England, negotiated a treaty, but the Senate rejected it. In January, 1871, the British Government having proposed a joint commission for the settlement of questions connected with the Canadian fisheries, Mr. Fish replied that the adjudication of the "Alabama Claims" would have to be first considered, "as an essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two governments." England consented to submit this question also to the commission, and on February 27th the high commissioners met at Washington. The British delegation included, besides several noblemen, Sir E. Thornton, the Queen's minister at Washington, Sir John Macdonald, of Canada, and Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law at Oxford. The American commissioners were the Secretary of State himself, Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court, Robert C. Schenck, our Minister to England, E. Rockwood Hoar, late United States Attorney-General, and George H. Williams, Senator from Oregon.

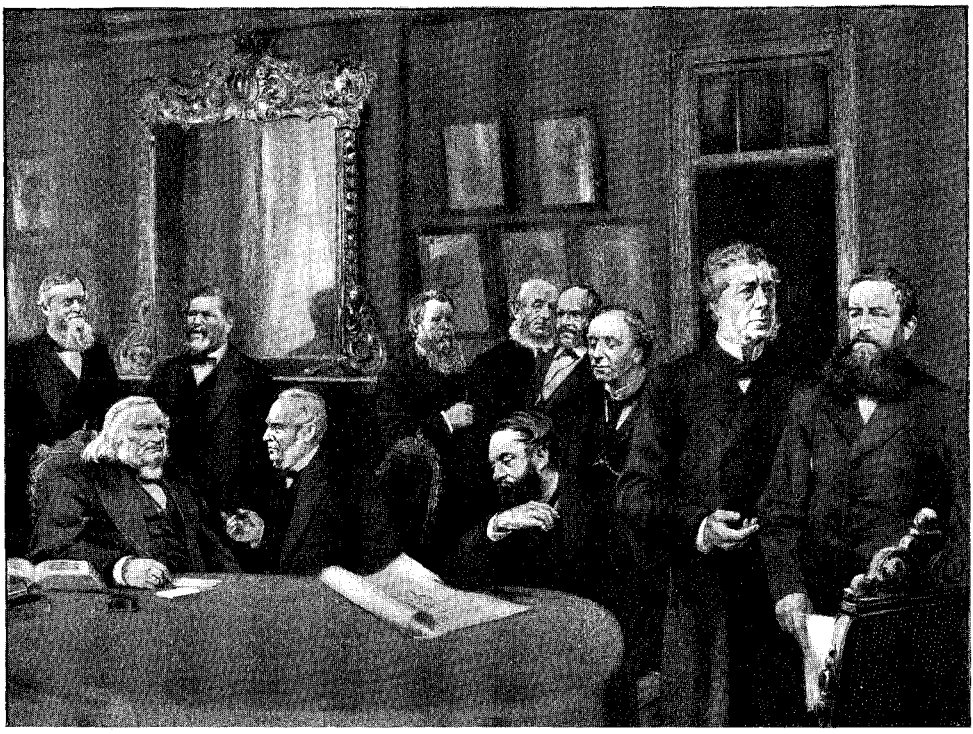
On May 8th the Commission completed a treaty, which was speedily ratified by both governments. It provided for arbitration upon the "Alabama Claims," upon other claims by citizens of either country against the other for damages during the Rebellion, upon the fisheries, and upon the northwest boundary of the United States. The principal settlements happily arrived at in this way will be described later.

SAN DOMINGO.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S negotiations for the annexation of the turbulent little republic known as Santo Domingo—"Holy Sabbath," a bit of unconscious irony—ended less happily. The strategic situation of the island is good, and its aspect inviting—luxurious and fertile valleys between grand ranges of volcanic mountains. The heat is tempered day and night by sea-breezes, sometimes rising to hurricanes. The rich mineral and other resources of the island were known in 1870, but little exploited. A tenth of the people were white, living mainly in the sea-board towns. The rest were hybrid descendants of the man-eating Caribs and of the buccaneers and warlike negroes who fought under Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Embarrassed with a rival, President Baez wished to turn his domain over to us, as a predecessor of his had in like case once given it to Spain. He indicated his desire to President Grant. An aide-de-camp, Babcock, was despatched thither, who arranged a treaty, engaging to sell the dominion out and

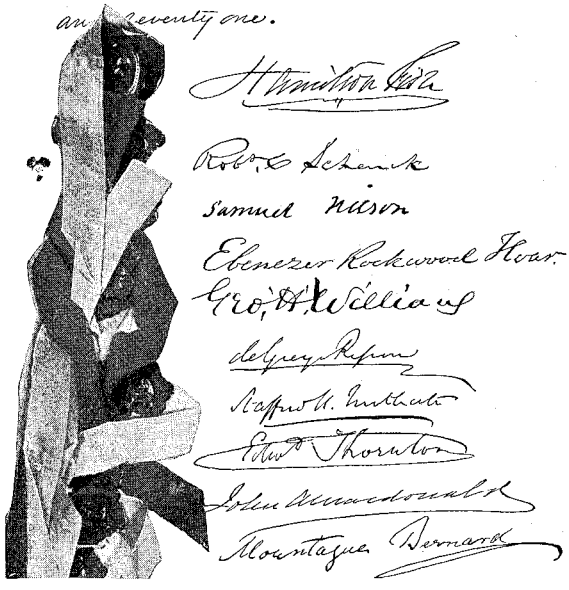
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Judge E. R. Hoar. Gen. R. C. Schenck. Sir Stafford Northcote. Prof. Mountague Bernard. Senator G. H. Williams. Sir John Macdonald. Hamilton Fish. Earl de Grey.

Judge Samuel Nelson. Sir Edward Thornton. Lord Tenterden.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONERS IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON.

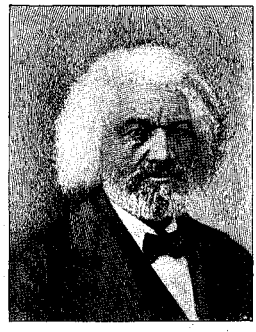


FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURES TO THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

(From the original at the State Department, Washington.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out for $1,200,000, or to accept our protectorate over it, at the same time giving us a fifty-year lease of the important bay and harbor of Samana. President Grant was intensely anxious to acquire this realm. It would afford us a coaling and naval station and a commercial entrepot, enrich the United States and extend its power, and open a region which the American negro could colonize and manage.



Fred. Douglass.
(After a photograph by Handy.)

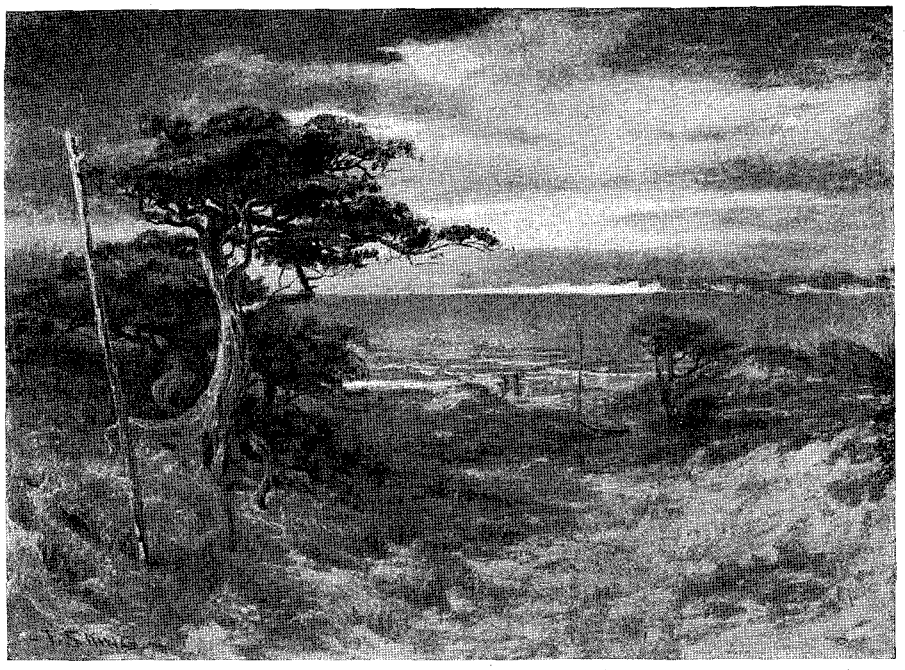
Violent opposition to the scheme was at once manifest, Charles Sumner its main representative. The President, Sumner said, had already violated our Constitution in negotiating the treaty as he did; he was also conniving at an infringement of the Dominican constitution, which forbade alienating any part of that land; and was traversing international law by a menace to the independence of Hayti. Santo Domingo, he alleged, with its undesirable population, was in continual turmoil, had cost Spain more blood and treasure than it was worth, and been lost to her after all. Baez he denounced as a "political jockey," and he declared that adventurers were abusing the President's confidence, as it was beginning to be suspected that they had done in regard to "Black Friday" the September previous. Writing to Garrison, December 29, 1870, and referring to his speech on the "annexion" of Santo Domingo, Sumner says: "The Haytian minister had been to me full of emotion at the message of the President, as 'trampling his country under foot.'"

President Grant.
(After a photograph by Hoyt, in 1869.)

The treaty was rejected and the matter died out of mind, but left an irreparable rift between Grant and Sumner. Shortly after Sumner's speech just referred to, Grant asked Fred Douglass, who, friendly to Sumner, yet agreed with Grant: "What do you think of Sumner now?" "I believe that Sumner thought himself doing a service to a down-trodden people, but that he was mistaken," Douglass replied. This answer not seeming to please the President, Douglass asked what he thought of Sumner. After some hesitation Grant replied, with feeling: "I think he is mad." Sumner lost the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and his friends in office, prominent among them Minister Motley and Attorney-General Hoar, were superseded.

Buenaventura Baez, President of Santo Domingo.
(From a photograph in the collection of James E. Taylor.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A New Jersey Coast Landscape.
From a sketch by Francis S. King.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—FRANCIS S. KING

Francis S. King was born in 1850 in a little village on a bank of the Penobscot River, in Maine. As a child he showed a great fondness for pictures and a decided talent for drawing with both pen and pencil. The present of an Illustrated Natural History gave him his first studies to work from. He copied the pictures of animals and birds, and soon acquired quite a reputation as an artist among his acquaintances and neighbors. It was not long before the necessity for contributing something to the family support suggested the putting of his talent to a practical use in the designing and painting of sign-boards for local merchants. Among the most admired of these were several ornamented with bait to catch the hungry in the shape of highly colored chops and steaks.

In 1870, appreciating the necessity for a broader field in which to cultivate and test his ability, he decided to come to New York and take up the study of wood-engraving. For two years he worked under the direction of J. W. Orr, and then established an office on his own account. It is no small matter of pride to King that from the first he was able by his work to defray all of his own expenses. In 1873, realizing how essential to the best work in his chosen profession was a more accurate and technical knowledge of the principles of drawing, he entered the classes of August Will. At the same time he also gave much attention to the use of colors under various instructors.

He is a great admirer of the technique of his art, and puts especial stress upon it, deeming it as necessary to complete success in engraving as in the art of the painter. His three masters he names in the following order: Linton for freedom and vigor, Henry Marsh for exquisite and delicate technique, and the great Frenchman, Pannemaker, for marvellous perfection of mechanical execution.

King believes that the wood-engraving of the past few years has never been surpassed, and that it was never more artistic than it is to-day. The greatest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

menace to its survival among the reproductive arts, he says, lies in its over-refinement, in a too great care for its merely fac-simile possibilities, with a consequent loss of freedom and individuality. He believes that the preservation of the art lies not in a minute care for every little blotch of paint in an original, but in a large, really interpretative treatment, an effort to reproduce the spirit of a picture, rather than to spend time upon the merely clever mechanical suggestions of brush marks and the texture of paint.

He justly says that we do not look a painting "in the face," but see it at a distance, and in so doing see every detail blended and harmonized. The engraver must do his work in a way that will give the effect of distance at close range.

In engraving after a painting the greatest skill is required to give in simple black and white the equivalents for color. Here a mastery of all of the technical resources of the art is put to a test. In an intelligent and resourceful use of bold and rugged lines, delicate and silvery ones, combined with little dots and picks that so relieve the deep blacks, the contrasting values of paint are suggested and the whole made vivid and scintillant with light and life.

In dealing with Mr. Church's fantastic conceptions the engraver has a most difficult task. He must possess the rare capacity of realizing with full sympathy the delicate fancy and poetic quality of his subjects and their exquisite quality of color. King has always greatly admired Church's work, and has been highly successful in reproducing it in the wood. In doing this he has not only pleased and won the admiration of the many lovers of his own art, but he has had the satisfaction of winning the praise and appreciation of Mr. Church himself. The beautiful large engravings of those eminently characteristic subjects of the artist, "The Fog," "The Battle of the Sirens," and "The Sorceress," are among the masterpieces of contemporary wood-engraving. They are all treated by King with a fine freedom, and are full of the color that is such a distinguishing quality in his work. They are, too, permeated through and through with the fantasy that belongs to the originals.

King's sense of color is a highly cultivated one, and when handling the brush, which he does with much skill, he delights in painting things that give him full liberty to indulge this taste. Like all earnest workers, he is more or less an experimenter. As an exhibition of what might be accomplished in the wood-block, by reversing the ordinary process of engraving and dealing with it as he would with a copper-plate, he has engraved a portrait of Webster. Instead of printing it from the lines in relief, as in the ordinary wood-block, this was printed from the incised lines. The result gives the effect of etching, but with greater boldness and freedom. It is interesting not only as a novelty in wood-engraving, but as an excellent portrait as well.

The frontispiece to this number is engraved after Mr. Church's latest painting, which has never been exhibited.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CIRCLE IN THE WATER

By W. D. Howells

I

THE sunset struck its hard red light through the fringe of leafless trees to the westward, and gave their outlines that black definition which a French school of landscape saw a few years ago, and now seems to see no longer. In the whole scene there was the pathetic repose which we feel in some dying day of the dying year, and a sort of impersonal melancholy weighed me down, as I dragged myself through the woods toward that dreary November sunset.

Presently I came in sight of the place I was seeking, and partly because of the insensate pleasure of having found it, and partly because of the cheerful opening in the boscage made by the pool, which cleared its space to the sky, my heart lifted. I perceived that it was not so late as I had thought, and that there was much more of the day left than I had supposed from the crimson glare in the west. I threw myself down on one of the grassy gradines of the amphitheatre, and comforted myself with the antiquity of the work which was so great as to involve its origin in a somewhat impassioned question among the local authorities. Whether it was a Norse work, a temple for the celebration of the earliest Christian, or the latest heathen, rites among the first discoverers of New England, or whether it was a cockpit where the English officers who were billeted in the old tavern near by, fought their mains at the time of our Revolution, it had the charm of a ruin, and appealed to the fancy with whatever potency belongs to the mouldering monuments of the past. The hands that shaped it were all dust, and there was no record of the minds that willed it, to prove that it was a hundred, or that it was a thousand, years old. There were young oaks and pines growing up to the border of the amphitheatre on all sides: blackberry vines and sumach bushes overran the gradines almost to the margin of the pool which filled the centre; at the edge of the water some clumps of willow and white birch leaned outward as if to mirror their tracery in its steely surface. But of the life that the thing inarticulately recorded, there was not the slightest impulse left.

I began to think how everything ends at last. Love ends, sorrow ends, and to our mortal sense everything that is mortal ends, whether that which is spiritual has a perpetual effect beyond these eyes or not. The very name of things passes with the things themselves, and

> "Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
> Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

But if fame ended, did not infamy end, too? If glory, why not shame? What was it, I mused, that made an evil deed so much more memorable than a good one? Why should a crime have so much longer lodgement in our minds, and be of consequences so much more lasting than the sort of action which is the opposite of a crime, but has no precise name with us? Was it because the want of positive quality which left it nameless, characterized its effects with a kind of essential debility? Was evil then a greater force than good in the moral world? I tried to recall personalities, virtuous and vicious, and I found a fatal want of distinctness in the return of those I classed as virtuous, and a lurid vividness in those I classed as vicious. Images, knowledges, concepts, zigzagged through my brain, as they do when we are thinking, or believe we are thinking; perhaps there is no such thing as the thing we call thinking, except when we are talking. I did not hold myself responsible in this will-less revery, for the question which asked itself, Whether, then, evil and not good was the lasting principle, and whether

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that which should remain recognizable to all eternity was not the good effect but the evil effect?

Something broke the perfect stillness of the pool near the opposite shore. A fish had leaped at some unseasonable insect on the surface, or one of the overhanging trees had dropped a dead twig upon it, and in the lazy doubt which it might be, I lay and watched the ever-widening circle fade out into fainter and fainter ripples toward the shore, till it weakened to nothing in the eye, and so far as the senses were concerned, actually ceased to be. The want of visible agency in it made me feel it all the more a providential illustration; and because the thing itself was so pretty, and because it was so apt as a case in point, I pleased myself a great deal with it. Suddenly it repeated itself; but this time I grew a little impatient of it, before the circle died out in the wider circle of the pool. I said whimsically to myself that this was rubbing it in; that I was convinced already, and needed no further proof; and at the same moment the thing happened a third time. Then I saw that there was a man standing at the top of the amphitheatre just across from me, who was throwing stones into the water. He cast a fourth pebble into the centre of the pool, and then a fifth and a sixth; I began to wonder what he was throwing at; I thought it too childish for him to be amusing himself with the circle that dispersed itself to naught, after it had done so several times already. I was sure that he saw something in the pool, and was trying to hit it, or frighten it. His figure showed black against the sunset light, and I could not make it out very well, but it held itself something like that of a workman, and yet with a difference, with an effect as of some sort of discipline; and I thought of an ex-recruit, returning to civil life, after serving his five years in the army; though I do not know why I should have gone so far afield for this notion; I certainly had never seen an ex-recruit, and I did not really know how one would look. I rose up, and we both stood still, as if he were abashed in his sport by my presence. The man made a little cast forward with his hand, and I heard the rattle as of pebbles dropped among the dead leaves.

Then he called over to me, "Is that you, Mr. March?"

"Yes," I called back, "what is wanted?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just looking for you." He did not move, and after a moment I began to walk round the top of the amphitheatre toward him. When I came near him I saw that he had a clean-shaven face; and he wore a soft hat that seemed large for his close-cropped head; he had on a sack coat buttoned to the throat, and of one dark color with his loose trousers. I knew him now, but I did not know what terms to put my recognition in, and I faltered. "What do you want with me?" I asked, as if I did not know him.

"I was at your house," he answered, "and they told me that you had walked out this way." He hesitated a moment, and then he added, rather huskily, "You don't know me!"

"Yes," I said. "It is Tedham," and I held out my hand, with no definite intention, I believe, but merely because I did know him, and this was the usual form of greeting between acquaintances after a long separation, or even a short one, for that matter. But he seemed to find a special significance in my civility, and he took my hand and held it silently, while he was trying to speak. Evidently, he could not, and I said, aimlessly, "What were you throwing at?"

"Nothing. I saw you lying down, over there, and I wanted to attract your attention." He let my hand go, and looked at me apologetically.

"Oh! was that all?" I said. "I thought you saw something in the water."

"No," he answered, as if he felt the censure which I had not been able to keep out of my voice.

II

I do not know why I should have chosen to take this simple fact as proof of an abiding want of straight-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forwardness in Tedham's nature. I do not know why I should have expected him to change, or why I should have felt authorized at that moment to renew his punishment for it. I certainly had said and thought very often that he had been punished enough, and more than enough. In fact, his punishment, like all the other punishments that I have witnessed in life, seemed to me wholly out of proportion to the offence; it seemed monstrous, atrocious, and when I got to talking of it, I used to become so warm that my wife would warn me people would think I wanted to do something like Tedham myself, if I went on in that way about him. Yet here I was, at my very first encounter with the man, after his long expiation had ended, willing to add at least a little self-reproach to his sufferings. I suppose, as nearly as I can analyze my mood, I must have been expecting, in spite of all reason and experience, that his anguish would have wrung that foible out of him, and left him strong where it had found him weak. Tragedy befalls the light and foolish as well as the wise and weighty natures, but it does not render them wise and weighty; I had often made this sage reflection, but I failed to apply it to the case before me now.

After waiting a little for the displeasure to clear away from my face, Tedham smiled as if in humorous appreciation, and I perceived, as nothing else could have shown me so well, that he was still the old Tedham. There was an offer of propitiation in this smile, too, and I did not like that, either; but I was touched when I saw a certain hope die out of his eye at the failure of his appeal to me.

"Who told you I was here?" I asked, more kindly. "Did you see Mrs. March?"

"No, I think it must have been your children. I found them in front of your house, and I asked them for you, without going to the door."

"Oh," I said, and I hid the disappointment I felt that he had not seen my wife; for I should have liked such a leading as her behavior toward him would have given me for my own. I was sure she would have known him at once, and would not have told him where to find me, if she had not wished me to be friendly with him.

"I am glad to see you," I said, in the absence of this leading; and then I did not know what else to say. Tedham seemed to me to be looking very well, but I could not notify this fact to him, in the circumstances; he even looked very handsome; he had aged becomingly, and a clean shaven face suited him as well as the full beard he used to wear; but I could speak of these things as little as of his apparent health. I did not feel that I ought even to ask him what I could do for him. I did not want to have anything to do with him, and besides, I have always regarded this formula as tantamount to saying that you cannot, or will not, do anything for the man you employ it upon.

The silence which ensued was awkward, but it was better than anything I could think of to say, and Tedham himself seemed to feel it so. He said, presently, "Thank you. I was sure you would not take my coming to you the wrong way. In fact I had no one else to come to—after I——" Tedham stopped, and then, "I don't know," he went on, "whether you've kept run of me; I don't suppose you have; but I got out to-day at noon."

I could not say anything to that, either; there were very few openings for me, it appeared, in the conversation, which remained one-sided as before.

"I went to the cemetery," he continued. "I wanted to realize that those who had died were dead, it was all one thing as long as I was in there; everybody was dead; and then I came on to your house."

The house he meant was a place I had taken for the summer a little out of town, so that I could run in to business every day, and yet have my mornings and evenings in the country; the fall had been so mild that we were still eking out the summer there.

"How did you know where I was staying?" I asked, with a willingness to make any occasion serve for saying something.

Tedham hesitated. "Well, I stopped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the office in Boston on my way out, and inquired. I was sure nobody would know me there." He said this apologetically, as if he had been taking a liberty, and explained: "I wanted to see you very much, and I was afraid that if I let the day go by I should miss you somehow."

"Oh, all right," I said.

We had remained standing at the point where I had gone round to meet him, and it seemed, in the awkward silence that now followed, as if I was rooted there. I would very willingly have said something leading, for my own sake, if not for his, but I had nothing in mind but that I had better keep there, and so I waited for him to speak. I believed he was beating about the bush in his own thoughts, to find some indirect or sinuous way of getting at what he wanted to know, and that it was only because he failed, that he asked bluntly, "March, do you know where my daughter is?"

"No, Tedham, I don't," I said, and I was glad that I could say it both with honesty and with compassion. I was truly sorry for the man; in a way, I did pity him; at the same time I did not wish to be mixed up in his affairs; in washing my hands of them, I preferred that there should be no stain of falsehood left on them.

"Where is my sister-in-law?" he asked next, and now at least I could not censure him for indirection.

"I haven't met her for several years," I answered. "I couldn't say from my own knowledge where she was."

"But you haven't heard of her leaving Somerville?"

"No, I haven't."

"Do you ever meet her husband?"

"Yes, sometimes, on the street; but I think not lately; we don't often meet."

"The last time you saw *her*, did she speak of me?"

"I don't know—I believe—yes. It was a good many years ago."

"Was she changed toward me at all?"

This was a hard question to answer, but I thought I had better answer it with the exact truth. "No, she seemed to feel just the same as ever about it."

I do not believe Tedham cared for this, after all, though he made a show of having to collect himself before he went on. "Then you think my daughter is with her?"

"I didn't say that. I don't know anything about it."

"March," he urged, "don't *you* think I have a right to see my daughter?"

"That's something I can't enter into, Tedham."

"Good God!" said the man. "If you were in my place, wouldn't you want to see her? You know how fond I used to be of her; and she is all that I have got left in the world."

I did indeed remember Tedham's affection for his daughter, whom I remembered as in short frocks when I last saw them together. It was before my own door in town. Tedham had driven up in a smart buggy behind a slim sorrel, and I came out, at a sign he made me through the bow-window with his whip, and saw the little maid on the seat there beside him. They were both very well dressed, though still in mourning for the child's mother, and the whole turnout was handsomely set up. Tedham was then about thirty-five, and the child looked about nine. The color of her hair was the color of his fine brown beard, which had as yet no trace of gray in it; but the light in her eyes was another light, and her smile, which was of the same shape as his, was of another quality, as she leaned across him and gave me her pretty little gloved hand, with a gay laugh. "I should think you would be afraid of such a fiery sorrel dragon as that," I said, in recognition of the colt's lifting and twitching with impatience as we talked.

"Oh, I'm not afraid with papa!" she said, and she laughed again as he took her hand in one of his and covered it out of sight.

I recalled, now, looking at him there in the twilight of the woods, how happy they had both seemed that sunny afternoon in the city square, as they flashed away from my door and glanced back at me and smiled together. I went into the house and said to my wife, with a formulation of the case which pleased me, "If there is anything

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in this world that Tedham likes better than to ride after a good horse, it is to ride after a good horse with that little girl of his." "Yes," said my wife, "but a good horse means a good deal of money; even when a little girl goes with it." "That is so," I assented, "but Tedham has made a lot lately in real estate, they say, and I don't know what better he could do with his money; or, I don't believe *he* does." We said no more, but we both felt, with the ardor of young parents, that it was a great virtue, a saving virtue, in Tedham to love his little girl so much; I was afterward not always sure that it was. Still, when Tedham appealed to me now in the name of his love for her, he moved my heart, if not my reason, in his favor; those old superstitions persist.

"Why, of course, you want to see her. But I couldn't tell you where she is."

"You could find out for me."

"I don't see how," I said; but I did see how, and I knew as well as he what his next approach would be. I felt strong against it, however, and I did not perceive the necessity of being short with him in a matter not involving my own security or comfort.

"I could find out where Hasketh is," he said, naming the husband of his sister-in-law; "but it would be of no use for me to go there. They wouldn't see me." He put this like a question, but I chose to let it be its own answer, and he went on. "There is no one that I can ask to act for me in the matter but you, and I ask *you*, March, to go to my sister-in-law for me."

I shook my head. "That I can't do, Tedham."

"Ah!" he urged, "what harm could it do you?"

"Look here, Tedham!" I said. "I don't know why you feel authorized to come to me at all. It is useless your saying that there is no one else. You know very well that the authorities, some of them—the chaplain—would go and see Mrs. Hasketh for you. He could have a great deal more influence with her than anyone else could, if he felt like saying a good word for you. As far as I am concerned, you have expiated your offence fully; but I should think you yourself would see that you ought not to come to me with this request; or you ought to come to me last of all men."

"It is just because of that part of my offence which concerned you that I come to you. I knew how generous you were, and after you told me that you had no resentment— I acknowledge that it is indelicate, if you choose to look at it in that light, but a man like me can't afford to let delicacy stand in his way. I don't want to flatter you, or get you to do this thing for me on false pretences. But I thought that if you went to Mrs. Hasketh for me, she would remember that you had overlooked something, and she would be more disposed to—to—be considerate."

"I can't do it, Tedham," I returned. "It would be of no use. Besides, I don't like the errand. I'm not sure that I have any business to interfere. I am not sure that you have any right to disturb the shape that their lives have settled into. I'm sorry for you, I pity you with all my heart. But there are others to be considered as well as you. And—simply, I can't."

"How do you know," he entreated, "that my daughter wouldn't be as glad to see me as I to see her?"

"I don't know it. I don't know anything about it. That's the reason I can't have anything to do with it. I can't justify myself in meddling with what doesn't concern me, and in what I'm not sure but I should do more harm than good. I must say good-night. It's getting late, and they will be anxious about me at home." My heart smote me as I spoke the last word, which seemed a cruel recognition of Tedham's homelessness. But I held out my hand to him for parting, and braced myself against my inward weakness.

He might well have failed to see my hand. At any rate he did not take it. He turned and started to walk out of the woods by my side. We came presently to some open fields. Beyond them was the road, and after we had climbed the first wall, and found ourselves in a somewhat lighter place, he began to speak again.

"I thought," he said, "that if you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had forgiven me, I could take it as a sign that I had suffered enough to satisfy everybody."

"We needn't dwell upon my share in the matter, Tedham," I answered, as kindly as I could. "That was entirely my own affair."

"You can't think," he pursued, "how much your letter was to me. It came when I was in perfect despair—in those awful first days when it seemed as if I could *not* bear it, and yet death itself would be no relief. Oh, they don't *know* how much we suffer! If they did, they would forgive us anything, everything! Your letter was the first gleam of hope I had. I don't know how you came to write it!"

"Why, of course, Tedham, I felt sorry for you——"

"Oh, did you, did you?" He began to cry, and as we hurried along over the fields, he sobbed with the wrenching, rending sobs of a man. "I *knew* you did, and I believe it was God himself that put it into your heart to write me that letter and take off that much of the blame from me. I said to myself that if I ever lived through it, I would try to tell you how much you had done for me. I don't blame you for refusing to do what I've asked you now. I can see how you may think it isn't best, and I thank you all the same for that letter. I've got it here." He took a letter out of his breast-pocket, and showed it to me. "It isn't the first time I've cried over it."

I did not say anything, for my heart was in my throat, and we stumbled along in silence till we climbed the last wall, and stood on the sidewalk that skirted the suburban highway. There, under the street-lamp, we stopped a moment, and it was he who now offered me his hand for parting. I took it, and we said, together, "Well, good-by," and moved in different directions. I knew very well that I should turn back, and I had not gone a hundred feet away, when I faced about. He was shambling off into the dusk, a most hapless figure. "Tedham!" I called after him.

"Well?" he answered, and he halted instantly; he had evidently known what I would do as well as I had.

We reapproached each other, and when we were again under the lamp I asked, a little awkwardly, "Are you in need of money, Tedham?"

"I've got my ten years' wages with me," he said, with a lightness that must have come from his reviving hope in me. He drew his hand out of his pocket, and showed me the few dollars with which the State inhumanly turns society's outcasts back into the world again.

"Oh, that won't do," I said. "You must let me lend you something."

"Thank you," he said, with perfect simplicity. "But you know I can't tell when I shall be able to pay you."

"Oh, that's all right." I gave him a ten-dollar note which I had loose in my pocket; it was one that my wife had told me to get changed at the grocery near the station, and I had walked off to the old temple, or the old cockpit, and forgotten about it.

Tedham took the note, but he said, holding it in his hand, "I would a million times rather you would let me go home with you, and see Mrs. March a moment."

"I can't do that, Tedham," I answered, not unkindly, I hope. "I know what you mean, and I assure you that it wouldn't be the least use. It's because I feel so sure that my wife wouldn't like my going to see Mrs. Hasketh, that I——"

"Yes, I know that," said Tedham. "That is the reason why I should like to see Mrs. March. I believe that if I could see her, I could convince her."

"She wouldn't see you, my dear fellow," said I, strangely finding myself on these caressing terms with him. "She entirely approved of what I did, the letter I wrote you, but I don't believe she will ever feel just as I do about it. Women are different, you know."

"Yes," he said, drawing a long, quivering breath.

We stood there, helpless to part. He did not offer to leave me, and I could not find it in my heart to abandon him. After a most painful time, he drew another long breath, and asked, "Would you be willing to let me take the chances?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, Tedham," I began, weakly; and upon that he began walking with me again.

III

I WENT to my wife's room, after I reached the house, and faced her with considerable trepidation. I had to begin rather far off, but I certainly began in a way to lead up to the fact. "Isabel," I said, "Tedham is out at last." I had it on my tongue to say poor Tedham, but I suppressed the qualification in actual speech as likely to prove unavailing, or worse.

"Is that what kept you?" she demanded, instantly. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes," I admitted. I added, "Though I am afraid I was rather late, anyway."

"I knew it was he, the moment you spoke," she said, rising on the lounge where she had been lying, and sitting up on it; with the book she had been reading shut on her thumb, she faced me across the table where her lamp stood. "I had a presentiment when the children said there was some strange-looking man here, asking for you, and that they had told him where to find you. I couldn't help feeling a little uneasy about it. What did he want with you, Basil?"

"Well, he wanted to know where his daughter was."

"You didn't tell him!"

"I didn't know. Then he wanted to have me go to Mrs. Hasketh, and find out."

"You didn't say you would?"

"I said most decidedly I wouldn't," I returned, and I recalled my severity to Tedham in refusing his prayer, with more satisfaction than it had given me at the time. "I told him that I had no business to interfere, and that I was not sure it would be right even for me to meddle with the course things had taken." I was aware of weakening my case as I went on; I had better left her with a dramatic conception of a downright and relentless refusal.

"I don't see why you felt called upon to make excuses to him, Basil. His impudence in coming to you, of all men, is perfectly intolerable. I suppose it was that sentimental letter you wrote him."

"You didn't think it sentimental at the time, my dear. You approved of it."

"I didn't approve of it, Basil; but if you felt so strongly that you ought to do it, I felt that I ought to let you. I have never interfered with your sense of duty, and I never will. But I am glad that you didn't feel it your duty to that wretch, to go and make more trouble on his account. He has made quite enough already; and it wasn't his fault that you were not tried and convicted in his place."

"There wasn't the slightest danger of that——"

"He tried to put the suspicion on you, and to bring the disgrace on your wife and children."

"Well, my dear, we agreed to forget all that long ago. And I don't think—I never thought—that Tedham would have let the suspicion rest on me. He merely wanted to give it that turn, when the investigation began, so as to gain time to get out to Canada."

My wife looked at me with a glance in which I saw tender affection dangerously near contempt. "You are a very forgiving man, Basil," she said, and I looked down sheepishly. "Well, at any rate, you have had the sense not to mix yourself up in his business. Did he pretend that he came straight to you, as soon as he got out? I suppose he wanted you to believe that he appealed to you before he tried anybody else."

"Yes, he stopped at the Reciprocity office to ask for my address, and after he had visited the cemetery, he came on out here. And, if you must know, I think Tedham is still the old Tedham. Put him behind a good horse, with a pocket full of some one else's money, in a handsome suit of clothes, and a game and fish dinner at Tafft's in immediate prospect, and you couldn't see any difference between the Tedham of to-day and the Tedham of ten years ago, except that the actual Tedham is clean-shaved and wears his hair cut rather close."

"Basil!"

"Why do you object to the fact? Did you imagine he had changed inwardly?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He must have suffered."

"But does suffering change people? I doubt it. Certain material accessories of Tedham's have changed. But why should that change Tedham? Of course, he has suffered, and he suffers still. He threw out some hints of what he had been through that would have broken my heart if I hadn't hardened it against him. And he loves his daughter still, and he wants to see her, poor wretch."

"I suppose he does!" sighed my wife.

"He would hardly take no for an answer from me, when I said I wouldn't go to the Hasketh for him; and when I fairly shook him off, he wanted me to ask you to go."

"And what did you say?" she asked, not at all with the resentment I had counted upon equally with the possible pathos; you never can tell in the least how any woman will take anything, which is perhaps the reason why men do not trust women more.

"I told him that it would not be the smallest use to ask you; that you had forgiven that old affair as well as I had, but that women were different, and that I knew you wouldn't even see him."

"Well, Basil, I don't know what right you had to put me in that odious light," said my wife.

"Why, good heavens! *Would* you have seen him?"

"I don't know whether I would or not. That's neither here nor there. I don't think it was very nice of you to shift the whole responsibility on me."

"How did I do that? It seems to me that I kept the whole responsibility myself."

"Yes, altogether too much. What became of him, then?"

"We walked along a little farther, and then——"

"Then, what? Where is the man?"

"He's down in the parlor," I answered hardily, in the voice of someone else.

My wife stood up from the lounge, and I rose, too, for whatever penalty she chose to inflict.

"Well, Basil, that is what I call a very cowardly thing."

"Yes, my dear, it is; I ought to have protected you against his appeal. But you needn't see him. It's practically the same as if he had not come here. I can send him away."

"And you call that practically the same! No, *I* am the one that will have to do the refusing now, and it is all off your shoulders. And you knew I was not feeling very well, either! Basil, how could you?"

"I don't know. The abject creature drove me out of my senses. I suppose that if I had respected him more, or believed in him more, I should have had more strength to refuse him. But his limpness seemed to impart itself to me, and I—I gave way. But really you needn't see him, Isabel. I can tell him we have talked it over, and I concluded, entirely of myself, that it was best for you not to meet him, and——"

"He would see through that in an instant. And if he is still the false creature you think he is, we owe him the truth, more than any other kind of man. You must understand *that*, Basil!"

"Then you are going to——"

"Don't speak to me, Basil, please," she said, and with an air of high offence she swept out of the room, and out to the landing of the stairs. There she hesitated a moment, and put her hand to her hair, mechanically, to feel if it were in order, and then she went on downstairs without further faltering. It was I who descended slowly, and with many misgivings.

IV

Tedham was sitting in the chair I had shown him when I brought him in, and in the half-light of one gas-burner in the chandelier, he looked, with his rough clean clothes, and his slouch hat lying in his lap, like some sort of decent workingman; his features, refined by the mental suffering he had undergone, and the pallor of a complexion so seldom exposed to the open air, gave him the effect of a workingman just out of the hospital. His eyes were deep in their sockets, and showed fine shadows in the overhead light, and I must say he looked very interesting.

At the threshold my wife paused again; then she went forward, turning the gas up full as she passed under the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chandelier, and gave him her hand, where he had risen from his chair.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Tedham," she said; and I should have found my astonishment overpowering, I dare say, if I had not felt that I was so completely in the hands of Providence, when she added, "Won't you come out to dinner with us? We were just going to sit down, when Mr. March came in. I never know when he will be back, when he starts off on these Saturday afternoon tramps of his."

The children seemed considerably mystified at the appearance of our guest, but they had that superior interest in the dinner appropriate to their years, and we got through the ordeal, in which, I believe, I suffered more than anyone else, much better than I could have hoped. I could not help noting in Tedham a certain strangeness to the use of a four-pronged fork, at first, but he rapidly overcame this; and if it had not been for a terrible moment when, after one of the courses, he began, mechanically, to scrape his plate with his knife, there would not have been anything very odd in his behavior, or anything to show that it was the first dinner in polite society that he had taken for so many years.

The man's mind had apparently stiffened more than his body. It used to to be very agile, if light, but it was not agile now. It worked slowly toward the topics which we found with difficulty, in our necessity of avoiding the only topics of real interest between us, and I could perceive that his original egotism, intensified by the long years in which he had only himself for company, now stood in the way of his entering into the matters brought forward, though he tried to do so. They were mostly in the form of reminiscences of this person and that whom we had known in common, and even in this shape they had to be very carefully handled so as not to develop anything leading. The thing that did most to relieve the embarrassment of the time was the sturdy hunger Tedham showed, and his delight in the cooking; I suppose that I cannot make others feel the pathos I found in this.

After dinner, we shut the children into the library, and kept Tedham with us in the parlor.

My wife began at once to say, "Mr. March has told me why you wanted to see me, Mr. Tedham."

"Yes," he said, as if he were afraid to say more lest he should injure his cause.

"I think that it would not be the least use for me to go to Mrs. Hasketh. In the first place, I do not know her very well, and I have not seen her for years. I am not certain she would see me."

Tedham turned the hollows of his eyes upon my wife, and asked, huskily, "Won't you try?"

"Yes," she answered, most unexpectedly to me, "I will try to see her. But if I do see her, and she refuses to tell me anything about your daughter, what will you do? Of course, I shall have to tell her I come from you, and for you."

"I thought," Tedham ventured, with a sort of timorous slyness, "that perhaps you might approach the matter casually, without any reference to me."

"No, I couldn't do that," my wife said.

He went on as if he had not heard her: "If she did not know that the inquiries were made in my behalf, she might be willing to say whether my daughter was with her."

There was in this suggestion a quality of Tedham's old insinuation, but coarser, inferior, as if his insinuation had degenerated into something like mere animal cunning. I felt rather ashamed for him, but to my surprise, my wife seemed only to feel sorry, and did not repel his suggestion in the way I had thought she would.

"No," she said, "that wouldn't do. She has kept account of the time, you may be sure, and she would ask me at once if I was inquiring in your behalf, and I should have to tell her the truth."

"I did not know," he returned, "but you might evade the point, somehow. So much being at stake," he added, as if explaining.

Still my wife was not severe with him. "I don't understand, quite," she said.

"Being the turning-point in my life, I can't begin to do anything, to be any-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing till I have seen my daughter. I don't know where to find myself. If I could see her, and she did not cast me off, then I should know where I was. Or, if she did, I should. You understand that."

"But, of course, there is another point of view."

"My daughter's?"

"Mrs. Hasketh's."

"I don't care for Mrs. Hasketh. She did what she has done for the child's sake. It was the best thing for the child, at the time—the only thing; I know that. But I agreed to it because I had to."

He continued: "I consider that I have expiated the wrong I did. There is no sense in the whole thing, if I haven't. They might as well have let me go in the beginning. Don't you think that ten years out of my life is enough for a thing that I never intended to go as far as it did, and a thing that I was led into, partly for the sake of others? I have tried to reason it out, and not from my own point of view at all, and that is the way I feel about it. Is it to go on forever, and am I never to be rid of the consequences of a single act? If you and Mr. March could condone——"

"Oh, you mustn't reason from *us*," my wife broke in. "We are very silly people, and we do not look at a great many things as others do. You have got to reckon with the world at large."

"I *have* reckoned with the world at large, and I have paid the reckoning. But why shouldn't my daughter look at this thing as you do?"

Instead of answering, my wife asked, "When did you hear from her last?"

Tedham took a few thin, worn letters from his breast-pocket. "There is Mr. March's letter," he said, laying one on his knee. He handed my wife another.

She read it, and asked, "May Mr. March see it?"

Tedham nodded, and I took the little paper in turn. The letter was written in a child's stiff, awkward hand. It was hardly more than a piteous cry of despairing love. The address was Mrs. Hasketh's, in Somerville, and the date was about three months after Tedham's punishment began. "Is that the last you have heard from her?" I asked.

Tedham nodded as he took the letter from me.

"But surely you have heard something more about her in all this time?" my wife pursued.

"Once from Mrs. Hasketh, to make me promise that I would leave the child to her altogether, and not write to her, or ask to see her. When I went to the cemetery to-day, I did not know but I should find her grave, too."

"Well, it is cruel!" cried my wife. "I will go and see Mrs. Hasketh, but—you ought to feel yourself that it's hopeless."

"Yes," he admitted. "There isn't much chance unless she should happen to think the same way you do: that I had suffered enough, and it was time to stop punishing me."

My wife looked compassionately at him, and she began with a sympathy that I have not always known her to show more deserving people, "If it were a question of that alone, it would be very easy. But suppose your daughter were so situated that it would be—disadvantageous to her to have it known that you were her father?"

"You mean that I have no right to mend my broken-up life—what there is left of it—by spoiling hers? I have said that to myself. But then, on the other hand, I have had to ask myself whether I had any right to keep her from choosing for herself about it. I shan't force myself on her. I expect to leave her free. But if the child cares for me, as she used to, hasn't that love—not mine for her, but her's for me—got some rights too?"

His voice sank almost to a hush, and the last word was scarcely more than a breathing. "All I want is to know where she is, and to let her know that I am in the world, and where she can find me. I think she ought to have the chance to decide."

"I am afraid Mrs. Hasketh may think it would be better, for her sake, *not* to have the chance," my wife sighed, and she turned her look from Tedham upon me, as if she wished me rather than him to answer.

"The only way to find out is to ask

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her," I answered, non-committally, and rather more lightly than I felt about it. In fact, the turn the affair had taken interested me intensely. It involved that awful mystery of the ties by which, unless we are born of our fathers and mothers for nothing more than the animals are, we are bound to them in all the things of life, in duty and in love transcending every question of interest and happiness. The parents' duty to the children is obvious and plain, but the child's duty to its parents is something subtler and more spiritual. It is to be more delicately, more religiously, regarded. No one, without impiety, can meddle with it from the outside, or interfere in its fulfilment. This and much more I said to my wife when we came to talk the matter over after Tedham left us. Above all, I urged something that came to me so forcibly at the moment that I said I had always thought it, and perhaps I really believed that I had. "Why should we try to shield people from fate? Isn't that always wrong? One is fated to be born the child of a certain father, and one can no more escape the consequences of his father's misdeeds than the doer himself can. Perhaps the pain and the shame come from the wish and the attempt to do so, more than from the fact itself. The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. But the children are innocent of evil, and this visitation must be for their good, and will be, if they bear it willingly."

"Well, don't try to be that sort of blessing to *your* children, Basil," said my wife, personalizing the case, as a woman must.

After that we tried to account to each other for having consented to do what Tedham asked us. Perhaps we accused each other somewhat for doing it.

"I didn't know, my dear, but you were going to ask him to come and stay with us," I said.

"I did want to," she replied. "It seemed so forlorn, letting him go out into the night, and find a place for himself, when we could just as well have let him stay as not. Why shouldn't we have offered him a bed for the night, as we would any other acquaintance?"

"Well, you must allow that the circumstances were peculiar!"

"But if he was sentenced to pay a certain penalty, and has paid it, why, as he said, shouldn't we stop punishing him?"

"I suppose we can't. There seems to be an instinctive demand for eternal perdition, for hell, in the human heart," I suggested.

"Well, then, I believe that your instinct, Basil——"

"Oh, *I* don't claim it, exclusively!"

"Is a survival of savagery, and the sooner we get rid of it the better. How queer he seems. It is the old Tedham, but all faded in—or out."

"Yes, he affected me like an etching of himself from a wornout plate. Still, I'm afraid there's likeness enough left to make trouble, yet. I hope you realize what you have gone in for, Isabel?"

She answered from the effort that I could see she was making, to brace herself already for the work before us:

"Well, we must do this because we can't help doing it, and because, whatever happens, we had no right to refuse. You must come with me, Basil!"

"I? To Mrs. Hasketh's?"

"Certainly. I will do the talking, but I shall depend upon your moral support. We will go over to Somerville to-morrow afternoon. We had better not lose any time."

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"So much the better. They will be sure to be at home, if they're there at all, yet."

She said they, but I knew that she did not expect poor old Hasketh really to count in the matter, any more than she expected me to do so.

(To be concluded.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE SONNETS

By William Morton Fullerton

I

With melody of soft accented word
  He spoke as speak whose lips the Muse have kissed,
  Whom She enamoured summons to a tryst,
To whisper secrets by no others heard;
And then with shyness of a mountain bird,
  Flying from valleys of the evening mist,
  He vanished far, nor knew his song was missed
By us whom rarely others voices stirred.

We spoke not when he left us, but did sigh,
  And knit our brows the tighter for the fray;
But with the Joy of Dionysos I
  Poured sad libation to our yesterday.
His empty glass before me clinked to mine
Rang hollow, void of sympathizing wine.

II

Oh, sweet communion of the vanished days
  When his large eyes looked calmly into mine!
  Oh, moments buried in the purple wine
When Gods stood by, submissive to our gaze!
  Oh, Hours irresolute that gave no sign
Our dreams would melt as into autumn haze,
But half-convinced us Time itself delays
  If men but drug it with an anodyne!

Yet gone he is, and I am left alone,
  And pleasant places knowing him of yore
Seem strange without him for their charm is flown,
  And yet they speak of him as not before.
Ah, this were better than the vague regret:
To know, to love, then loving to forget.

III

To know, to love, then loving to forget!
  We speak half-wisdom when we wisest seem.
  Men are as pebbles in a rushing stream
That huddled lie, amid the foam and fret,
All that we are is ours but as a debt,
  The polish and the beauty and the gleam;
  Through sunlit medium so fair we beam
Contented are we—but as stones; and yet

Here in the current of the Things-that-Are,
  Of Things-that-have-Been, and of Things-to-Be,
We press the tighter lest the waters jar,
  Kenning but hearsay of the distant sea.
Ay, prisoners we, and vanity is all—
Save only love, and loving to recall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART OF LIVING

HOUSE-FURNISHING AND THE COMMISSARIAT

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

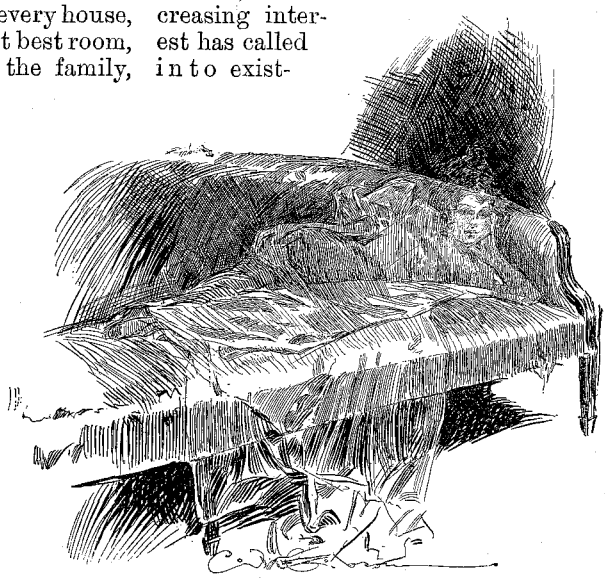
AFTER a man and his wife have made up their minds whether to live in a town house or suburban villa, they are obliged to consider next what they will have in the way of furniture, and presently what they will have for dinner. The consciousness that a house has nothing in it but the barest fixtures — the gasometer, the water-tanks, and the electric wires—and that it is for you and your wife to decide exactly what shall go into it in the way of wall-papers, carpets, upholstery, and objects of virtu, is inspiring, even though your purse be not plethoric and your knowledge of æsthetics limited. The thought at once presents itself that here is the chance of your lifetime to demonstrate how beautiful and cosey a home may be, and you set eagerly to work to surpass your predecessors of equal means. It is a worthy ambition to endeavor to make the matrimonial nest or the home of maturer years attractive, and if we were to peer back far enough into the past of even this country, to the time when our great great-grandmothers set up housekeeping with our great great-grandfathers, we should find that furnishing was considered a seriously delightful matter, though not perhaps the almost sacred trust we regard it to-day. I mean our great great-grand-parents who used to live in those charming old colonial houses, and who owned the mahogany desks with brass handles and claw feet, the tall clocks, the ravishing and-irons, and all the other old-fashioned furniture which is now so precious and difficult to find. Distance may lend such enchantment to a spinning-wheel, a warming-pan, or a spinnet, that one is liable to become hysterical in praise of them, and a calm, æsthetic mind, outside the limits of an antique furniture dealer's store, would be justified in stigmatizing many of the now cherished effects of our great great-grand-parents as truck; but, on the other hand, who will dispute that they possessed very many lovely things? They had an eye for graceful shapes in their side-boards and tables; somehow the curves they imparted to the backs of their chairs cannot be duplicated now so as to look the same; and the patterns of the satins, flowered chintzes, and other stuffs which they used for covers and curtains, exercise a witchery upon us, even as we see them now frayed and faded, which cannot proceed wholly from the imagination.

They had no modern comforts, poor things; no furnaces, no ice-chests, no set bath-tubs, no running water, no sanitary improvements, no gas or elec-

"Here is the chance of your lifetime."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tric light; and their picturesque kitchen hearths, with great caldrons and cranes and leather blowers, must have been exceedingly inconvenient to cook in; but even their most incommodious appliances were not without artistic charm. After them came the deluge—the era of horse-hair, the Sahara of democratic unloveliness, when in every house, in every country town, the set best room, which was never used by the family, stood like a mortuary chapel solely for the reception of guests. In the cities, in the households of the then enlightened, rep—generally green—was frequently substituted for the sable horse-hair. Then came the days when a dining-room or drawing-room was furnished in one pervasive hue—a suit of sables, a brick red, a dark green, or a deep maroon. Everything matched; the chairs and tables, desks and book-cases were bought in sets at one fell swoop by the householder of the period who desired to produce artistic effects. For forty years or so this was the prevailing fashion, and the limit of purely indigenous expression. To it presently succeeded the æsthetic phase, borrowed from England. Then, instead of selecting everything to match, a young or old couple bought so as just not to match, but to harmonize. All sorts of queer and subtle shades and tints in wall-papers and fabrics appeared, principally dallyings with and improvisings upon green, brown, and yellow; frescos and dados were the rage; and a wave of interest in the scope and mission of eccentric color spread over the land. Valuable as this movement was as an educational factor, there was nothing American in it; or in other words, we were again simply imitative. The very fact, however, that we were ready to imitate, betokened that horse-hair and rep had ceased to satisfy national aspiration, and that we were willing to accept suggestions from without, inasmuch as no native prophet had arisen. But though the impetus came from abroad, the awakening was genuine. Since then the desire to furnish tastefully has been steadily waxing among the more well-to-do portion of the population. As in the case of architecture, the increasing interest has called into existence a professional class, which, though still small and less generally employed than their house-designing brethren, are beginning to play an important part in the education of the public taste in internal house decoration and equipment. The idea that any man or woman may be more fitted than his or her neighbor to choose a carpet or a wall-paper has been grudgingly admitted, and still irritates the average house-owner who is ready to furnish. But the masters, and more conspicuously the mistresses, of the competing superb establishments in our cities, have learned, from the sad experience of some of their predecessors, to swallow their individual trust in their own powers of selection, and to put themselves unreservedly into the clutches of a professional house decorator.



"And the patterns exercise a witchery upon us."

Furnishing a mammoth establishment from top to bottom with somebody else's money, and plenty of it,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

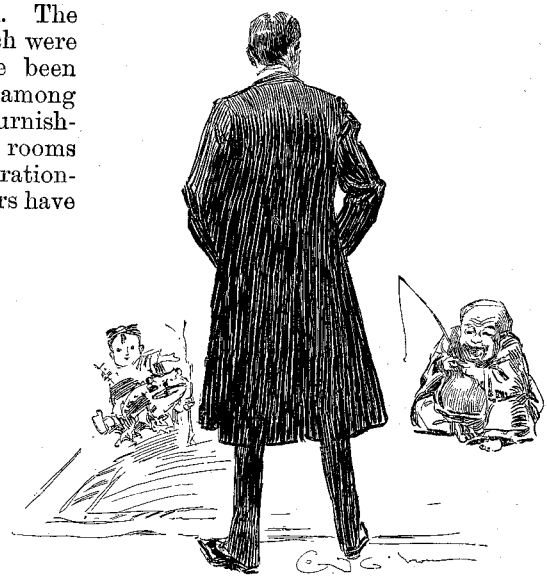
must be a delightful occupation. There can be no carking consciousness of price to act as a drag on genius, and it would seem as though the house decorator who was not interfered with under these circumstances had a rare chance to show what is what. When he fails, which is by no means out of the question, he can ordinarily shift the responsibility on to his employer, for an employer can rarely resist the temptation of insisting on some one touch to prove his or her own capacity, and of course it is a simple matter for the man of art to demonstrate that this one touch has spoiled everything. The temptation to try to be as original and captivating in results as possible must be almost irresistible, especially when one's elbow is constantly jogged by furniture and other dealers, who are only too eager to reproduce a Directory drawing-room or any other old-time splendor. But there is no denying that, whatever his limitations, the house decorator is becoming the best of educators on this side of the water, for though we cannot afford or have too much confidence in our own taste to employ him, our wives watch him like cats and are taking in his ideas through the pores, if not directly. There are, it is true, almost as many diverse styles of internal ornamentation as of external architecture in our modern residences, for everyone who has, or thinks he has, an aptitude for furnishing is trying his professional or 'prentice hand, sometimes with startling results; yet the diversities seem less significant than in the case of external architecture, or perhaps it may be said that the sum total of effect is much nearer to finality or perfection. If as a nation we are deriving the inspiration for the furniture and upholsteries of our drawing-rooms and libraries from the best French and Dutch models of a century or more ago, we certainly can boast that the comfortable features which distinguish our apartments from their prototypes are a native growth. If as a people we cannot yet point to great original artistic triumphs, may we not claim the spacious and dignified contemporary refrigerator, the convenient laundry, the frequently occurring and palatial bath-room, the health-conducing ventilator-pipe and sanitary fixtures, and the various electrical and other pipes, tubes, and appliances which have become a part of every well-ordered house, as a national cult? To be genuinely comfortable in every-day life seems to have become the aim all the world over of the individual seeking to live wisely, and the rest of the world is in our debt for the many valuable mechanical aids to comfort in the home which have been invented on this side of the water. This quest for comfort is being constantly borne in mind also in the æsthetic sense. We fit our drawing-rooms now to live in as well as to look at. We expect to sit on our sofas and in our easy

"An employer can rarely resist the temptation of insisting on some one touch."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chairs; hence we try to make them attractive to the back as well as to the eye. Though our wives may still occasionally pull down the window-shades to exclude a too dangerous sun, they no longer compel us to view our best rooms from the threshold as a cold, flawless, forbidden land. The extreme æsthetic tendencies which were rampant twenty years ago have been toned down by this inclination, among even our most elaborate house-furnishers, to produce the effect that rooms are intended for every-day use by rational beings. The ultra-queer colors have disappeared, and the carpets and wall-papers no longer suggest perpetual biliousness or chronic nightmare.

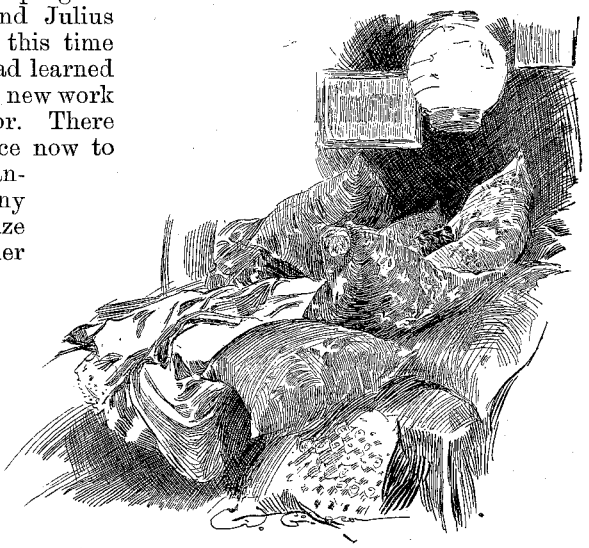
I think, too, the idea that a drawing-room can be made bewitchingly cosey by crowding it with all one's beautiful and ugly earthly possessions has been demonstrated to be a delusion. In these days of many wedding presents, it is difficult for young people to resist the temptation of showing all they have received. I remember that Mrs. George J. Spriggs—she was the daughter, you will remember, of ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Homer W. Green—had seven lamps in her parlor in Locust Road, three of them with umbrageous Japanese shades. Her husband explained to me that there had been a run on lamps and pepper-pots in their individual case. Now, Mrs. Julius Cæsar would have managed more cleverly. She would have made the lamp-dealer exchange four of five of the lamps for, say, an ornamental brass fender, a brass coal-scuttle, or a Japanese tea-tray, and have made the jeweller substitute some equally desirable table ornaments for the pepper-pots. And yet, when I made my wedding call on Mrs. Cæsar, ten years ago, I remember thinking that her drawing-room was a sort of compromise between a curiosity shop and a menagerie. To begin with, I stumbled over the head of a tiger skin, which confronted me as I passed through the *portière*, so that I nearly fell into the arms of my hostess. It seemed to me that I had stepped into a veritable bazaar. A large bear skin lay before the fire as a hearth-rug, and on either side of the grate squatted a large, orientally conceived china dragon with an open mouth. Here and there, under furniture or in corners, were gaping frogs in bronze or china. A low plush-covered table was densely arrayed with small china dogs of every degree. On another table was spread a number of silver ornaments—a silver snuff-box, a silver whistle, a silver feather, a silver match-box, and a silver shoe-buckle—all objects of virtu of apparently antique workmanship. There were three lamps with ornamental shades—a fluted china shade, a paper shade in semblance of a full-blown rose, and a yellow satin shade with drooping fringe. From the low studded ceiling depended a vast Japanese paper lantern. Sundry and diverse china vases and shepherdesses occupied the mantel-piece and the top of the book-case, and had overflowed on to a writing-table supplied with brass ornaments. There were numerous pictures, large and small, on the walls, under many of



"It seemed to me that I had stepped into a veritable bazaar."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which colored china plates had been hung. There were photographs in frames everywhere. The actual space where I could stand without knocking over anything was about the size of a hat bath, and was shut in by a circle of low chairs and divans besprinkled with æsthetic yellow, green, and pink soft silk cushions. On one of these divans my hostess was reclining in a Grosvenor gallery tea-gown, so that she seemed to wallow in cushions, and Julius Cæsar himself was sunk in the depths of one of the chairs, so near the ground that his knees seemed to rest on his chin, and one might fairly have taken him for another china frog of extraordinary proportions. All this in a comparatively small room where there were several other knick-knacks which I have omitted to mention. Better this, perhaps, than the drawing-room of forty years ago, when the visitor's gaze was bounded by cold green rep, and he was restrained only by decorum from hurling into the fire the tidy or antimacassar which tickled his neck, or detached itself and wriggled down between his back and the back of the chair. But Mrs. Cæsar's drawing-room, in her new house on Belport Avenue, has been furnished from a very different point of view than her first one, which shows how rapidly tastes change in a progressive society. Mrs. Cæsar and Julius chose everything themselves this time as they did before, but they had learned from experience, and from the new work of the contemporary decorator. There is plenty of unoccupied space now to show her possessions to advantage, and there are not too many possessions visible for the size of the parlor; there is neither so much uniformity of color and design as to weary the eye, nor so much variety or eccentricity as to irritate it; consequently, the effect on the visitor is not that he is in a room intended for luxurious display, but in an exquisitely furnished room adapted for daily use. In other words, the controlling idea at present, of those who seek to make their houses charming, seems to be to combine comfort with elegance so skilfully that while one may realize the latter, one is conscious only of the former. Though decorators are still experimenting, as probably they always will be, to attain novel effects, they are disposed to make use of queer or attenuated hues, Moorish blazonry, stamped leather, peacock feathers, elephant tusks, stained glass windows, and Japanese lacquerwork with much more discretion than a few years ago. Virgin-white instead of dirt-brown lights up our halls and staircases, and the vast chandeliers which used to dazzle the eye no longer dangle from the ceiling. Indeed, it seems as though it would be difficult to make the interior of the homes of our well-to-do class more comfortable and attractive than they are at present. It may be that some of our very rich people are disposed to waste their energies in devising and striving for more consummate elegance, thereby exposing us all to the charge that we are becoming too luxurious for our spiritual good. But there can be little question that the ambition to surround one's self with as much beauty, consistent with comfort, as one can afford is desirable, even from



"My hostess seemed to wallow in cushions."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ethical stand-point. Undeniably our point of view has changed extraordinarily in the last thirty years in regard to house-furnishing, as in regard to so many other matters of our material welfare, and there certainly is some ground for fearing that the pendulum is swinging just at present too far in the direction opposite to that of high thinking and low living; but, after all, though the reaction from ugliness has been and continues to be exuberant, it is as yet by no means wide-embracing. In fact, our cultivated well-to do class—though it is well abreast of the rest of the civilized world in aspiration and not far behind it in accomplishment, with certain vivifying traits of its own which the old world societies do not possess or have lost—is still comparatively small; and there is still so much Stygian darkness outside it in respect to house-furnishing and home comfort in general, that we can afford to have the exuberance continue for the present; for there is some reason to believe that most of the descendants of our old high thinkers have become high livers, or at least, if low livers, have ceased to be high thinkers. Mutton-soup for breakfast and unattractive domestic surroundings seem to comport nowadays with ignoble aims, if nothing worse; moreover, it must not be forgotten that the plain people of the present is no longer the plain people of forty years ago, but is largely the seed of the influx of foreign peasants, chiefly inferior and often scum, which the sacredness of our institutions has obliged us to receive.

II

If we have become cosmopolitan in the matter of domestic comfort and elegance as regards our drawing-rooms, the same is certainly true of our dining-rooms, and dinner-tables. But here it seems to me that we are more justly open to criticism on the score of over-exuberance. That is, the fairly well-to-do class, for the plain people of foreign blood, and the low liver of native blood, eat almost as indigestible food, and quite as rapidly and unceremoniously, as the pie and doughnut nurtured yeoman of original Yankee stock, who thrived in spite of his diet, and left to his grandchildren the heritage of dyspepsia which has become nervous prostration in the present generation. It seems as though our instincts of hospitality have grown in direct ratio with our familiarity with and adoption of civilized creature comforts, and any charge of exuberance may doubtless be fairly ascribed to the national trait of generosity, the abuse of which is after all a noble blemish. But, on the other hand, facts remain, even after one has given a pleasing excuse for their existence, and it may be doubted if a spendthrift is long consoled by the reflection that his impecuniosity is due to his own disinclination to stint. May it not truthfully be charged against the reasonably well-to-do American citizen that he has a prejudice against thrift, especially where the entertainment of his fellow man or woman is concerned? The rapid growth of wealth and the comparative facility of becoming rich during the last half century of our

"Julius Cæsar himself was sunk in the depths of one of the chairs."

development, has operated against the practice of small economies, so that we find ourselves now beset by extravagant traditions which we hesitate to deviate from for fear of seeming mean. Many a man to-day pays his quarter of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dollar ruefully and begrudgingly to the colored Pullman car porter at the end of his journey, when he is "brushed off," because he cannot bring himself to break the custom which fixed the fee. It would be interesting to estimate what the grand total of saving to the American travelling public would have been if ten instead of twenty-five cents a head had been paid to the tyrant in question since he first darkened the situation. If not enough to maintain free schools for the negro, at least sufficient to compel railroad managements to give their employees suitable wages instead of letting the easy-going traveller, who has already paid for the privilege of a reserved seat, pay a premium on that. The exorbitant fees bestowed on waiters is but another instance of a tendency to be over-generous, which, once reduced to custom, becomes the severest kind of tax, in that it is likely to affect the warmest-hearted people.

This tendency to be needlessly lavish in expenditure is most conspicuous when we are offering hospitality in our own homes. Among the viands which we have added to the bills of fare of humanity, roast turkey and cranberry-sauce, Indian meal, and probably baked beans, are entitled to conspicuous and honorable mention, but is it not true, notwithstanding champagne is a foreign wine, that the most prodigious discovery in the line of food or drink yet made by the well-to-do people of this country, is the discovery of champagne? Does it not flow in one golden effervescing stream, varied only by the pops caused by the drawing of fresh corks, from the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World to the Golden Gate? And the circumstance that every pop costs the entertainer between three and four dollars, seems in no wise to interrupt the cheery explosions. There are some people who do not drink champagne or any other wine, from principle, and there are some with whom it does not agree, but the average individual finds that the interest of festive occasions is heightened by its presence in reasonable abundance, and is apt to deplore its total absence with internal groans. But surely ninety-nine men in our large cities out of one hundred, who are accustomed to entertain and be entertained, must be weary of the sight of this expensive tempter at the feast, which it is so difficult to refuse when set before one, and which is so often quaffed against better judgment or inclination. The champagne breakfast, the champagne luncheon, the champagne dinner, and the champagne supper, with a champagne cocktail tossed in as a stop gap, hound the social favorite from January to December, until he is fain to dream of the Old Oaken Bucket, and sooner or later to drink Lithia water only.

"Many a man to-day pays his quarter of a dollar ruefully."

With perpetual and unremitting champagne as the key-note of social gatherings, no wonder that the table ornaments and the comestibles become more splendid. A little dinner of eight or ten is no longer a simple matter of a cordial invitation and an extra course. The hostess who bids her contemporaries to dine with her most informally ten days hence, uses a figure of speech which is innocuous from the fact that it is known to be a deliberate falsehood. She begins generally by engaging a cook from outside to prepare the dinner, which must surely wound the sensibilities of any self-respecting couple the first time, however hardened to the situation they may become later.

At this stage of my reflections I am interrupted by my wife, Barbara—for I was thinking aloud—with a few words of expostulation.

"Are you not a little severe? I assume that you are referring now to people with a comfortable income, but who are not disgustingly rich. Of course, nowadays, the very rich people keep cooks who can cook for a dinner-party,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cooks at eight dollars or more a week and a kitchen maid; so it is only the hostess with a cook at four and a half to six dollars a week and no kitchen maid who is likely to engage an accommodator. But what is the poor thing to do? Give a wretched, or plain dinner which may make her hair grow white in a single night? Surely, when a woman invites friends to her house she does not wish them to go away half starved, or remembering that they have had disagreeable things to eat. In that case she would prefer not to entertain at all."

"Informally" invited guests.

"The question is," I answered, "whether it is more sensible to try to be content with what one has, or to vie with those who are better off. We do not attempt to dine on gold plate, nor have we a piano decorated with a five thousand dollar painting by one of the great artists, like Patterson, the banker. Why should we endeavor to compete with his kitchen?"

"The clever thing, of course, is to find a cook for six dollars a week who can cook for a dinner-party," answered Barbara, pensively; "and yet," she added "though our cook can, the chances are that nine out of ten of the people who dine with us think that we hired her for the occasion."

"Precisely. Just because the custom has grown so. It is sheer extravagance."

"After all, my dear, it is a comparatively small matter — a five-dollar bill."

"Pardon me. Five dollars for the cook, because one's own cook is not good enough; three or five dollars for an accommodating maid or waiter, because you cannot trust your chamber-maid to assist your waitress; eight dollars for champagne, and so on."

"Do not say 'your'—mine can."

"Her, then—the woman of the day. I am trying to show that a small informal dinner is a cruelly expensive affair for the average man with a comfortable working income."

"I admit that a dinner for eight or ten is expensive" said Barbara. "It means twenty-five dollars at the lowest, even if you have your own cook. But what is one to do? You don't seem to appreciate that a good plain cook cannot usually prepare dinner-party dishes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and that a plain dinner is now almost as different from a dinner-party dinner as a boiled egg is from caviare."

"Precisely. There is the pity of it. The growth here of the French restaurant and the taste for rich and elaborate cookery has doubtless been a good thing in its way, if only that it is now possible to obtain a tolerably well-cooked meal at most of the hotels in our large cities and principal watering-places; but why should people of moderate means and social instincts feel constrained to offer a banquet on every occasion when they entertain? I for one consider it a bore to have so much provided when I go out to dinner."

"You must admit," said Barbara, "that dinners are not nearly so long as they were a few years ago. Now, by means of the extra service you complain of, and by keeping the number of courses down, a dinner ought not to last longer than an hour and a half, whereas it used to take two hours and over. In England they are much worse than here. You are given, for instance, two puddings, one after the other, and ices to follow."

"I agree," said I, "that we have curtailed the length so that there is not much to complain of on that score. I think, though, that comparatively plain dishes well-served are quite as apt to please as the aspics, chartreuses, timbales, and other impressive gallicisms under which the accommodating party cook is wont to cater to the palates of informally invited guests. I sometimes think that the very few of our great great-grandfathers who knew how to live at all must have had more appetizing tables than we. Their family cooks, from all accounts, knew how to roast and boil and bake and stew, culinary arts which somehow seem to be little understood by the chefs of to-day. Then again, the old-fashioned Delft-crockery—blue ships sailing on a blue sea—was very attractive. Our modern dinner-tables, when arrayed for a party, have almost too much fuss and feathers. Women worry until they get cut glass, if it is not given them as a wedding present, and several sets of costly plates —Sèvres, Dresden, or Crown Derby —are apt to seem indispensable to housekeepers of comparatively limited means."

"Cut glass is lovely, and the same plates through seven courses are rather trying," said Barbara, parenthetically.

"Of course it is lovely, and I am very glad you have some. But is not the modern American woman of refined sensibilities just a little too eager to crowd her table with every article of virtu she possesses—every ornamental spoon, dish, cup, and candlestick—until one is unable to see at any one spot more than a square inch of tablecloth? In the middle of the table she sets a crystal [illegible] of flowers, a silver basket of fe[illegible] a dish of fruit. This is flanked by apostle or gold-lined spoons, silver dishes of confectionery of various kinds, silver candlesticks or candelabra fitted with pink or saffron shades, one or two of which are expected to catch fire, an array of cut glass or Venetian glass at every plate, and, like as not, pansies strewn all over the table."

"The modern dinner-table is very pretty," responded Barbara. "I don't see how it could be improved materially."

"I dare say, but somehow one can't help thinking at times that the effort for effect is too noticeable, and that the real object of sitting down to dinner in company, agreeable social intercourse, is consequently lost sight of. If only the very rich were guilty of wanton display, the answer would be that the rank and file of our well-to-do, sensible people have very simple entertainments. Unfortunately, while the very rich are constantly vying to outstrip one another, the dinner-table and the dinner of the well-to-do [illegible]erican are each growing more and [illegible]re complex and elaborate. Perhaps not more so than abroad among the nobility or people of means; but certainly we have been Europeanized in this respect to such an extent that, not only is there practically nothing left for us to learn in the way of being luxurious, but I am not sure that we are not disposed to convince the rest of the civilized world that a free-born American, when fully developed, can be the most luxurious individual on earth."

Barbara looked a little grave at this.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Everything used to be so ugly and unattractive a little while ago that I suppose our heads have been turned," she answered. After this I shall make a rule, when we give a dinner-party, to keep one-half of my table ornaments in the safe as a rebuke to my vanity. Only if I am to show so much of the tablecloth, I shall have to buy some with handsome patterns. Don't you see?"

Perhaps this suggestion that our heads have been turned for the time being by our national prosperity, and that they will become straight again in due course of time, is the most sensible view to take of the situation. There can be no doubt that among well-to-do people, who would object to be classed in "the smart set," as the reporters of social gossip odiously characterize those prominent in fashionable society in our large cities, the changes in the last thirty years connected with every-day living, as well as with entertaining, have all been in the direction of cosmopolitan usage. It is now only a very old-fashioned or a very blatant person who objects to the use of evening dress at the dinner-table, or the theatre, as inconsistent with true patriotism. The dinner-hour has steadily progressed from twelve o'clock noon until it has halted at seven *post* meridian, as the ordinary hour for the most formal meal of the day, with further postponement to half-past seven or even eight among the fashionable for the sake of company. The frying-pan and the teapot have ceased to reign supreme as the patron saints of female nutrition, and the beefsteak, the egg, both cooked and raw, milk and other flesh-and-blood-producing food are abundantly supplied to the rising generation of both sexes by the provident parent of to-day. The price of beef in our large cities has steadily advanced in price until its use as an article of diet is a serious monster to encounter in the monthly bills, but the husband and father who is seeking to live wisely, seems not to be deterred from providing it abundantly. From this it is evident that if we are unduly exuberant in the pursuit of creature comforts, it is not solely in the line of purely ornamental luxuries. If we continue to try our nervous systems by undue exertion, they are at least better fitted to stand the strain, by virtue of plenty of nutritious food, even though dinner-parties tempt us now and then to over-indulgence, or bore us by their elaborateness. Yet it remains to be seen whether the income of the American husband and father will be able to stand the steady drain occasioned by the liberal table he provides, and it may be that we have some lessons in thrift on this score still in store for us. There is this consolation, that if our heads have been turned in this respect also, and we are supplying more food for our human furnaces than they need, the force of any reaction will not fall on us, but on the market-men, who are such a privileged class that our candidates for public office commonly provide a rally for their special edification just before election-day, and whose white smock-frocks are commonly a cloak for fat though greasy purses. Yet Providence seems to smile on the market-man in that it has given him the telephone, through which the modern mistress can order her dinner, or command chops or birds, when unexpected guests are foreshadowed. Owing to the multiplicity of the demands upon

"The modern dinner-table."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time of both men and women, the custom of going to market in person has largely fallen into decay. The butcher and grocer send assistants to the house for orders, and the daily personal encounter with the smug man in white, which used to be as inevitable as the dinner, has now mainly been relegated to the blushing bride of from one week to two years standing, and the people who pay cash for everything. Very likely we are assessed for the privilege of not being obliged to nose our turkeys and see our chops weighed in advance, and it is difficult to answer the strictures of those who sigh for what they call the good old times, when it was every man's duty, before he went to his office, to look over his butcher's entire stock and select the fattest and juiciest edibles for the consumption of himself and family. As for paying cash for everything, my wife Barbara says that, unless people are obliged to be extremely economical, no woman in this age of nervous prostration ought to run the risk of bringing on that dire malady by any such imprudence, and that to save five dollars a month on a butcher's bill, and pay twenty-five to a physician for ruined nerves, is false political economy. "I agree with you," she added, "that we Americans live extravagantly in the matter of daily food — especially meat — as compared with the general run of people in other countries; but far more serious than our appetites and liberal habits, in my opinion, is the horrible waste which goes on in our kitchens, due to the fact that our cooks are totally ignorant of the art of making the most of things. Abroad, particularly on the Continent, they understand how to utilize every scrap, so that many a comfortable meal is provided from what our servants habitually cast into the swill-tub. Here there is perpetual waste—waste—waste, and no one seems to understand how to prevent it. There you have one never-failing reason for the size of our butchers' and grocers' bills."

I assume that my wife, who is an intelligent person, must be correct in this accusation of general wastefulness which she makes against the American kitchen. If so, here we are confronted again with the question of domestic service from another point of view. How long can we afford to throw our substance into the swill-tub? If our emigrant cooks do not understand the art of utilizing scraps and remnants, are we to continue to enrich our butchers without let or hinderance? It would seem that if the American housewife does not take this matter in hand promptly, the cruel laws of political economy will soon convince her by grisly experience that neither poetry nor philanthropy can flourish in a land where there is perpetual waste below stairs.

A MEMORY

By Ina Coolbrith

THROUGH rifts of cloud the moon's soft silver slips;
A little rain has fallen with the night,
Which from the emerald under-sky still drips
Where the magnolias open, broad and white.

So near my window I might reach my hand
And touch these milky stars, that to and fro
Wave, odorous. . . . Yet 'twas in another land—
How long ago, my love, how long ago!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUGHEY

By Rhodes Macknight

HUGHEY was not his right name, of course; he was the victim of Lieutenant Teddy Clarkson's ever-ready flippancy; but as his right name happened to be Mak-pe-yah-we-tah, or something like that, nobody said much about it. Clarkson good-naturedly explained: "Hughey isn't poetical, I know," he said, "while Mak—Mak-pe—well, the other is; but even up here on the frontier something must be left to the imagination. So we'll leave his name, which is very much that way, and call him plain Hughey—which is concise, just familiar enough, and not too sentimental." So Hughey it was, because Clarkson had a pleasant and trouble-saving way of settling things off-hand.

The boy was a full-blood Uncapapa, anywhere from eight to twelve, lithe, untamed, and not at all good to look upon. His father was a scout, and that is how Colonel Nichols came to get him for a servant, or messenger, or whatever he was. He should have been sent to Carlisle, or to one of the other Indian schools; but as the colonel undertook to see that his education was not neglected, and as there was additional excuse in the father's wanting to have his boy near him (that is what he said, at least), authority was granted and the arrangement made.

It was spring when he came to the Fort—the belated spring of the far Northwest; the prairie was just getting on a tender hue, and the streams had but lately sprung from their armor of ice, but the sky looked as if it had never been anything but the most suave turquoise. The boy was brought in one day on a bronco by his father and taken to headquarters; but the colonel seemed not exactly to know what to do with him down there, so he sent him up to his house in a hurry. Teddy Clarkson and the colonel's daughter Dorothy happened to be standing together by the veranda railing when Little-Big-Bear and his son came up.

"Here boy," the father said, pushing forward the youngster, who was sulkily contemplating the lieutenant from beneath his brows. "Good boy," he went on to explain; "make maybe plenty work bimeby. Colonel send; you take. Good boy; work plenty." And having effected what he considered a perfect introduction, the lank, ungainly scout slouched away.

The lad, still gazing suspiciously, made as if he would follow by edging to one side a few inches at a time; but the lieutenant caught him at it, and invited him to come up to the veranda. The boy certainly understood, but he kept on with the sidling, and presently Clarkson was obliged to advance upon him, with pacific mien, very much as a colt is advanced upon in an open field.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" he asked. "Why don't you come up and speak to the lady?" Then he added, as he saw that the shrinking continued, "Nice lady."

Dorothy herself interposed. "Come, little boy," she said, with an insinuating smile, and beckoning; "come up and tell me what your name is, and where you're from."

The boy looked at the young woman a moment, not sheepishly, but as if forecasting what she intended to do with him, then advanced gingerly to the steps of the veranda and squatted. Pulling out simultaneously a jack-knife from his blouse, he held it up, remarking, "Knife—heap good," opened the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blade (his white teeth gleaming against his lower lip), and forthwith began to jab it into the step.

Dorothy advanced and stooped beside him. "Now, tell me what your name is, little boy," she said.

Clarkson came to her aid with the statement—for a goad—that he'd bet the boy didn't know. "They never know," he added, in an audible aside.

The boy stopped jabbing and looked up quickly. He frowned upon the lieutenant before turning to the girl. Then he rattled off, "Name Mak-pe-yah-we-tah—*my* name."

"Oh, that isn't any name," Clarkson put in. "Somebody that didn't like you called you that. We'll have to call you something else." Then he came with the christening, adding, "Now, Hughey, tell us what you can do—ride, run, shoot, fish?"

The boy replied with a scowl; but when Dorothy repeated the question he glanced up at her and showed his teeth. "You bet!" he said, in glib phrase picked up from plainsmen. Then he stuck his knife deeper into the step, his lips drawn to a pucker of determination to damage something.

"None of those'll be required of him, Miss Dorothy?" the young man inquired with mock gravity. "But you'll not be under the necessity of teaching the young idea how to shoot—nor yet to ride, nor run, nor fish. By the way, what *are* you going to teach him?—if I may ask." Dorothy had undertaken to look after the lad's education.

"Well," she answered, with a fine smile, "I'm going to teach him, first, not to be funny, Mr. Clarkson. Then, a little later, if he learns how not to be funny well, I'll teach him that he mustn't loll on the veranda too much when his duties lie elsewhere—especially if it's fully half an hour after he has begun his leave-taking, and a young lady's waiting to go dress for dinner."

"Oh, come, I say!" cried the young man. "Going to send me back to quarters already? I guess I'd better go, though," he added, looking into the distance, "'cause I see Schultz raging down there, and I suppose he wants me."

But before he went he leaned over Hughey and told him he must be nice and obedient to the lady, or he'd find himself disliked—an admonition that was received with silent unconcern.

When Dorothy saw the lieutenant's straight military back disappearing behind the bushes that bordered the walk, she turned to the lad and held out her hand.

"Come, little fellow," she said, "we must go back to cook now and get acquainted. For I fancy you'll be wanting to get on the right side of cook if you're like other little boys. Won't you?"

The boy scrutinized her narrowly with his black eyes. Then he got up, but pretending not to see the extended hand, walked alongside her with the slouching, panther-like movement, toes turned in, that marks his race.

Cook was apparently far from pleased with the apparition.

"Laws, Miss Dor'thy!" she cried, "is that there Injun goin' to be set up in this here house? Laws, Miss Dor'thy, how kin ye be wantin' to do th' likes a that! W'y, he'll be a everlastin' worrit, Miss Dor'thy! Ye'll niver know w'at to do with 'im."

Dorothy certainly did not know what to do with him now. A vague idea came to her of telling him to go out "to play;" but the thought came immediately that doubtless he didn't know how, being different from other children. And it was equally certain that she was not prepared to entertain him. Shaking off responsibility at a single stroke, she announced that she would leave the boy in the kitchen while she dressed.

"Wid me!" cried cook, aghast. "In the kitchen—here—wid me? O Miss Dor'thy, Oi knows ye wouldn't do the likes a that—wid me! No, Miss Dor'thy, ye *couldn't!* Me wid the steak to cook—an'—an'—no, Miss Dor'thy!" The woman, pleading in voice and panicky as to manner, looked with reproach at the girl, then with wrath at the boy. Hughey was eying steadfastly a dab of flour on her nose.

Dorothy laughed factitiously, and said soothingly that it would only be for a few minutes; then, with a breath of relief, she stepped into the dining-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room and closed the door. Truly, she was nonplussed.

Cook eyed the boy furtively as she went bustling about her work. She had been told of his expected arrival, but she had thought it a joke—a bugbear of the facetious colonel's—because everybody knew (she had mentioned it often enough) that her three pet abhorrences were Injuns, snakes, and tripe. She could not believe that the colonel had done such a thing. But that's what came of taking place out of civilization! She wisht it wasn't so far back to Helena—jist didn't she!

The boy had been standing rooted to the spot some three feet within the doorway that he had occupied when Dorothy disappeared. He looked about him for a little while after cook had taken from his view her flour-dabbed nose, and noted carefully everything—from the brightly polished stove, to the line of platters standing on edge upon the dresser. At last, doubtless wearying of this, the jack-knife was again brought into requisition for use on the door-jamb.

A moment afterward Dorothy, just come from upstairs, and standing at the sitting-room window, wondering what on earth she would do with the boy next, was astonished to see the subject of her thoughts flying past, with cook in hot pursuit, armed with a dish-cloth with which she was frantically beating the air in his rear. The girl quickly raised the sash, and the explanation was furnished:

"W'at—w'at d'ye tink the little Injun divil was afther doin'!" exclaimed cook, breathless, flushed, and indignant. "W'y, he was afther w'ittlin' the dure jist as fancy as ye plaze! He was, Miss Dor'thy! Be me sowl would ye be kapin' a little Injun nagur in the house like that, thin? Oh, Miss Dor'thy, he'll be the pest an' worrit a me life, he will!"

"Where is he now?" asked the girl, uncertain whether to laugh or look serious, and leaning out to get a view.

"Now? He's out on the purayra, niver fear! Oi niver seed anybody wid laigs w'at could kiver ground so fast! Now, Miss Dor'thy, *do* kape him out a me kitchen. If ye don't Oi'll niver answer fer a blissed ting, Oi won't. Me steak's burrnin' now, Oi'll bet!"

The girl looked at her demurely for a moment, then told her to go back and find out; she promised that Hughey should be looked after. She lowered the sash, and still did not know whether or not it would be permissible to laugh; but she thought on the whole it would be better not to. She had asked her father to get the boy—thinking it would be interesting to teach him, up here at this frontier post where there was so little with which to occupy one's self; and now that he was got she was in the predicament of not knowing what to do with him. She cudgelled her brains for a way out.

While still absorbed with this momentous question she heard a heavy step on the veranda without, and knew that the colonel had come. She rushed to meet him in the entry.

"O papa!" she cried at once, "the little Indian boy has run away!"

"Run away!" echoed the colonel, staring. "Why—why, Dorothy, he's just come!"

"I know he's just come, papa, but he's just run away all the same." And then she explained, with her pretty brows troubled when she saw how the colonel received the news.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed, puffing out his fat, shiny, rubicund cheeks. "He's under my protection, too! I'm responsible to the Government for him! Well! well!"

"Oh, do you think there'll be any trouble, papa?"

"Trouble, Dorothy? Hem!—there may be some trouble to find him. You'll have to be more careful of your charge, Dorothy. Discipline, my girl—discipline."

They had entered the sitting-room, and, as twilight was coming on, she struck a match, lighted the lamp, and turned it low. She pretended to be still busy with it when she asked:

"Don't you think, papa, you'd better have him for a—for a sort of body-servant?"

"Body-servant? What do I want with a body-servant, my child? I got him for *you*, Dorothy—and because you asked for him. But the first thing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to do is to get him back again. Ran away!—dear me! Now where do you suppose he ran to?"

This was something that Dorothy was unable to tell him, of course; she was as much perplexed as he, if not more. But they were not kept wondering long, for no sooner had they sat down to dinner than a noise was heard at the window; turning simultaneously, they saw the dusky face of the boy just raised above the ledge. He had evidently pulled himself up with some trouble, for the window was farther from the ground than his height, and his black eyes shone bead-like, and slightly bulging with the exertion.

The colonel cautioned his daughter to make no movement. Recognizing that diplomacy was required, he kept his seat and beckoned with a forefinger, his face spreading into a sunset beam that might have reassured, or might have terrified, as it was looked at. Hughey gazed back merely with wonder.

"Let me open the window, papa," murmured Dorothy, impulsively starting forward.

"No, no, my dear!" protested the colonel with a detaining hand. "We must—er—humor him. We must draw him on." He looked about helplessly, as if seeking a bait. "Ah, I've got it!" he added, with modest triumph—"the sugar, dear."

He selected a cube, and held it up invitingly between forefinger and thumb, repeating the smile. Instantly the black eyes and dusky face slid below the sill. A moment afterward a shriek from cook in the kitchen proved that the sugar was irresistible. That is the conclusion the colonel came to, at least, for he remarked complacently to his daughter that he had told her so.

The door from the kitchen opened softly, cautiously, and through the narrow crack the black eyes again came into view. The colonel, quickly recognizing the fact that cook was now in the boy's rear, and consequently that, from a military point of view, the strategical advantage lay with himself, thought it about time to command. So he ordered the delinquent to approach.

Hughey did so—his gaze steadfastly on the sugar. He came forward, held out his little grimy paw, received the lump, and immediately transferred it to his mouth.

"Now what do you say?" asked the colonel, watching the contortion of the boy's lips with a sympathetic movement of his own.

The hard cube was between the infantile grinders; it was a minute before he could speak. "Good," he said then, screwing up an eye.

"Eh?—oh, yes, I daresay it is," replied the colonel. "But what else do you say?"

"Heap good," returned the boy, after another moment's cracking.

The colonel turned to his daughter to remark, "You see you've a task before you, my dear."

"Oh, but he'll learn very quickly, papa, I'm sure," she replied. "The only thing bothers me is what I'm to do with him when he isn't learning."

Hughey had finished the lump and was waiting with dog-like attention for more. The colonel selected a small fragment from the bowl and handed it out. The boy bolted it, and blinked.

"Where've you been?" asked the colonel, sternly. "Where'd you run to?"

"Heap good," said Hughey as before, licking his lips and still attentive.

"You mustn't run away any more, little boy," put in Dorothy with matronly reproof.

Hughey's glance hovered uncertainly upon the sugar-bowl in passing to her. He said again that the sugar pleased him.

The girl looked at her father. "I'm very much afraid," she began, "that he and cook won't get along at all. She seems to have taken a dislike to him on sight, and——"

At the moment cook entered with a dish. She was very haughty in her carriage, very dignified in her serving, very severe when she had occasion to look upon Hughey. Her feelings in the matter were very evident; and when she was about to depart again the colonel detained her.

"Cornelia," he said, "please take this boy out and give him something to eat. Feed him well, for I don't think he's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had a square meal for some time, by the looks of him. And don't let him go out of the kitchen, Cornelia."

The woman had looked about at the first word, and stood gazing austerely with high head during the rest of it. At the end her cheeks puffed out as if an explosion were imminent, but she checked it, jerked her head a little, and made the tail of her gown whip when she turned.

"The bye kin folly me," she said, grandly.

"Go on, little boy," said Dorothy; "go with cook."

With a last glance at the sugar Hughey moved to the door.

"You see, papa!" exclaimed Dorothy, when he was gone, "they'll not get along together at all. Oh, what a bother!"

The colonel drained the glass he had tilted, pressed a napkin to his lips, and remarked, calmly: "Cornelia doesn't command the regiment, my dear."

"No," retorted the girl, smiling, "but she can make it very unpleasant for the commander of it."

"Helena is a long and difficult journey, Dorothy."

"But she can burn the chops and things."

"True; but she must eat them as well as we."

"Then she can be disagreeable to the boy."

"She won't, my dear. Come, we'll have the coffee in the other room and talk it over."

For a long time they talked it over in the other room, and when the colonel got up again and said he must go to Schenck's to play a game of bezique, he had almost succeeded in convincing his daughter that everything would go on with the most charming smoothness and amiability.

It was late when he got back, and Dorothy had gone to bed. He turned up the light in the sitting-room and composed himself to smoke a last cigar. He was hardly well upon it when a footstep sounded in the entry, and immediately cook stood majestic in the doorway. Her lips had a determined fixity of line.

"Come in, Cornelia," he said, suavely. "Why, I thought you were abed long ago!"

The hermetic lips opened to reply, "Oi was, sir. An' O'im up agin." The lips looked as if they had never been opened.

"So I see, Cornelia. Pray sit down. Anything the matter, Cornelia?"

Cook sat, solidly, and remarked with terrible calmness that there was much.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, you surprise me, Cornelia! What is it, for goodness' sake?"

"Oi'm about lavin' ye, Colonel Nichols."

"Leaving us! Why, what — what d'ye mean, Cornelia?" The colonel sat upright in consternation.

She told him at great length. She reviewed some of her past life—all of that since she had been at the post—and placed in artistic perspective her aims, her hopes, her likes, her dislikes; she contrasted the realization; and through it all leaked hints as to the one central figure—Hughey. But it was not until the end that the colonel could grasp the fact and stop her.

"And d'ye mean to say you're going to leave us all on account of that little scalawag?" he inquired, half-reproachful, half-humorous.

"That little scallywag!" she repeated, sarcastically. "Oi ain't a-callin' of no names, colonel, but if chance Oi was, Oi'd be afther callin' him that little scalpin' divil!"

"Call him what suits you, Cornelia," answered the colonel, generously; "but —pooh! you're only fooling about the leaving!"

Cook sat forward on her chair by way of emphasis for what was coming; her motherly bosom was heaving with her grievance. Finally, having stored up breath enough to carry her through, she began:

"On'y foolin', am Oi, Colonel Nichols? It ain't me place to be afther foolin', Colonel Nichols. Oi knows me place, Colonel Nichols—none betther; an' w'ativer ye say about me, ye can't say as Oi don't, an' as I don't rispict it. On'y foolin', am Oi, Colonel Nichols? An' as fer that, d'ye know w'at that there little Injun nagur's been afther doin', Colonel Nichols? No; an' ye'd hardly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

b'lave it if ye knowed. That little Injun nagur, Colonel Nichols, wint up to the iligant bid Oi made fer 'm wid me own hands in the attic—where Miss Dor'thy said—a bid, Colonel Nichols, as iligant as yer own as fur's bounchiness an' clane sheets—wint up, d'ye mind, an' tuk all thim beautiful bid-clo'es, down to the verra mattress, if ye'll b'lave it, colonel, an' dumped the whole outfit down the shtairs agin. But wait! —mind, that ain't all (though well ye may open yer oyes an' shtare, Colonel Nichols!)—that ain't all. That little Injun nagur, Colonel Nichols, is up there this minute, shlapin' an the bare springs, colonel! But that ain't all! W'at do he do, colonel, before doin' that, but inter me room—me own room, at back of the house, foreninst Miss Dor'thy's, colonel, if you'll b'lave it!—an' makes free wid everything he finds there! In petickler, colonel—an' Oi blush fer him to say it!—in petickler, colonel, he takes me iligant flannel nightcap (Oi wear thim, colonel, an' Oi'm not ashamed fer to say it!—but Oi don't wear the wan he tuk, fer it's me best, an' Oi hed it careful done up in tissy paper in me washstand drawer), he takes it, colonel, an' w'at do he do wid it! Puts it an his owdacious black hid, the little nagur! He do, colonel, if ye'll b'lave it! He takes it an' ties it an his Injun hid—his little dirty hid! me flannel nightcap! An' me layin' there in bid, an' can't say a worrud fer modesty's sake! An' all whin Oi tinks he be shlapin' as shwate as a bye ought a be shlapin'! An' at this minnit, colonel, ye kin go up to the bid Oi made fer 'm wid me own hands an' say fer yerself!—me flannel nightcap!"

The colonel looked very serious. "We'll have to see to this, Cornelia—we'll have to see to this," he kept muttering, pacifically.

Cook caught him up after breathing hard a few times: "But sayin' to it 's not w'at's wanted, colonel. Oi must lave—regrettin' it as Oi do. But Oi can't shtay wid sich goin's on in the house. Me sinse of dacency's too shtrong. Oi can't."

"Oh, but Cornelia!" protested the colonel, alarmed and distressed at the prospect of being without a domestic.

"Oi can't, colonel; an' there's an ind to it." She arose.

"Pooh, pooh, Cornelia! Come, we'll arrange it all to-morrow. I'll speak to Miss Dorothy."

"Be kind enough to arrange fer me lavin' ye, colonel," she retorted, as she moved toward the doorway. Then adding, "*If* ye plase, colonel," she stalked from the room.

From this first day cook's mottled tin trunk was in almost perpetual transit between her room and the back porch. She would pack, unpack, and repack, as her spirit was moved by intolerance, again by the colonel's blandishment; and at the severer moments she would present herself unexpectedly at the sitting-room door, or at headquarters, in her gaudy red and white checkered shawl and toplofty bonnet with yellow roses, and demand that a conveyance be placed at her disposal at once. And if the recurrent episode always ended in her heaving a sigh and taking off her black thread mitts, the colonel had some reason to congratulate himself upon his diplomacy.

The first day, too, was hardly an adequate earnest of Hughey's capabilities in the way of mischief; it was merely a warning. With Dorothy—and he was with Dorothy for several hours a day imbibing the course of knowledge she had laid out for him—he was to a certain degree repressed and decorous; but out of her sight the civilized mind was unequal to conceiving and forestalling the form of obliquity he would invent next in his savagery. Dorothy punished him—with words—but it was merely evocative of momentary remorse; the colonel's corrective was in a wholesomer and more whole-hearted form, but it too left but slight impression. It was for a while a favorite plan of the colonel's to lock him up in the woodshed, and the lad's compunction usually lasted long enough for the voluntary chopping up of a pile of sticks as a penance; but once he was out again everything was as before.

If anything was reported wrong at headquarters there was never a moment's hesitation in the mind of anybody as to where the blame might be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rightfully attached. If wagon-wheels were found to come off promptly upon the vehicle's starting, everybody knew that Hughey had removed the nuts; if shirts were found missing from clothes-lines it was readily guessed where they were (the boy had a mania for shirts: dry or wet he would put them on over his blouse, and stalk about the esplanade without the slightest attempt at concealment — quite the contrary); if Major Schenck's veranda-steps were found exceedingly slippery of a morning (never anybody's but the major's, by the way), it was known pretty surely that Hughey had been at work on them with bacon-rind or tallow, and that he was hiding somewhere in the neighborhood waiting for the fat major to come out. It was always Hughey.

With these propensities it is conceivable that the lad was not looked upon favorably. But if he made enemies, these same enemies would very soon find themselves portrayed unenviably upon gate-posts and fences. The boy's ready knife came into play in making hideous caricatures of well-known faces, indelibly carved in the soft pine. Sometimes, rarely, he would repent and laboriously change an expression from diabolical to mere pleasing imbecility; but if the subject's subsequent attitude toward him did not warrant this leniency he would change it again to something worse than before. These carvings were always an index to the boy's current feelings.

Naturally it was not long before Hughey met with an occasional summary backset. Major Schenck, for instance, who had been caricatured, who did not dare venture upon his veranda without sending a light-weight orderly ahead of him, and who had complained to the colonel regularly three times a day for a fortnight, finally took correction into his own hands and spanked the boy thoroughly. Ever after that Hughey had the greatest respect for the major; he carved him full-length in Jumbo-like proportions on the door of his own woodshed, and put himself out to accommodate him. The major was fond of mushrooms, he discovered, for he had often seen his servant gathering them in the bottom-land across the river. From that time on Hughey scoured the country and brought in everything of the kind he could lay hands on. It is nothing to the purpose that most of them were toadstools.

Another time the boy was caught by some enlisted-men upon whom he had been playing pranks, and was ducked in the river until he was nearly drowned. Thenceforth he gave the squad-room the widest of berths; yet his mischief did not cease.

Affairs came to such a pass at last that Dorothy found it necessary to keep a constant watch upon the lad; and accordingly this watchfulness took the form of companionship. When the days brought summer—summer as hot as the winter was cold—she transferred her school-room to a clump of cotton-woods upon the bank of the river, a cool and umbrageous spot of many beauties. There was a tree that was gnarled and weather-worn, whose trunk formed a natural bench, and here, with the boy sprawling in the hummock-grass at her feet, they would go through a, b, ab and b, a, ba to the accompaniment of breezes blowing through the tree-tops, the lapping of the water against the bowlders, the wild song of birds that seemed to want to laugh in their glee.

To all intent this spot was private. But it was not long before Teddy Clarkson chanced upon it in his rambles; and thereafter, so much was he taken with it, he hardly let a day pass without chancing upon it anew. The arrangement he thought very convenient and satisfactory; and the docility with which he accepted the conditions Dorothy imposed—that he should keep absolutely still and never utter a word — so won the girl that she had not the heart to drive him away. Thus came to pass this order of things: Dorothy and Hughey would set out shortly after luncheon, she in a cool gown of pink, or blue, or sea-green, with a sunshade, the boy carrying the books, and proceed down the slope to the river-bank, thence along it to the place of resort; a half-hour after settlement, and when the a, b, ab was successfully if haltingly under way, the lieutenant would come along from the opposite direction, a pipe in his mouth, a stick in his hand. He would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come up, glance in feigned surprise, lift his hat, and without a word throw himself upon the ground at the most comfortable spot. Then he would smoke in grave preoccupation until the boy happened to slip up in his spelling or reading, when he would mildly do the correcting, and once more subside. This was an infraction of the conditions tacitly permitted. At the end he would rise and shake himself, then bow and take his leave.

There was something so cool and calculated in this that Dorothy was at first annoyed; then she regarded it with amusement, and at last as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world. At rare intervals Clarkson found that duty interfered, and could not appear; and these days came to seem as if they lacked something.

Hughey's attitude in the matter was, of course, not taken into consideration. But he was never quite trustful of the lieutenant, never quite easy in his presence. He would eye the young man's reclining figure covertly from the farthest angle of his eye; and the scrutiny did not always end with reassurance. And at times, when Clarkson took upon himself the duty of correction, the boy would show some of his savagery.

One day, for instance, in the reading-lesson Hughey read off with stumbling grotesqueness:

"'Does—the—dawg—run?'"

"Dog," said Clarkson, promptly, turning lazily and knocking his pipe against a stone.

Hughey looked askance for an instant, then repeated, laboredly, "'Does—the—dawg—run?'"

"Dog," said Clarkson again, smothering a yawn and gazing out over the glinting river.

"Daw-w-g!" howled Hughey, his eyes fiery.

Clarkson contemplated the lad a moment with raised brows; then, holding up a hand schoolboy-wise, he lisped, "Miss Dorothy?"

The girl bit her lip, and looked into his serious face. "Well, Mr. Clarkson?" she said.

"Ain't it dog?"

But before she had time to answer, the little savage firebrand was upon his mentor tooth-and-nail. The lieutenant, taken by surprise and recumbent, had only a chance to rise to sitting; and in this posture he checked the onslaught at arms'-length.

For a moment Dorothy looked frightened, and then she slipped from her perch on the tree and went to the rescue.

"You mustn't!" she exclaimed, severely, on the way. Pinioning the small boy from behind, she went on in the pigeon-tongue she found it essential to use with him: "Hughey bad boy! No do that! Bad boy get heap beating!" Then, looking at Clarkson demurely, she added: "Say, I think you'd better go. I'll hold him."

"Will you?" asked Clarkson. "I think I'd like to hold him for 'bout 'n hour 'n half myself. Still, if you think——"

"Yes, I think I'll have to maintain discipline. I'll hold him while you—ah—skite!" She smiled encouragingly.

"Thanks," said Clarkson, perfunctorily. "Since you're so obliging." Then, without further delay, he wandered down the river-bank, switching his stick.

When he came to hand again next afternoon, dignified yet unobtrusive as ever, Hughey stopped in his lesson to scowl at him. But the lieutenant smiled impartially upon teacher and pupil, and throwing himself upon the grass as usual, sent rings of smoke into the air.

Now there was nothing strikingly unusual in this outburst of the boy's; he was a little slumbering volcano, and everybody that knew him at all knew it. But the girl, summing up various manifestations inconsequential in themselves, discerned that Clarkson was growing to be the especial object of hatred. And she wondered why. She could think of no plausible explanation.

As the days grew still warmer, and enervating, she changed the curriculum of the school a little. Lazy herself, and thinking that Hughey was entitled to a short vacation, she remitted the lessons for a while and took to reading aloud to him from books of adventure. Seemingly this was greatly to the boy's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liking; he would sit beside her by the hour, his face emotionless, his mind absorbed, and it was only in the kindling deep in the eyes that she saw how completely he was drunk with the fortunes of Robinson Crusoe and Haroun-al-Raschid and Gulliver. Clarkson attended some of these readings too, but his post duties (he had been made recently regimental adjutant) were more engrossing, and often whole days passed without his appearing. But when he was present Hughey paid not the slightest attention to him.

From Robinson Crusoe and Haroun-al-Raschid and Gulliver, they went to Paul and Virginia; and this seemed to open something entirely new to Hughey. His expression got softer, his eyes were more liquid, his manner less abrupt and rough. And one day—it was at the end of the reading and they were preparing to go home—one day he puzzled the girl by standing before her motionless and with a fixed gaze.

"What is it, Hughey?" she asked, carelessly. "You no ready?"

For a moment he kept looking at her with the same intentness. And at last he said: "Me sick."

"Sick!" she exclaimed.

"Heap sick," he repeated; and added after an instant's pause — "Here" — placing one dusky hand upon his ribs, as if offering pathological evidence to the diagnosis.

She stared at him still puzzled, then burst out laughing. "No eat so much," she replied. "Come, we go home."

It was a minute afterward that the solution in the Clarkson matter flashed upon her. There was a red in her cheeks not sunburn; and she heard the little pattering feet behind her with a tender pity. They sounded so like a faithful dog's.

Mrs. Paulson presently got to saying to the ladies who made it a practice to drink tea with her of an afternoon, that Dorothy Nichols and Teddy Clarkson had certainly come to an understanding. She based her surmises upon a variety of circumstances: First, did they (the ladies) notice that these two young people had shown a propensity to take long walks together of an evening?—walks out on the quiet prairie where all was deep green grass and primrose sky —walks down upon the river-bank where it was fully as quiet, and where they could look upon the water in its poetic flow; second, did they notice that Teddy went red when the girl appeared in his neighborhood, and that she likewise went red and glowing of the eyes? third, did they notice that Teddy no longer had any time for them (the ladies) and that his attentions were grown to the last degree perfunctory? Oh, they had noticed these things! And then she would shrug charmingly, and start the conversational ball to rolling.

But if there was an understanding between Dorothy and Clarkson, the colonel did not yet know of it; and he would have argued from that circumstance (Dorothy being a most dutiful daughter) that the wife of Captain Paulson was wrong. Mrs. Paulson and her friends, however, never hinted such a thing to the colonel, and if he was unable to see for himself, why, he was certainly no blinder than some papas who have preceded him. Not to intimate for a moment that the colonel would have looked askance at Clarkson as a son-in-law; the young man was as rising a young man as a young man can be in a profession which affords, paradoxically, no chance for rising without affording a far better chance for falling. In other words, Clarkson, a most exemplary, level-headed, and pushing young soldier, could not advance to a place in a higher grade because somebody else was already occupying it.

Perhaps, on the whole, the young people *were* more together these summer days than they had been ever before. Mrs. Paulson's statement regarding the walks was incontrovertible; and, more than that, when they were not out walking together they would often be on the colonel's veranda or in his sitting-room. Unbiassedly, they did indeed seem to be on a fair way to an understanding.

Hughey might have given both the colonel and Mrs. Paulson some points on the subject. The boy was not a spy nor an eavesdropper, by any means;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but so long as he looked upon his mistress as the centre of the universe it was unavoidable that he should come into recognition of the lieutenant's presence near that centre when it was so constantly manifested. Sometimes he would sit upon the veranda near them—Dorothy would press his little paw softly, and tell him to stay—but oftener the lieutenant had some plausible errand for him. The dislike he had had for Clarkson from the first had now increased to hatred, and hatred of the hot kind that jealousy brings. Before long there was something in his miserable little heart which he had never known before. Of course he did not know now what it was, but the ache often brought tears to his eyes. And one of his blood never weeps from physical pain. The volcano was ready to burst into fire.

Upon a night in August Clarkson had come as usual. It was chilly outside, and he and Dorothy had gone into the sitting-room. Hughey sat upon the veranda-steps, and even from there he could hear their voices. As he sat, crouched against a pillar, he was just as he felt—abject, neglected, forlorn. For him the first crisis in his short life was reached; he was in the throes of an emotion the first principle of which he could not have been made to understand if it had been explained to him by the ablest metaphysician of record. An hour, perhaps more, passed; and in that hour the boy did not move. He seemed to be listening to the crickets, to the tree-frogs, to any of the innumerable voices of the night. In reality he was listening to the voices within—not with the motive of hearing what was said, but as one will listen unconsciously to any sound which pleases the ear. Suddenly the voices ceased; and it struck him as odd.

A moment afterward he heard a man's rapid footsteps in the entry, coming toward him. He started, and slunk farther back into the shadow. Clarkson came out, head down, crossed the veranda with big strides, and descended to the path.

The boy recognized in the young man's bearing, in the sudden outburst, something unusual. Awhile he sat still, his small wretched heart pounding with passion, his fingers tightly clutched in his palms. Then he got up with feline noiselessness and crept toward the doorway.

In the first glance that he caught he paused with all his muscles tense, still like a cat, crouching. The entry was dimly lighted by a Japanese lantern suspended from the ceiling. On the stairway, slowly mounting, was a figure in white. He saw at once that it was Dorothy—that she had a handkerchief to her face—that she was crying; his quick ear even caught the sobs.

For a single instant he stood motionless, his black eyes widened and lighting into fire, his breath coming fast. Then, turning with incredible quickness, he cleared the veranda at a bound and shot down the path.

In her little white room, upon her little white bed, Dorothy lay limp. She had wept—passionately, all her heart bursting; but now her grief was tearless. Nothing in the world mattered anymore; she was come to the end, and it was bitter. They had quarrelled; she hated him—she loved him. But it was all over. Never again was there to be a joyful moment for her. It was, in short, all the old despair, so well understood—so badly understood.

She had been lying thus perhaps ten minutes when suddenly there burst upon her deadened ear a shriek from below. She did not seem to realize what it was; but far away as she was in spirit it gained her attention and she leaned upon an elbow listening. In a moment it came again.

She was up instantly and out into the passage. She heard cook's voice bewailing downstairs. With a rush she made the descent and entered the sitting-room. Upon the lounge was a recumbent figure. Beside it, upon her knees, was cook. Two orderlies stood at the head.

She felt a constriction of the throat, and her hands went up convulsively. She thought it was her father. As she advanced one of the soldiers touched cook to call her attention.

The woman turned. Her cheeks were shiny with tears, her eyes brimming and red.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's *him*, Miss Dor'thy!" she wailed. "Oh, it's *him!* An' me so disgustin'! O Miss Dor'thy!"

The girl now saw. Hughey, pale in his duskiness, lay collapsed upon the couch. There was no appearance of pain, none of hurt; the eyelids rested smoothly, and at the corners of the mouth there was the smile of peace. She noticed these things with a feeling of horror, then turned dumbly to the nearest orderly. The man shifted legs uncomfortably, and it was a moment before he could speak. Then he said, conclusively:

"He's hurrted, mum."

She looked back at the boy's face without even so much command of words as that. But presently, when she struggled, a queer little voice came out and said:

"But Dr. Maginn?"

"Oh, he's comin', mum!" the orderly answered, seemingly cheered that he could say a pleasant thing like that—and immediately repeated it—"Oh, the surgeon's comin', mum!"

"Oh, yes, mum, he's comin' to onct!" put in the other man, with kindly fellowship. Then he added, to crown the distinguished success of this one speech: "Oi don't tink he's hurrted bahd, mum."

For a while, until the surgeon came, the three stood silent again, looking down upon the unconscious boy; and cook, sunk to the floor, kept up her moaning. But with the entrance of Dr. Maginn they fell to one side.

The little stout doctor bowed pleasantly to Dorothy, but stood on no ceremony. With an instant professional sobriety of face he began the examination. He passed his hands carefully over the little body from head to foot. Then he looked up and caught the girl's anxious eye.

"Nothing at all, Miss Nichols," he said, smiling. "It might have been, but wasn't. Some——"

"Nothin' at all!" interrupted cook, wildly. "An' me poor bye afther bein' murdthered! Oh, docther, docther, w'ere's yer larnin'!"

Dr. Maginn eyed the woman severely for an instant, then went on with calm deliberation. "Some small bones fractured, perhaps—I can tell on later examination—but I think not. Some cold water, please."

Cook scrambled to her feet. "Wather!" she muttered—"it's whiska ye want." Then she shuffled out.

While she was away the surgeon went on: "But for Teddy it was a close call. If he——"

"For—for whom?" the girl asked, uncertain that she heard aright.

"For Clarkson."

It chanced that he was not looking at her, or he might have seen something in her face that would have caused him to transfer his attentions from the boy to her. She had the back of a chair handy, and as she clutched it she repeated, "For Lieutenant Clarkson, you were saying?——"

He had not seen. As he opened his black bag and searched for restoratives among the grewsome shining steel that he had been prepared to use, he continued:

"Yes, for Clarkson. But he's all right, it happens. Several deep scalp-cuts, but no fracture. Dilloway's fixing him up, and he'll be out in a jiffy. Shouldn't wonder if he'd come down to see how the boy is. Maybe——"

Cook was back with the water, and with a little black flask, and he interrupted himself to take the pitcher and goblet, and to frown upon the other; then he went on: "What a ferocious little devil it must be!—eh? He jumped on Teddy like a tiger—and the knife was better than claws. Lucky Teddy had his stick with him! And you see he didn't know. He thought, I suppose—and anybody might have thought—he was set upon by a whole gang. So sudden and terrific, y' know. But say, Miss Nichols" (he looked up suddenly) "don't—er—don't say anything about it to the colonel—eh? As it turns out it's all right, and Teddy doesn't want to make a fuss, and——"

At the moment there was the sound of steps upon the veranda, then in the entry; in another Clarkson himself stood in the doorway—a trifle pale, his head comical with a fatigue-cap surmounting the swathing of bandages.

He took off the cap and came in on tiptoe, his anxious glance going from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dorothy to the boy, then to the surgeon.

"Teddy, your defence was artistic!" murmured that gentleman, admiringly. "Stunned him, rendered him *hors de combat*, estopped him without a scratch! It showed genius. Here, hold this bottle a moment."

There was an interval of silence as the surgeon worked. Then, with a slight muscular spasm, Hughey opened his eyes.

"Good!" exclaimed Dr. Maginn, softly. "We've fetched him! Well, my boy?"

The lad gazed at him vacantly for a moment, then wonderingly. Failing to comprehend, he turned his head slightly and caught sight of the lieutenant. Even then he appeared apathetic. But when he came to Dorothy a light rose in his eyes and he smiled.

The girl had started toward him impulsively, tears clinging to her lashes, but she was cut off by cook, who, with a breathless moan that might otherwise have been a shriek, flung herself upon the lad and swayed him and herself to and fro.

"Me darlint!—me baby!—me little——!"

The surgeon was not a sentimentalist. With a slight puckering of the lips and of the brows, he looked on for a moment; then moving toward Clarkson he caught the young man's arm in his own. "Come, Teddy," he said; "he's all right; we'll not intrude our professions—both of 'em gory and disquieting—into a scene like this. Call off your men."

But the lieutenant did not move. "I think I'll—I think I'll stay a moment, Maginn," he murmured. "You go ahead. I think I'll stay."

The surgeon looked at him in surprise; then, speaking a few words to Dorothy about the lad's treatment, he beckoned the orderlies, and the three retired.

For a little while after they were gone Clarkson stood undetermined, his face flushed. At last, not seeming to notice cook's presence, he said:

"I—I hope you don't think too hard of me, Miss Nichols? I didn't know, of course. It was so unexpected. I—I hope the colonel isn't home?"

Dorothy merely shook her head without looking at him. She did not seem to have recovered yet from the stupor into which she had fallen.

"I hadn't the least idea!" Clarkson pursued vaguely, feeling that he must say something. "It was all so sudden!—so uncalled for!"

Still the girl gazed stupidly at cook's broad back.

The young man, perceiving that the broad back was in the way, touched it gently with his hand to convey the hint that it might remove itself.

Cook turned like a lioness and flashed a malignant scowl.

"Don't tech me!" she cried. "W'at d'ye mane! An' afther shlaughterin' me poor baby! Oh, ye—oh, ye sogerin' pray—prayambulators!" Then she fell again upon the boy, weeping the more.

Clarkson drew back a step uncertainly. He glanced at Dorothy; she was regarding him with her soft dewy eyes.

"Dorothy," he began, his face crimson— "Dorothy, *you* do not——"

But that was as far as he got, for the next moment he had her head upon his breast.

How the colonel got to know about it never transpired; but it was bruited that cook went one morning to headquarters, where she was closeted with him for a half-hour. It was also said her chief demand was that Clarkson be hanged at sunset of the same evening. But wherever the leak, the colonel certainly got to know, and just as certainly he laid out for pursuit a course of action peculiarly his own.

The affair might have been overlooked, considering the youth of the delinquent, had the attack been made merely upon Lieutenant Clarkson a member of his regiment, but upon Lieutenant Clarkson a member of his family, it was, as he solemnly confided to himself, a horse of quite another complexion. The boy's past misdeeds did not enter into the question at all; in fact the colonel was rather prone to look upon them leniently; he even smiled when he reviewed the episode of Schenck and the slippery veranda. But as it was, the boy must be sent away;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that was the only remedy. Had there been any difficulty about finding a place to send him, there might have been a different conclusion; but what more advantageous to the boy himself than that he be sent to the school at Carlisle especially provided by a paternal Government? There he would receive a training and an education which would fit him for the highest walks of life. There was no question about it, it was the very place.

A fortnight or so after the colonel had reached this conclusion, an ambulance stood in front of headquarters awaiting orders. It had not been waiting long, before a party came out from the commandant's office—a party in which were the colonel himself, Dorothy, Clarkson, Hughey, and Major Schenck, besides some lesser officers. Although there was to be a parting, the cheer was predominant.

Hughey, in new clothes, climbed up to the seat beside the driver with agile eagerness, and with pride. Heretofore his connection with the conveyance had been at the tail-end. He grinned impartially upon the little group and yelled, "Good-by, people!" then, turning to the horses he cried, "Tlk! tlk!"

Dorothy had hugged him before he got up; but now she made him lean down again to repeat it. The boy noticed something in her face that sobered his own for a moment. He murmured, shyly, "Me come back bimeby."

"Come, come," cried the colonel with the obtrusive joviality the stoic employs—"no more of this! You must be off, or you'll not get on!"

The ambulance was ready to start, but the lieutenant called attention to an obese figure—one arm of which was winnowing the air—waddling down from the officers' quarters. It was, unmistakably, cook.

In a moment or two she got up, rosy and puffing.

"Oi knowed Oi'd make it!" she cried. Then, with reproach, she added, "An' ye w'u'dn't hev waited a minnit!"

She had a little package that she endeavored to convey surreptitiously to the lad, whispering hoarsely.

But Hughey either did not understand her, or his curiosity was too great, for he immediately broke the string and commenced to unwrap the paper.

"Don't!" cried cook, her face flaming. She tried to grab the parcel from him.

But to her everlasting shame the boy opened it, and disclosed a scarlet affair which might have been taken for a toque, but which, to those versed in such matters, was unmistakably a nightcap.

"Come!" cried the colonel again. "No more fooling! You'll have to be off. Go on, corporal."

The driver's whip cracked, and the ambulance got under way. There were cries of farewell and a waving of hands. To the very last Hughey leaned out over the wheel, smiling from ear to ear, the red cap stuck jauntily upon his black head, and yelling as only one of his race can yell. Presently the vehicle was lost in a cloud of dust.

The little party stood silent. Cook was weeping outright, and Dorothy's head was averted. The colonel wanted to be cheerful, but he did not know exactly how to begin. He looked about him, and noticed a dirty slouching figure that had remained in the background. Then he realized what good cause they had to be cheerful.

The figure drew near, and Little-Big-Bear's gutturals fell upon his ear.

"Good boy," he said; "make maybe plenty work bimeby."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Front of the Terrace in Central Park, New York.

BEDDING-PLANTS

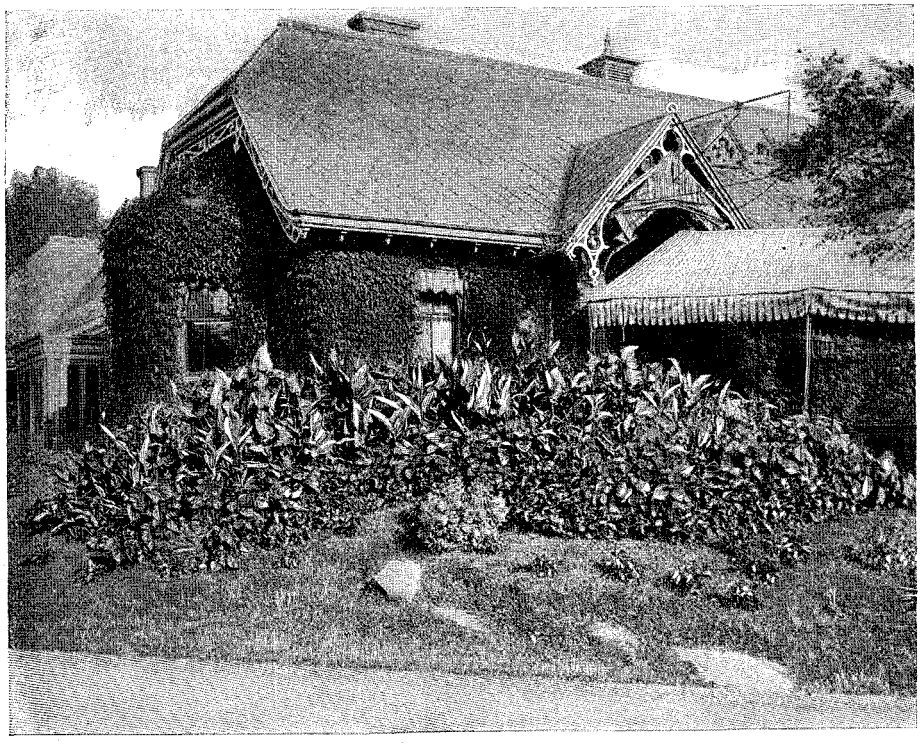
By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

A GROUP of flowers on the lawn, a bed of soft earth dug out of the green-sward and filled every spring with ornamental plants that die in autumn when early frosts appear, and, with few exceptions, perish altogether, if left out, in the winter—this is what is meant when the term "bedding-plants" is used. There are plants that die down every fall, but spring up the next year—such as dwarf phloxes. These may be grown in "beds," but they are not "bedding-plants" as the term is understood among the "initiated." They are perennials or hardy herbaceous plants.

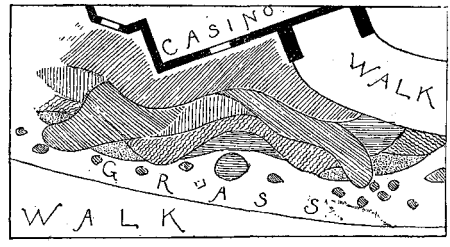
Bedding-plants are used throughout civilized countries wherever cultivated lawns abound. The smallest door-yards are ornamented with their jewel-like, gleaming colors, and florists in the smallest villages drive a thriving trade yearly by setting out bedding-plants. They grow quickly, and are in full beauty in a few weeks; and can, moreover, be planted out in such advanced growth that their best effect may be secured almost immediately.

Nothing appeals more universally to the sense of beauty than flowers, red and white and purple and golden. The flower is the natural type of all beauty. Beautiful as a flower has been a favorite comparison in all ages and climes. When to the flower you add the green and gold and purple of leaves of manifold graces of curve and outline, is it wonderful that bedding-plants possessed of such charms acquire world-wide popularity. Bedding-plants moreover, belong especially to the poor man. They cost but a few pennies—that is some of the best of them; geraniums, coleuses, and others cost no more—and their attractions are in strongest evidence at once, and throughout the en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Steep Bank in Front of the Casino, Central Park.
(Diagram shows the Arrangement of Plants.)



tire summer flash and gleam with a continued effect like nothing else in nature or art.

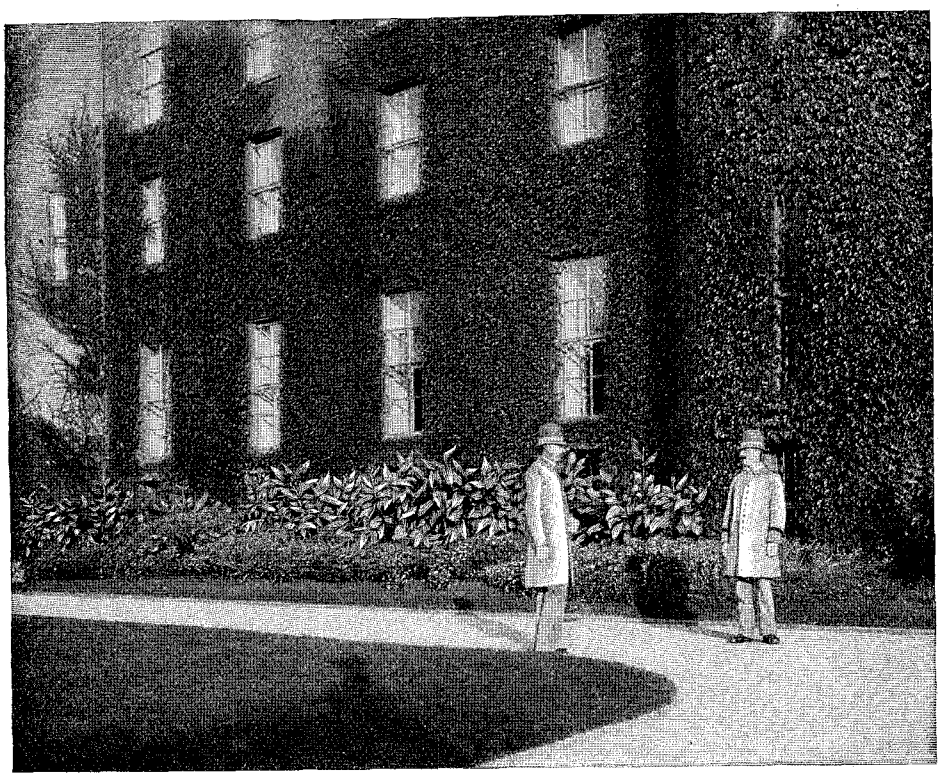
Trees and shrubs require time to develop their perfect beauty; in some cases so long a time that only the children of the parent that planted them can hope to see their mature effects. The beauties of bedding-plants not only develop in a few days, but are unsurpassed in splendor, because the tropics as well as the northern zone are called upon to add riches to the treasury of color and form. Since bedding-plants are set out from the greenhouse in the warm days of May and June, nearly all of the more tender kinds of plants can be used—palms, cannas, acalyphas, banana plants. And when we have these, we have all the most dominant effects of the tropics, so that we can easily see how summer, hot sunlight, suggestions of the tropics, and the universal love for rich and glowing color all combine to render bedding-plants supremely popular. Few trees or shrubs bloom in the heated days of July and August, and even the brighter-colored leaves of trees, such as the purple beech, fade in hue, while both leaves and flowers of bedding-plants are at their best during the hottest summer days.

Canna.
Acalypha.
Salvia splendeus.
Geranium.
Vinca major.
Lantana.
Coleus verchaffeldtii.
Centauria.
Alternanthera.
Pyrethrums.
Geranium Horse Shoe.

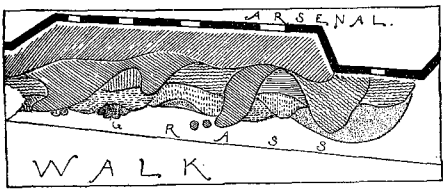
Key to the Diagrams.

I have stated these facts which are familiar to nearly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Around the Arsenal, Central Park.



everyone because there has appeared a growing distaste for bedding-plants in quarters where we should look for the best discrimination and taste in landscape gardening art. The employment of such terms as gaudy, glaring, cockneyfied, crude, vulgar, inartistic, in connection with bedding-plants must be based on definite and probably reasonable grounds, or the people who use them would hardly venture the expressions. Crusades against bedding-plants have been carried on by persons of knowledge and taste, persons whose genuine love and comprehension of the best landscape gardening ideals cannot be questioned. But we have seen that the bedding-plants individually are recognized as excellent, just suited to desirable summer effects. Everyone wants them, and will have and use them, in spite of a few "carping critics," as the bedding-plant men would call them. And why shouldn't they use them? Please answer me that, ye high and mighty advocates of the unattainable? Did it ever occur to you that these cannas and coleuses could be used as naturally and artistically as the native shrub or vine on a wild-looking hillside? If you have had your eyes open and gone about a bit, you have doubtless seen arrangements of bedding-plants as natural and artistic in composition as the most loosely arranged and charmingly combined bouquet of flowers. Custom is rapidly doing away with set pieces of cut flowers, artificially and stiffly combined; why should we not have a similar reform in the use of bedding-plants? Because gardeners of great skill and knowledge of plants succeed in making wonderful combinations of form and color with bedding-plants, which combinations are also artificial, formal, and unnatural,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

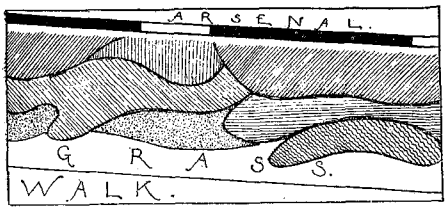
shall we give up altogether one of the most delightful of summer effects? We have had a reform in the use of cut flowers, let us have a reform in the arrangement of bedding-plants. The very men, I believe, who now display such marvellous skill in arranging their bedding-plants in purely artificial forms would come to take special delight in more natural and simpler methods when they had once tried them. It is true, bedding-plants are, in many cases, individually showy, and even, we will allow, glaring, but so are many of the colors that well-dressed women wear. In such cases art has so subdued, limited, and duly related all the gorgeousness of color with other and quieter effects that the entire arrangement is harmonious. Why not, then, apply the same system to the arrangement of bedding-plants on parks and lawns?

One of the chief reasons why many combinations of bedding-plants are unsuccessful is because they are planted in the wrong place. The effect of an otherwise successful composition of form and color will be utterly destroyed if set in the wrong place. A park or a lawn is composed in main part of buildings, fences, roads, paths, trees, shrubs, and grass. These are the component and essential features of every park and lawn. Bedding-plants can only come in for ornamentation and to supplement the effect of the main features. If, in any way, they mar or limit the attractiveness of these main features they become an excrescence and a nuisance. To say that bedding-plants should be set out in strict artistic relation with the main features of the place does not mean a great deal to the reader unless examples are given, and, unfortunately, examples vary infinitely. It is easier perhaps to say what should not be done with bedding-plants. Don't plant masses of them on the lawn so as to dwarf and divide up the main expanse of the greensward, which should be the chief beauty of every place. As a rule, don't set plants of any kind out in the middle of the lawn. A pernicious practice is to surround single shade trees with little collars of coleuses and geraniums. Avoid that, as well as any arrangement that consists of an isolated group that is properly related to nothing else but the grass. Bedding-plants look particularly well adjoining architectural structures. There is something about the palm and canna that makes them specially effective planted against carved or cut stone masses as a background. They seem part of the architecture itself, ornamenting and enhancing its charms like some deftly arranged drapery. Adjoining a house or fence, bedding generally arranges itself better than elsewhere.

There is one place where you can always plant bedding safely, sure of not marring the effect of the lawn, and that is back of, or away from, the house, in a regular flower-garden, shut in completely by trees and shrubs or a stone wall. Arranged in this way the bedding-plants may be combined in any fashion fancy may dictate, since they make no part of the effect of the lawn. It is an excellent way to lay out a flower-garden. Everything can be grown there, and many paths can be made to lead the visitor to different flowering masses of foliage. The taste for old-fashioned flower-gardens of this type is growing, and it is a hopeful landscape-gardening sign of the times. Foregrounds of shrubbery may be used in many cases for bedding-plants, but the bedding-plants should, in such cases, be carefully subordinated to the general effect of the shrubs, for a great blaze of color at such points would be distinctly inharmonious and out of key with the landscape. The landscape gardening of bedding-plants, however, does not depend on the exercise of a haphazard so-called good taste by some one who simply knows how to grow plants. It is, on the other hand, distinctly artistic work, based on principles of the art that underlie every form of landscape gardening. The composition of a landscape-gardening picture, just as the composition of a painting, must have a definite scheme that has not only plenty of design but a nicely adjusted relation of form and color. There must be careful study given to the treatment, of foreground, middle distance, and background, and the sky lines and level effects of water

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Details of the Planting at the Arsenal.



and greensward must be duly considered. Not only must the relations of bedding-plants and shrubs be considered, but the composition of the individual bed of plants must be carefully worked out. You must have a system and be governed by certain general rules, but there must be no mannerism or adherence to any hard-and-fast line of treatment. Every new problem must be studied with regard to its own inherent peculiarity. Let me illustrate what I mean. As a rule the large plants in a bed should stand in the middle, or at the back of the group, set against a building or fence. First should come, as in all plant combinations on the lawn, the lesser effect of grass, something a few inches high, like alternanthera; then the next greater or small shrub effect, like that of geranium and coleus; then the large shrub effect, like the acalypha and salvia, and finally, the tree effect, like the canna and musa. To this general rule you will adhere, but with marked variations that will seem almost at times like transgressions of your most fixed principles. Canna and musa will thrust themselves forward almost, but never quite, to the border of the group, always keeping the acalypha and geranium effect, though ever so narrow, between it and the grass. The acalypha will throw out at times promontories of foliage beyond the foreground itself, and drop one or three plants to grow in isolated places outside of the group on the grass. Geraniums and coleuses will stray across the alternanthera border continually to overcome all monotony of outline. And yet all through you will find a general adherence to the principle of large plants to the back and small to the front. Only, as you want to treat your bedding in a natural and artistic way, you will continually seek to vary the forms as well as colors, to blend and contrast in such a manner as to surprise and delight in a hundred ways without the

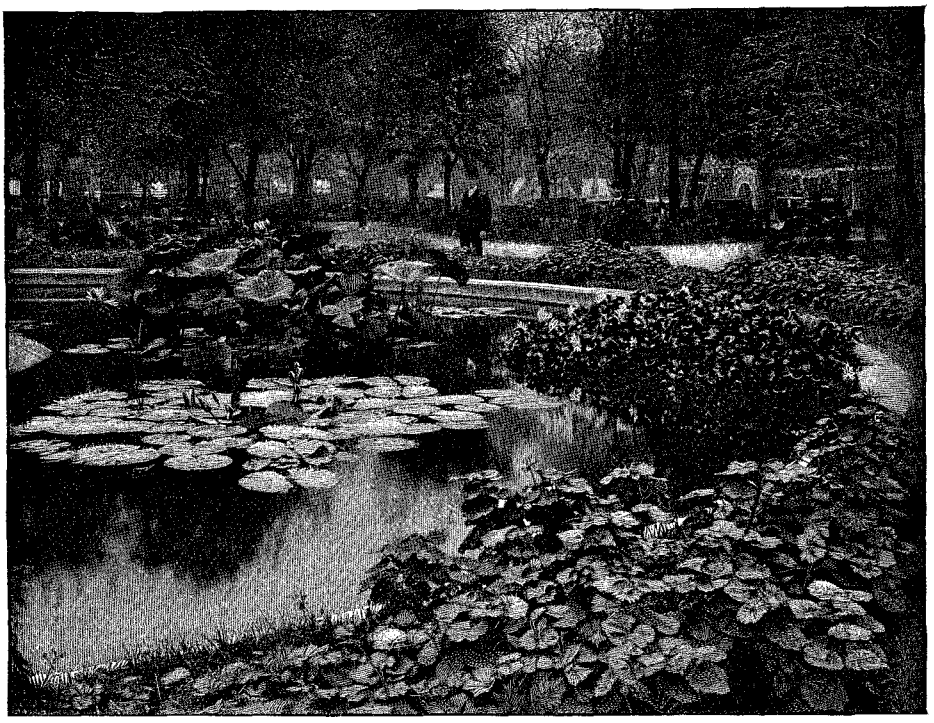
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fountain Basin, Union Square, New York.

slightest trace of monotony or *mannered* designs. Formalism there is undoubtedly, but it is the formalism of the copse and the forest dell. To explain just how to make these thoroughly artistic arrangements of bedding-plants is, of course, impossible. The painter might just as well attempt to explain how he paints a picture, how he manages his lights and shades and masses his colors. Practice, experience, and natural aptitude for producing artistic effects, and, above all, the study of the best models, will alone give the desired facility.

There are numberless species and varieties of bedding-plants, but there are a few so excellent that whatever other plants are used they should invariably occupy prominent positions. They are musas (bananas), cannas, acalyphas, salvias, geraniums, vincas, lantanas, begonias, coleuses, centaurias, pyrethrums, and alternantheras. Most of these plants are familiar to thousands of people throughout the land, and any florist can show good specimens of them. I must, however, say a few words about acalyphas and begonias. Acalyphas have several varieties differing much in size, the largest growing usually two to two and one-half feet high. The leaves are six or eight inches long and beautifully formed, with their surface painted with mingled tints of red, bronze, and purple, with, in some cases, vivid markings of yellow. It is a vigorous plant, enduring droughts with success. Strange to say, it is little used, though comparatively well known. The tuberous begonias, especially an improved kind called vernon, are valuable bedding-plants, enduring droughts well till frost, and exhibiting the most picturesque forms and colors of leaf and flower. It is, of course, hard to make a choice among so many kinds of bedding-plants; but I think I could manage some very good bedding with no other kinds than cannas, acalyphas, geraniums, coleus, begonias, and alternantheras. Well managed and faithful maintenance is of the utmost importance to bedding-plants. Cultivation and watering should go on almost continually except during actual rainy spells, and the soil of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

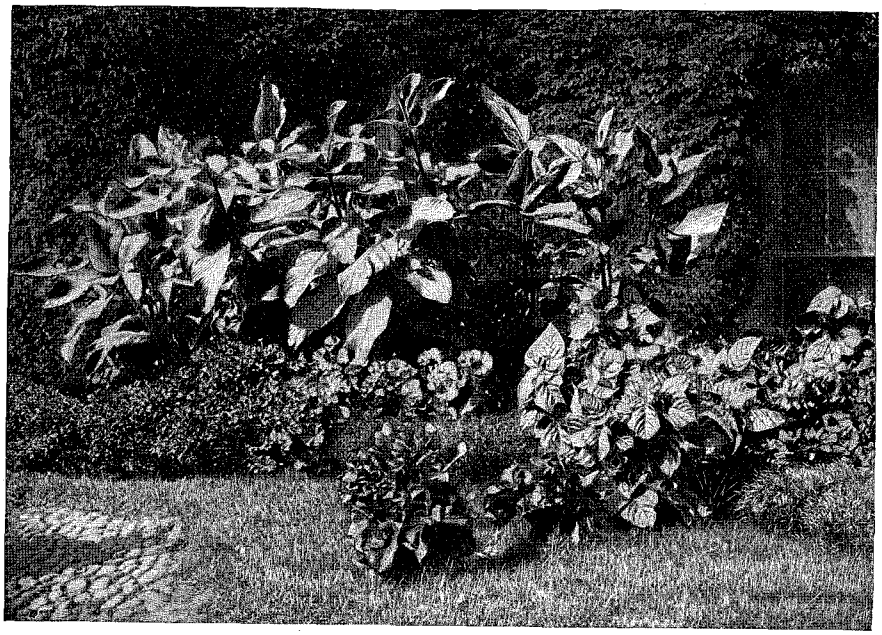


Another View of the Union Square Fountain Basin.

bed should be renewed frequently, every year if necessary, and thoroughly enriched with manure. Good-sized plants should be set out so as to get the desired effect quickly, and not during the middle or latter part of the season. Avoid using the pruning-knife on your bedding-plants more than is absolutely necessary to remove a dead leaf or distorted branch. Clipping or trimming a bed of coleus into a formal, rounded shape may look neat and workmanlike, but it destroys the individual character of the plant and is inartistic.

There are used yearly for planting beds throughout the various parks of New York City something over half a million bedding-plants. These consist of pansies, daisies, forget-me-nots, and tulips in the spring, and cannas, geraniums, etc., in summer. Not one of these beds is used amid the essentially rural scenery of Central Park, except immediately adjoining two or three buildings, or in architectural surroundings at the park gates. Throughout the small city parks, where the space is contracted, and buildings dominate and press in on every side, most of the bedding is located. The picture on page 331 illustrates how we have solved one problem of bedding around the Arsenal, or Museum in Central Park, just opposite Sixty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. I have selected this example because it would apply to a thousand similar situations all over the country. A wall of brick covered with Japanese ivy, ampelopsis tricuspidata, has a border of ten feet out to the sidewalk. Directly against the building grows a mass of cannas with a varying width of three to four feet. In front of the cannas comes a band of acalyphas and other plants of similar size, and finally, on the outer verge, for say two feet, alternantheras, centaurias, and pyrethrums are used. No better edging for beds exists than alternanthera. It should be used freely on the borders of all bedding as the next and best gradation to be obtained above clipped grass. The arrangement I have indicated, however, means a great deal more than mere parallel lines of ribbon bedding. Irregularity devised on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Detail of the Planting at the Arsenal.

regular system characterizes the plan throughout. The front line of the cannas wavers in and out, but never actually crosses the band in front of it, while the acalyphas break the line of their band at frequent intervals, thrusting themselves clear across the border, and even dropping a single plant on the open turf. Look down the perspective of the entire group, and see how the top line or points of the canna vary in height; how the top line of the next lower plants, acalyphas, is marked out distinctly in the mass, and yet how charmingly they blend with the front band or border. I am tempted to use the term *sky line* for *top line*. It conveys the right idea although there is no sky there, only a vine-covered wall. The relation of the masses has been also carefully studied, and the due proportions considered that make so much for success in any picture. It is hard to avoid recognizing, as we look at this picture, that the underlying idea or principle of the design is identical with that which governs the composition of a combined tree and shrub group. The pictures on pages 333 and 336 show the details of the planting at the Arsenal. The exact type of each leaf is clearly distinguishable, especially in the former. In front of the planting shown on page 333 come alternantheras and the white centaurias; back of the centaurias, geraniums, and of the alternantheras, acalyphas, the acalyphas extending across the alternantheras on to the turf. In the picture on this page you see a single plant of dwarf acalypha straying out in the middle of the turf. The picture on page 330 shows a bed arranged on a steep bank in front of the Casino, a restaurant in Central Park. The three-band treatment is again used, without lying single jewel-like dwarf acalyphas in the turf. Variety and mystery, and a long, sweeping curve, marked by irregularity, characterize the sky line of this group. The picture on page 329 shows the bedding treatment in front of the Terrace in Central Park. Masses of cannas and salvias grow directly against the heavy carved stone posts and balustrades; in front of them acalyphas, geraniums, and plants of similar size, and in front of them again are alternantheras and centaurias, with here and there, to break the line of the border, a waving clump of the graceful grass eulalia japonica. Grass extends

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down from this, until it meets the foreground plantation in the picture, which borders another stone balustrade. The pictures on pages 334 and 335 show the Union Square Fountain Basin, the most admired flower and leaf effect in New York. Hundreds study the charming water-lily effects daily in summer, on account of their exquisite beauty and great novelty. But no less beautiful in its way is the necklace of bedding, 5½ feet wide, by which the fountained basin is enframed. The foundation, or lowest portion of this bed, is alternanthera. From the masses of this plant rise islands of geraniums, horse-shoe and other kinds, and from each island grow single plants of acalypha. In the bright sunlight each acalypha seems a jewel. It is a simple pattern that repeats itself all around the fountain, as may be seen in the picture, and in landscape gardening relations the alternantheras represent grass; the geraniums, shrub groups, and the acalyphas, trees. These few examples of existing arrangements of bedding-plants indicate, in a limited degree, how freely and devoid of formality bedding designs may be made, and at the same time treated strictly in accordance with the broadest principles of landscape gardening.

LAND-LOCKED

By Charles Buxton Going

Oh! for the dull and muffled roar
And the hiss of breaking foam,
Where the green waves tumble along the shore
With the sea-light in their comb.
Oh! for the breath of the tide-filled pond
Where the seaweed floats and dips,
And the deep blue spread of the sea beyond
With its far-off sailing ships.

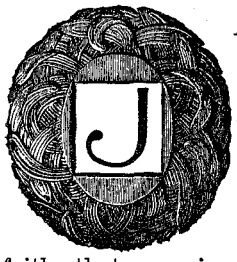
With its far-off ships on their far-off ways
Where they leave no track behind,
But the shore sinks back in a landward haze
And they run with the free sea-wind:
With the strange seafolk, that have lived alone
On the sky-rimmed deep swung free,
Till they seem in key with the undertone
Of the ceaseless surging sea.

Then sing me, wind, of the wide sea songs
Till I scent the salt, salt spray;
For my heart is parched and athirst, and longs
For the roll of the surge to-day.
But I know I shall see, if I lift my eyes,
Close round upon every hand,
The glare of the brass-hued prairie skies
And the sun-scorched, dead-grass land.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN SLAVERY WENT OUT OF POLITICS

By Noah Brooks



AMES G. BIRNEY was an Alabama slave-holder who, being converted to the cause of immediate emancipation, in 1834, freed his slaves, and further evinced the faith that was in him by removing to Cincinnati and there setting up a newspaper, *The Philanthropist*, in which he advocated the doctrines that he had embraced. After the cheerful custom of that time, he was repeatedly mobbed and his types and presses destroyed in the interest of the divine institution of slavery, whose outposts he had attacked. Finally giving up the hopeless task in the free State of Ohio, Mr. Birney went to the city of New York, where he had no perishable property to be wrecked, and where he became an active agent and promoter of the American Antislavery Society.

When the Abolitionists of that day got down to voting, they did not find in the candidates of either of the two great parties a man on whom they could place the decoration of their confidence. They voted in the air. They nominated Mr. Birney for President in 1840, when General Harrison ran against and defeated Martin Van Buren. They nominated him again in 1844, when Henry Clay was defeated by James K. Polk. If the Abolitionists, who took the name of Liberty Party when they went into National politics, had voted for Henry Clay in 1844, they might have elected him. In the canvass, that year, Polk had only 38,792 votes over Clay; Birney polled 62,263 votes, all told; and it was the Liberty Party vote of New York that turned the scale, giving the State to Polk by a small plurality, and thereby insuring him a majority of the electoral votes. Of the two leading candidates, Clay was more distinctively to be regarded as opposed to slavery extension. Polk was unreservedly in favor of the annexation of Texas and of the whole pro-slavery programme. But the Liberty Party men, throwing away their votes on James G. Birney and thereby making sure the election of the pro-slavery candidate of the Democratic Party, builded better than they knew. They hastened the more forcible and offensive exhibition of the policy of the slave-owners, and they convinced thoughtful Abolitionists that if they were to accomplish anything in American politics, they must unite with all the elements that were opposed to any further extension of slavery. Heretofore they had clamored for the immediate abolition of slavery; they were content with no preliminary measures; they had theorized very much as the Prohibitionists have since. Now they began to think that a union of voters opposed to enlarging the domain of slavery was not only practicable but expedient. The Liberty Party, passing through sundry mutations, eventually became part of the organization that took up the gage of battle thrown down by the slave power and so saved Liberty and Union.

President Polk was a strict constructionist in all matters but those relating to the extension of slavery. There he was consistent in his devotion to the peculiar institution, even while he invoked the power of the Constitution to defeat the intention of Congress to provide for the improvement of rivers and harbors and other public works. But by this time, although questions relating to the tariff, public improvements, and other minor interests had not been wholly laid aside, the great, looming, and all-absorbing topic in American politics was slavery and its innumerable correlatives. In the last year of Polk's administration, the bill to organize the Territory of Oregon without slavery was passed by the Whig House of Representatives; it was so amended by the Democratic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senate as to extend the line of the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean. The House, by a sectional vote, rejected that amendment; and the Senate, with a bad grace, passed the bill. It was not yet time to divide the newly acquired territory into two parts, the Northern half free and the Southern half slave.

James K. Polk.
From a photograph by Brady.

Debates in Congress grew more and more excited as the slavery question again rose above the horizon. The few Northern Congressmen who inclined to antislavery views were assailed with coarse abuse. Senator John P. Hale, for example, was not only excluded rigorously from all the standing committees of the Senate, but was assaulted with virulence. The loose-tongued Foote, of Mississippi, once told him that he, Hale, "could not go ten miles into the interior of Mississippi before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest, with a rope round his neck, with the approbation of every honest and patriotic citizen." Compliments like these were common in Congress. The slave-holders now advanced the dogma that human slavery was guaranteed protection under the Constitution in all that part of the domain of the United States in which State Governments had not been set up, and the institution formally excluded. Although the Constitution, of which they were so strict constructionists, referred to slaves as "persons," they now contended that they were "property," and as such were entitled to the same protection in the Territories as that accorded to real or any other personal estate.

Meanwhile, abolitionism was assuming a political complexion in the Northern States, to the extreme discomfort of the managers of both great parties. The Presidential Election of 1848 was coming on, and the Whigs of the North were greatly perturbed as they saw their party "ratted" by men who incontinently deserted, as if they already scented disaster and wreck. In the Massachusetts Whig Convention of that year, Daniel Webster, with characteristic grandiloquence, recalling the fugitives, said: "For my part, in the dark and troubled night that is upon us, I see no star above the horizon promising light to guide us but the intelligent, patriotic, united Whig party of the United States." Already, although that party was on the eve of a famous victory, its knell had sounded.

A more serious schism than that in the Whig party of Massachusetts was going on meanwhile in the Democratic party of New York. The friends of Martin Van Buren did not forgive the defeat of their favorite leader by the aggressive slave power in the National Convention of 1844. Recognizing the fact that his alleged hostility to the further extension of slavery had cost him dearly, the Sage of Kinderhook was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made a hero and a martyr. The Democrats of New York divided into anti-slavery and pro-slavery factions, or they were known as Barnburners and Hunkers. The Barnburners did not propose incendiarism; their nickname was given them by men who accused them of being ready to destroy the Union to kill slavery, like the foolish farmer who burned his barn to exterminate the rats that plagued him. A Hunker was a conservative. In Massachusetts the Conscience Whigs were opposed by the Cotton Whigs; and each faction distrusted the other.

The Democratic and Whig National Conventions of 1848 were somewhat non-committal on the burning question; and by this time conventional deliverances on the subjects of tariff, internal improvements, and the finances had become more than perfunctory—impertinent. The Democratic Convention, which nominated Lewis Cass for President, uttered platitudes about a strict construction of the Constitution (as it might have prattled in Jefferson's time), but refused to touch the slavery question when it was proposed to declare that Congress had no power to interfere with slavery, either in the States or in the Territories. The Whig Convention, which nominated General Zachary Taylor, discreetly made no platform, and could not be induced to declare in favor of the Wilmot proviso—that slavery should not exist in territories to be organized under the authority of the United States.

The Democratic Convention, puzzled by the apparition of two rival delegations from New York, one Barnburner and the other Hunker, vainly temporized with the schism and admitted both, with the privilege of dividing the State vote equally between them. The Barnburners would have none of the convention, they went home, and assembling in Utica, nominated Martin Van Buren for President and Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, for Vice-President. This defiance gave heart to the new antislavery organization just forming, and when the new party assembled in convention, at Buffalo, in August of that year, the Barnburners were there in great force to assist at the nomination of Martin Van Buren for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-President. The Free Soil party was born.

The platform of the Buffalo convention was presented by Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. It took high ground on the subject of slavery, declaring against its further extension, and that "Congress has no more power to make a slave than to make a king." The slogan of the party was declared to be "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men." John Quincy Adams, who had made the Whig party (without knowing it), for Henry Clay to lead, was in full accord with the men who led the Free Soil movement. Daniel Webster, chagrined by his own personal defeat in the Whig Convention, stigmatized the nomination of Taylor as one "not fit to be made," and, if political historians are to be credited, he wavered for a few days between his own party and the new-born of Buffalo.

General Taylor was a slave-holder, a moderate man, devoted to the Union, and suspicious of the ultra doctrines of State Rights. When a Southern planter, in the course of the campaign, had written to ask what Taylor proposed to do about slavery in case he was elected, saying that he (the writer), had invested his savings and gains in *one* hundred slaves, Taylor diplomatically replied that he had *three* hundred slaves, the result of his savings and gains. Was it likely that he would sacrifice his property? The campaign was one of hurrah and military glory. To some extent it was in imitation of that of Old Hickory and that of the Hero of Tippecanoe. Now it was "Old Rough and Ready," the brave "Old Hero of Buena Vista," who claimed the plaudits of his fellow-countrymen—and got them in large measure. Against him was opposed General Lewis Cass with his bloodless sword, admirably satirized by Abraham Lincoln, who was far-seeing enough to discern the triumph of the candidate who had snatched from Lincoln's beloved chieftain, Henry Clay, the honor of the nomination. Lincoln was a delegate to the Whig Convention, in 1848, and a day or two after its adjournment he wrote: "In my opinion, we shall have a most overwhelming and glorious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

triumph. One unmistakable sign is that all the odds and ends are with us — Barnburners, Native Americans, Tyler men, disappointed office-seeking Locofocos, and the Lord knows what. This is important, if in nothing else, in showing which way the wind blows."

John P. Hale.
From a photograph by Brady.

The prophecy was fulfilled. Daniel Webster had said, with an air of deep discouragement, "There is no North;" and William H. Seward, then hesitating on the threshold of political anti-slavery, while he pleaded for equal rights and the ending of slavery, had argued that the Whig party was as true to the interests of freedom as "the inert conscience of the American people" would permit it to be. Nevertheless, the North elected a Whig who was known to be a moderate conservative over one who was the pledged nominee of the pro-slavery faction. The Democratic party of New York was rent in twain by antislavery Whigs. And the Whig party had won its last victory. The wrath of Northern Democrats was intense.

Here we should notice another of those odd cross-currents which, like the Antimasonic panic of 1833, have deranged the best-laid plans of politicians, and for a time have obliterated party lines. The American party sprung out of a secret and oath-bound order that was formed in New York for the avowed purpose of checking the influence of foreign-born voters, purifying the ballot-box, and keeping the Bible in the public schools. In the city of New York, where voters of alien birth had become influential, the order flourished exceedingly, and when it was extended to other States, it attracted many on whom party obligations sat lightly, while the old parties were either breaking up or undergoing a purging process. The Democratic party had generally been in favor of easy naturalization. The term of residence requisite to lawful naturalization, at first fixed at two years, was extended in 1795 to five years; the Federalists, in 1798, stretched this to fourteen years, but in 1802 the Democratic Republicans cut it down again to five years. Men who left the Democratic party because of its domination by foreign voters, or who dropped out of the Whig party when it began to show signs of decay, now found an asylum in the American party.

The American party flourished exceedingly in 1852, and reached its meridian greatness in 1855, when it obtained a considerable foothold in the South and carried important elections in the New England States, California, Kentucky, Texas, and New York, and showed great strength in Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The party made preparations for entering the presidential contest of 1856, and actually did set its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standard in the field; but the rising tide of opposition to the further extension of slavery eventually swamped the organization; and it finally went under, long before the breaking out of the war of the rebellion.

The new dogma of Squatter Sovereignty, proclaimed in 1849, was to the effect that the people of any Territory of the United States had the right "to vote slavery up or down," as they saw fit. But this doctrine mightily plagued its inventors when California, inundated by gold-seekers and suddenly populous enough to demand a State government, adopted a constitution in which slavery was expressly prohibited. Here was popular sovereignty with a vengeance! The application of California for admission as a State, which came to the first Congress of General Taylor's administration, in February, 1850, met with a cool reception from the Democratic party. The House was then composed of one hundred and ten Democrats, one hundred and five Whigs, and nine Free Soilers; in the Senate there were thirty-five Democrats, twenty-five Whigs, and two Free Soilers.

Zachary Taylor.
From a photograph by Brady.

Henry Clay, now in the seventy-fourth year of his age, had cancelled his vow of retirement and had returned to the Senate, adding his lustre to the constellation of statesmen—Calhoun, Clay, and Webster—which was to shine for the last time in the great debate that ensued. The South regarded the proposition to admit California as a Free State without the counterpoise of a Slave State, as a gross violation of its rights. Intense excitement prevailed all over the Slave States of the Union, and open threats of disunion were made. While the great debate was still on, a convention of slave-holding States was held in Nashville, Tenn., and an address was adopted by it declaring, among other things, that "a sectional despotism, totally irresponsible to the people of the South, constituted of the representatives of the non-slave-holding States, ignorant of our feelings, condition, and institutions, reigns in Washington." Henry Clay denounced this convocation as "a second edition of the Hartford Convention." But the Federalist assemblage of 1814 held its deliberations in secret; ignorant of its real purposes, men could misrepresent them without rebuke.

Clay was really in favor of the Wilmot proviso and opposed to the further extension of slave territory; and he had very lately insisted, with much shrewdness, that if slavery was so good a thing, good for the slave as well as good for the slave-holder, white men should be enslaved for their own benefit whenever the black supply should run low. But, as a remedy for the acknowledged ills of slavery, Clay had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing to offer but the deportation of manumitted slaves to Africa by colonization societies, when gradual emancipation should make that possible. He proposed to "taper off" the custom of slave-holding, very much as an inebriate might gradually escape from the thraldom of an unnatural appetite.

Millard Fillmore.
From a painting by Carpenter, in 1853, at the City Hall, New York.

Passionately devoted to the American Union, Clay conceived it to be his mission to pour oil on the troubled waters and postpone the inevitable day of settlement. His famous compromise had for its basis these propositions: The admission of such new States as might be properly formed out of Texas; the immediate admission of California with its new constitution; the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Utah without the Wilmot proviso, but with Squatter Sovereignty; Texas to be indemnified for its losses by war; the abolition of the slave-trade (but not of slavery) in the District of Columbia; and the enactment of a more stringent Fugitive Slave Law. This was the basis of the agreement which was to take the place of the abrogated Missouri Compromise of 1820.

It was Clay's desire to defer all further agitation of the slavery question. He was old and feeble, but he persisted in speaking two days in advocacy of his plan of settlement. Great numbers of people came from a distance to hear the winsome and fascinating orator make this last and greatest effort of his life. When his speech was done, admirers rushed upon him to thank him, and a multitude of women kissed him with effusive tears. His task was to save the Union. His was a plea for peace. Of the North he asked concession; of the South, moderation.

Calhoun, pale, gaunt, and saturnine, and more than ever resembling Andrew Jackson in face and figure, addressed the Senate for the last time, his speech being read for him by Senator Mason, of Virginia. He entered his despairing plea for that equilibrium in the Union which would be disturbed by the admission of California with a Free constitution; and he asked that the Federal Constitution be amended so that the South would have the power, through all time, "to protect herself;" but he did not explain how this amendment was to be worded.

On the now historic March 7, 1850, Daniel Webster made his last abject surrender to slavery. He had been an eloquent and apparently sincere defender of human rights; now he was a defender of American slavery. He had opposed the admission of Texas, because it was linked in with the pro-slavery programme; now he advocated the admission and the programme. He had complained in the Massachusetts Whig Convention of 1847 that the author of the Wilmot proviso had "stolen his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thunder;" now he opposed the application of that proviso to the territories to be organized north of the Missouri Compromise line. Nothing in the famous debate gave the nation so great a shock of surprise as Webster's speech. In Massachusetts, where he had been idolized, many of his friends fell away from him with sorrow; he was for a time refused the privilege of speaking in Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty," and the revulsion of feeling added greatly to the strength of the Free Soil party, already enriched by such men as Sumner, Wilson, Banks, Burlingame, Richard H. Dana, jr., and others whose names are now famous in American history. To Webster, Whittier addressed his sorrowful yet scathing lyric, "Ichabod."

The "Omnibus Bill," as the compromise of 1850 was commonly called, went through Congress in detached sections and became a law. None of these details of the bargain so inflamed and excited the North as the Fugitive Slave Law. Meetings denouncing the act were held all over the Northern States; personal liberty bills were passed by legislatures; and the Free Soil party was recruited from the ranks of men who now saw that there was no hope of peace so long as slavery was determined on other aggressions than that of forcing itself into the free territory of the United States. The death of President Taylor, in July, 1850, did not affect the policy of the administration. Congress, with a union of Democrats and Whig "conservatives," was master of the situation.

When one of the sections of the compromise of 1850 had been whipped through the House of Representatives, aided by the "dodging" of some of the more cowardly Northerners, Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, grimly suggested that "the Speaker should send one of his pages to inform those gentlemen that they might now return with safety, as the slavery question had now been disposed of." But if any of those timid souls supposed that that question was finally disposed of by the compromise of 1850, they were soon undeceived. The Kansas-Nebraska agitation came on to disturb National politics just after the campaign of 1852, which had been conducted with Franklin Pierce as the candidate of the Democrats, General Winfield Scott of the Whigs, and John P. Hale of the Free Soilers. There was now no essential difference between the platforms of the two great parties. Both stood squarely on the compromise measures of 1850; both endorsed the Fugitive Slave Law with unction. The Whigs kept up a traditional preference for a loose construction of the Constitution; and the Democrats were still sticklers for a strict construction, just as though both were living in the time of Hamilton and Jefferson, and were not bending before the blasts of slavery and antislavery that swept over the land. As for the Free Soilers, they denounced slavery as a sin against God and a crime against man; they execrated the compromise and objurgated the men who supported it. At last, the opponents of an indefinite extension of slavery had gone into practical politics.

When the bills to abrogate the Missouri Compromise were pending in the House of Representatives, Thomas H. Benton, then transferred to that body from the Senate, on his way to complete retirement on the shelf, said that the measure, as a whole, was not called for by any "human being living or expecting to live in the Territories, but by a silent, secret, limping, halting, creeping, squinting, impish motion, conceived in the dark and midwifed in a committee-room." This choice bit of Carlylese must have recurred to the minds of those who heard it when, Pierce having been elected to carry out the most rigorous and drastic pro-slavery policy yet framed, the real purpose of the slavery propaganda was unveiled by the introduction of the Nebraska bill. No longer willing to accept the line of the Missouri Compromise running due west to the Pacific Ocean, as defining the northern limit of slavery, the slaveholders now insisted that the principle of non-interference with slavery in the Territories by Congress was inconsistent with the Missouri Compromise; therefore that compromise was void and of no effect. Hereafter, the people of each Territory, whether north or south of the parallel of 36° 30′, should admit or exclude slavery as they might deter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mine by vote. The Whig party, a year before this, had been killed, as it was said, by an attempt to swallow the Fugitive Slave Law. Now its last dying hours were embittered by a black draught. By the aid of a few Northern Democrats, the Southern Democrats and Whigs were able to carry through the Nebraska bill; and the Whig party vanished from the election returns of the nation.

Franklin Pierce.
From a painting by Healy, in 1852, at the Corcoran Art Gallery.

The attention of the people of the United States was now fixed upon the tremendous conflict going on in Kansas, where, the barriers against slavery being thrown down, the friends of slave labor and those of free labor had been invited to "fight it out between themselves." It was no longer possible to keep the antislavery elements of the population of the United States out of national and local politics. So far as known, the first movement in the direction of the organization of a new party made up of the friends of free labor, with a new title, was made in Ripon, Fond du Lac County, Wis., early in the spring of 1854. A meeting dissolved the Whig and Free Soil town committees and appointed another which should take the place of both. That committee was composed of representatives of three parties —Free Soilers, Whigs, Democrats; and it was given a loose constructionist schedule of principles. It was suggested by the Whig who had called the meeting, A. E. Bovey, that the name of Republican would be a good one for a party to be devoted to the proposition that the United States were a Republic with a Federal organization. But the assemblage of the little Ripon school-house did not venture on anything more than a suggestion.

In June, 1854, a mass convention of "all persons in favor of resisting by all constitutional means the usurpations of the propagandists of slavery" was called in Vermont. The Whig party in that State had already cut all communications with the pro-slavery Whig party of the United States, and the new organization declared itself unalterably opposed to slavery and all its works; its address closed with these words: "We propose, and respectfully recommend to the friends of freedom in other States, to co-operate and be known as Republicans." It has been claimed for William H. Seward that he gave to the party the name of Republican. But, wherever the suggestion first came from, the first official use of the title by an efficient political combination was when a mass convention of Whigs, Free Soilers, and Antislavery Democrats, at Jackson, Mich., July 6, 1854, adopted a platform of principles, accepted the name of Republican, and nominated for Governor Kingsley S. Bingham, who was triumphantly elected.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the midst of the resounding din of the Kansas conflict, the Democrats nominated James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, for President, and John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for Vice-president, on a platform approving of the pro-slavery course of Pierce's administration in Kansas, and disapproving the Know-Nothing, or American, policy. The Know-Nothings ran Millard Fillmore for President, and Andrew Jackson Donelson (nephew and namesake of "Old Hickory") for Vice-president. The antislavery men in the Know-Nothing convention bolted in high dudgeon when they failed to secure the adoption of a plank advocating the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line. The scattered fragments of the Whig party, later in the campaign, approved of the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson; but they evaded the Know-Nothing platform.

For the first time the National Republican party now made its appearance in a presidential campaign. Its platform was loose constructionist, after the Whig manner, with a special declaration in favor of internal improvements and a transcontinental railway. But the convention's bugle blast on the great question of the day was the signal of the new party's entrance. This was an emphatic statement of the right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery and polygamy in all the Territories and to admit Kansas as a Free State; the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the general policy of the Pierce administration, and the further extension of slavery were condemned. John C. Frémont, of California, and William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, were nominated. The Republican party was born. Popular elections in the Northern States had by this time given the Republicans good reason to hope that they might succeed in a national election, provided they were united and earnest.

During this canvass the writer of these lines had a long conversation with Abraham Lincoln, then a rising politician and lawyer, while attending a Frémont mass-meeting in Ogle County, Ill. Mr. Lincoln cooled the ardor of the young and inexperienced Republican newspaper writer by saying that Frémont's case was hopeless. The interposition of Fillmore's nomination, he said, would lose for us the States of Pennsylvania and Illinois. The result proved the wisdom of his words. Buchanan was elected. Neither of the three candidates had a majority of the popular vote. Frémont carried all the New England States, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin. The revolution had begun.

Kansas continued to be the bloody field of strife; the Free State men, who had now become actual settlers, were fighting against invaders from the slave-ridden State of Missouri, backed by the administration. One more blow was needed to finish the crystallization of all the elements opposed to slavery. This fell two days after Buchanan's inauguration, when the United States Supreme Court announced the famous Dred Scott decision. This was, in effect, an opinion that the ancestors of negro slaves were not persons, but chattels; that they had no rights that a white man was bound to respect; that the Act of Congress of 1820, prohibiting slavery north of the parallel of 36° 30′, was unconstitutional and void, and that a slave-owner could not be lawfully prevented from settling in any Territory of the United States with all his "property;" and, to make more binding this infamous decision, it was further declared that a slave-owner might carry his slave property into any free State or Territory, without thereby invalidating his right of possession in said property. The North was invited to accept the doctrine that property in slaves was recognized in every State of the Federal Union, provided only that a slave-holder chose to take up temporary residence in a free State with his chattels.

The slave-holders, notwithstanding this virtual concession of all they had demanded, were still unsatisfied. It became more and more doubtful that Kansas could be saved to slavery, although all the machinery of law, and all the trickery of politicians, and all the brute force of border raiders had been enlisted for the purpose. The Territory was satirized as "Bleeding Kansas;" it was also "The Graveyard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Governors," four of these, in three years, had vainly been commissioned to help force slavery into the distracted and resisting Territory. In spite of violence and machinations, the people of the Territory, who were now actual settlers, did occasionally get a chance to vote; and when they voted, it was invariably against slavery. But it now became expedient that more territory for the extension of slavery must be procured. The acquisition of Cuba by the United States, or the seizure of some of the Central American States, was openly advocated, and these suggestions were accepted as sound Democratic doctrine. But foreign objection summarily defeated both of these schemes as soon as they took shape. It was seriously proposed by some of the Southern politicians that the slave-trade should be revived, and this proposition was a legitimate sequence to the insistment that Congress should defend the right of property in human beings in every Territory of the United States.

James Buchanan.
From a photograph by Brady.

This latter article of political faith was embodied in the formal platform proposed for the Democratic National Convention of 1860. In that convention, however, the Anti-Lecompton men, led by Stephen A. Douglas, refused to accept the dictum that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature had a right to prohibit slavery in a Territory. The recalcitrant Douglas Democrats, with rare inconsistency, were willing to leave the question to the United States Supreme Court, although that tribunal (in the Dred Scott case) had already decided that Congress had no right to prohibit slavery anywhere. Then the party split in twain. The faction that seceded from the Baltimore Convention nominated John C. Breckinridge on an ultra pro-slavery platform, which advocated the acquisition of more slave territory by the purchase of Cuba.

The Douglas Democrats, having adopted a platform which was strictly in accordance with the views of their chief, nominated that statesman. The Know-Nothings, or Americans, hoping to rally again the forlorn fragments of the Whig party scattered through the States, now called theirs the Constitutional Union party, and nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. Their platform was a smooth and utterly meaningless evasion of all living questions.

The Republican party, when it put up the names of Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, cited the Declaration of Independence as the charter of human liberty, denounced Democratic threats of disunion, declared that freedom was the normal condition of the Territories (which Congress was bound to defend), and pronounced in favor of a protective

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tariff, internal improvements, a transcontinental railway, and a law to give homesteads to actual settlers on the public lands.

Lincoln's political views had been fully made known during the celebrated debate with Douglas, two years before, when the two men canvassed Illinois, candidates for an election to the United States Senate. The issue now squarely before the people was that which involved the right and duty of Congress as to the extension of slavery in the Territories of the United States. Lincoln's election was accepted by the Southern slave-holding States as the signal for their so-called secession. Their withdrawal from Congress gave the Republicans a fair majority in both houses of Congress. During the progress of the war that followed, the so-called Peace Democrats of the Northern and Border States were opposed by the War Democrats and the Republicans, and when the time came for a second presidential election, in 1864, the party that renominated Lincoln styled itself the National Union party. Under that title the fused elements in favor of defending the Federal Union by force of arms had already taken the field in several of the Northern States.

In addition to measures designed to carry on the Civil War, in which they had the aid of the War Democrats, the Republican majority in Congress admitted Kansas with its Free State Constitution, organized the Territories of Nebraska, Colorado, and Dakota without any mention of the slavery question, enacted the Morrill protective tariff, passed a bill to authorize the building of a trans-continental railway, and enacted the homestead law.

Slavery was now in a fair way to be eliminated from the domain of National politics, after so many years of agitation. It is not necessary here to recount the steps that reached to this consummation. But it is fair to say that the Democratic conservatives left in the North by their seceding brethren were consistent in their demand that there should be a strict construction of the Constitution. Democrats could not forsake the traditions of their party; and they steadily opposed every step that led to the destruction of American slavery; they urged that the war was unconstitutional, and when, in 1864, they nominated General McClellan for President, they demanded that measures for a peaceful adjustment of existing difficulties should be begun.

Among the financial measures adopted by the Republican Congress, from time to time, were those providing for a paper currency, first by the Legal-tender act and then by the National banking act, both of which were denounced by Democrats in their conventions. But when it was proposed, after the war was over, to resume specie payments, the Democrats opposed resumption, and in some States they combined with the so-called Greenbackers in local elections. Republicans and Democrats were also hopelessly at odds on the questions of taxation. The latter party was violently opposed to an income-tax and to the system of internal revenue generally. They also execrated the Administration when, following the example of the Democratic Congress, during the Burr episode, the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus was suspended.

The nomination of Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President, on the ticket with Lincoln, in 1864, brought to pass a condition of things very much like that which obtained when Harrison's administration was "Tylerized," in 1841. The Whigs, in 1840, nominated Tyler, a southern strict constructionist, as a concession to those elements in politics. When he became President, on the death of Harrison, he carried out his views in regard to the United States Bank, and some other matters, and broke with his party. Johnson was nominated by the Republicans with the expectation that this act would conciliate the Border States and attract Democrats who were inclined to the general policy of the Republican party. He was a War Democrat, and he broke with his party when, by the death of Lincoln, he came to the presidential office. His views on negro suffrage, the policy of reconstruction to be pursued in the lately rebellious States, the right to remove Federal officials without co-operation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Senate and the rights of States, were found to be violently and hopelessly opposed to the policy of the majority in Congress. Like Tyler, he sought to build up a party for himself; and, like Tyler, he was disappointed in that ambition. But there are no points of resemblance between the characters of the two men. Johnson was passionate, wilful, and a brawler; Tyler was not.

Abraham Lincoln.
From a rare photograph in the possession of Noah Brooks. (Only five copies were printed from this negative.)

The effort to impeach Johnson brought out into strong relief the question of the right of the President to remove high Federal officials without the consent of the Senate. The so-called tenure-of-office law was designed to prevent the President from making removals during a recess of the Senate. Jefferson had complained that, as few died and none resigned, he could find no vacancies to fill unless he first made them by removal. Johnson's determination to rid himself of the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, compelled him to disregard the modern tenure-of-office act; and this step brought on his trial for impeachment. After the failure of this attempt, the contest between Congress and the President went on over their variance as to the powers of Congress in the matter of reconstruction. Congress claimed the right, under a loose construction of the Constitution, to lay down rules for the readmission of the States recently in rebellion. Johnson denied this right.

The Democratic party naturally espoused the view of Johnson, and, at its convention in 1868, nominated Horatio Seymour, of New York, and Frank P. Blair, jr., of Missouri, on a platform which demanded that the Southern States should be at once and unconditionally readmitted to representation in Congress, and that the question of suffrage should be left to the several States for regulation. The Republicans took the opposite view in their platform; and they nominated General Grant for President, and Schuyler Colfax for Vice-President. As there was yet great confusion existing in the lately rebellious States, the result of that presidential election in the South cannot be accepted as indicative of any change of political sentiment. Of the Northern States, New York, New Jersey, and Oregon chose Democratic electors.

The Republican position regarding the status of the States lately in rebellion was sustained by the United States Supreme Court, early in Grant's first year in office. That tribunal decided in the "Texas Case" that the ordinances of secession were null, that the so-called seceding States had never been out of the Union; that during and after the act of rebellion they had no competent State governments, and that Congress had the power to re-establish relations between the said States and the Federal Union.

The activity of Congress during

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grant's two terms of office was chiefly occupied by the discussion of bills to protect the freedmen in their civil rights and to extend amnesty to the rebels lately in arms. The more radical Republicans opposed liberal amnesty; the liberal Republicans insisted on "universal amnesty and universal enfranchisement." Naturally enough, the Democrats sympathized with the latter, partly for the sake of the divisions which would be made in the Republican party, and partly because they hoped to carry amnesty and in some way baffle universal enfranchisement.

From these movements and contentions was brought forth the Liberal Republican Convention that met in Cincinnati in 1872, and nominated Horace Greeley, of New York, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. The Democrats were expected to endorse this unique ticket for the presidency, although Mr. Greeley was a Protectionist Republican who had been a Whig as long as that party was in existence. The tariff question, however, was remitted to the Congressional districts by the Convention, and this amusing juggle with words was solemnly accepted by the Democratic Convention of that year, when platform and candidates were both adopted. A few "kickers" in the party refused to be bound by the agreement and nominated Charles O'Conor, of New York, and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, for President and Vice-President. Neither of these two gentlemen would accept the doubtful honor thrust upon them. The "kickers," as the popular vote showed, mustered about thirty thousand members of the Democratic party. The death of Mr. Greeley before the time arrived for casting the electoral votes of the States threw the electors into confusion. It was an unforeseen contingency. When the votes were finally canvassed, it was found that Grant had two hundred and eighty-six votes for President; Thomas A. Hendricks had forty-two, and there were twenty-one scattering. For Vice-President, Henry Wilson had two hundred and eighty-six votes, B. Gratz Brown forty-seven, and there were nineteen scattering. The party founded by Thomas Jefferson was once more in an eclipse.

Thurlow Weed.

From an unpublished photograph by Disderi, Paris, in 1861. In the possession of Thurlow Weed Barnes.

The questions that related to the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion still remained unsettled; and these, with a revival of financial issues, furnished topics for political discussion and for political division all through the administrations of Grant, Hayes, and Arthur. In 1884 Grover Cleveland was elected, and the Democratic party, after twenty-four years, was once more in power.

It is interesting to note the radical changes which each of the two great political parties have exhibited since they emerged from the confusion of the Civil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War and the immediately following events. That war removed one of the main causes of difference between the two parties. Slavery being extinct, the conflict for a time raged over the treatment of the ex-slaves. The Republicans

William H. Seward.
From a photograph by Brady.

insisted that the freedmen should be protected in their civil rights. The Democrats, denying that the freedmen were deprived of any of those rights, rebelled against "negro domination" in the South. But even these questions gradually faded from the view of the politicians, and we find the platforms of the two parties being gradually cut down to the consideration of purely economic propositions.

Of these questions, that of the tariff has gradually assumed the greatest prominence. The Republican party, which came into existence in response to a popular demand that slavery should not be further extended into the Territories of the United States, and which was continued in power to save the Union from dismemberment by rebellion, gradually took the attitude of a protective-tariff party when its original mission had been fulfilled. On its way to that position it tarried long enough to take up and handle the treatment of the newly enfranchised colored men of the South. The Democratic party, having opposed the prosecution of the war to put down the rebellion, as it had opposed all measures designed to check the further advance of slavery into the Territories, was finally compelled to "accept the situation" and to find other issues on which to construct party platforms. It has accordingly taken the position that a tariff for protection is not only inexpedient but unconstitutional; and although the actions of the party in Congress have been somewhat inconsistent with this view, the Democratic organization has steadily adhered to its fundamental proposition when called upon to frame its creed. The most emphatic deliverance upon the subject of the tariff was that made by the Republicans in 1884, when Mr. Blaine, who had been nominated on a protectionist platform, boldly forced the question into the canvass and made it prominent by his letters and addresses. In that campaign the Democrats declared in favor of a reduction of the tariff, but evaded the issue of protection. They also declared for "honest money," which was defined to be gold and silver coin, "and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss." The inconsistency of this declaration with the old-time "hard-money" theory of the Democratic party is obvious.

Generally, the Democrats have committed themselves to a tariff for revenue purposes only; and it is impossible to separate the Republican party from the protective-tariff idea. Both parties

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have shown themselves responsive to occasional popular demands for a change in an existing financial policy; but both have been constant to a central idea. These popular demands, often unreasonable, have created other political organizations, which, like the Anti-Masons and the Know-Nothings of an earlier day, have flitted across the stage of National life and have disappeared after a brief exhibition. Of these, the Grangers, the Prohibitionists, the Greenbackers, the Labor Party men, the Independent Nationalists, the Silver Inflationists, and sundry others, have crystallized around economic points and have then passed into a state of deliquescence.

For a time these have had an influence upon the two great parties that lead to-day in American politics; but the solidarity of those two organizations remains unimpaired. It cannot be said that there is much in the fundamental belief of the Democratic party reminding one of the party of Jefferson's time. The Republican party has outlived the evils in the State which it was born to destroy. It has created for itself another and wholly different policy in National affairs. Economics, not moral questions, divide the mass of American voters.

THOREAU'S POEMS OF NATURE

By F. B. Sanborn

HENRY THOREAU wrote much verse and printed very little — chiefly in the *Dial*, and at the request of his friend Emerson, who edited that magazine. He also included these *Dial* verses, and some others, in his prose volumes, especially in the *Week;* but he would often cite only a stanza, a couplet, or a single line, of what was a long piece of verse. Much that he wrote in this metrical form was destroyed by Thoreau (as he told me himself), from an opinion that it was not worth preserving—an opinion he was in later years disposed to doubt. Whatever may be thought of his verse as melodious poetry, it may be truly said that every line of it stood for a thought, and therefore had a value quite apart from its metrical quality. Whether he wrote in verse or prose, he was the poet of Nature; to that office he was born, and he early discovered this to be his task. His view of Nature was peculiar; a certain pantheism was innate with him; and he identified himself more completely with that cause and effect of all phenomena, than most men ever do, even for a moment; while with him it was the accepted attitude of his whole life. This will be seen, if I mistake not, in the remarkable letter he wrote to Emerson at Philadelphia, soon after the death of the two persons whom these two friends loved better than aught else in the world—young Waldo Emerson and John Thoreau. The tone of the whole letter is modified by these sad events; yet, if we did not know the fact from other information, this epistle would scarcely disclose it. Hence perhaps the strong impression of stoicism which Thoreau produced upon Emerson, and which this letter, more than any other page of Thoreau's writing, is fitted to give. It has never been printed, so far as I know, although, from an opinion that it was in print, I omitted it from the correspondence between Emerson and Thoreau which was first printed in the *Atlantic* of May and June, 1892, and since included, in part, in my "Familiar Letters of Thoreau."

THOREAU TO EMERSON, AT PHILADELPHIA.

"CONCORD, March 11th, 1842.

"DEAR FRIEND:—I see so many 'carvels licht, fast tending throw the sea' to your El Dorado, that I am in haste

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to plant my flag in season on that distant beach, in the name of God and King Henry. There seems to be no occasion why I, who have so little to say to you at home, should take pains to send you any of my silence in a letter. Yet since no correspondence can hope to rise above the level of those homely, speechless hours—as no spring ever bursts above the level of the still mountain-tarn whence it issued—I will not delay to send a venture. As if I were to send you a piece of the house-sill, or a loose casement, rather. Do not neighbors sometimes halloo with good will across a field, who yet never chat over a fence?

"The sun has just burst through the fog, and I hear blue-birds, song-sparrows, larks, and robins down in the meadow. The other day I walked in the woods, but found myself rather denaturalized by late habits. Yet it is the same nature that Burns and Wordsworth loved—the same life that Shakespeare and Milton lived. The wind still roars in the wood, as if nothing had happened out of the course of nature. The sound of the waterfall is not interrupted more than if a feather had fallen.

"Nature is not ruffled by the rudest blast. The hurricane only snaps a few twigs in some nook of the forest. The snow attains its average depth each winter, and the chic-adee lisps the same notes. The old laws prevail, in spite of pestilence and famine. No genius or virtue so rare or revolutionary appears in town or village, that the pine ceases to exude resin in the wood, or beast or bird lays aside its habits.

"How plain that death * is only the phenomenon of the individual or class! Nature does not recognize it; she finds her own again under new forms without loss. Yet death is beautiful when seen to be a law, and not an accident. It is as common as life. Men die in Tartary, in Ethiopia, in England, in Wisconsin. And, after all, what portion of this so serene and living nature can be said to be alive? Do this year's grasses and foliage outnumber all the past? Every blade in the field, every leaf in the forest, lays down its life in its season, as beautifully as it was taken up. It is the pastime of a full quarter of the year. Dead trees, sere leaves, dried grass and herbs—are not these a good part of our life? And what is that pride of our autumnal scenery but the hectic flush, the sallow and cadaverous countenance of vegetation? its painted throes, with the November air for canvas?

"When we look over the fields we are not saddened because these particular flowers or grasses will wither; for the law of their death is the law of new life.

"Will not the land be in good heart *because* the crops die down from year to year? The herbage cheerfully consents to bloom, and wither, and give place to a new. So it is with the human plant. We are partial and selfish when we lament the death of the individual, unless our plaint be a pæan to the departed soul, and a sigh, as the wind sighs over the fields, which no shrub interprets into its private grief.

"One might as well go into mourning for every sere leaf; but the more innocent and wiser soul will snuff a fragrance in the gale of autumn, and congratulate Nature upon her health. After I have imagined thus much, will not the gods feel under obligations to make me realize something as good?

"I have just read some good verse by the old Scotch poet, John Bellenden:

> "'The finest gold or silver that we se
> May nocht be wrocht to our utilitie
> Bot (without) flammis keen and bitter violence:
> The more distress, the more intelligence:
> Quhay sailis lang in hie prosperitie,
> Are sone oureset be stormis without defence.'

"From your friend,
"HENRY D. THOREAU."

As Thoreau was at this time, and for a year before and after, an inmate of the Emerson household, he had many opportunities for speech with Emerson,

* John Thoreau, elder brother of Henry, and the person he loved best, had died just two months before the date of this letter; and young Waldo Emerson had died before February 1st. These two losses had thrown the household of Emerson, where Thoreau was then living, and of the elder Thoreaus, into the most sudden and prolonged grief, and had interrupted the habits of both Emerson and Thoreau.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and few occasions to write. But with Nature he lived far more intimately, and had before this date written a poem on Autumn, in which some of the thoughts of this subtle and profound epistle are expressed in verse :

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The evening of the year draws on,
The fields a later aspect wear :
Since Summer's garishness is gone,
Some grains of night tincture the noontide air.

Behold, the shadows of the trees
Now circle wider 'bout their stem,
Like sentries which by slow degrees
Perform their rounds, gently protecting them.

And as the year doth decline,
The sun affords a scantier light ;
Behind each needle of the pine
There lurks a small auxiliar of the night.

I hear the cricket's slumbrous lay
Around, beneath me, and on high ;
It rocks the night, it soothes the day,
And everywhere is nature's lullaby.

But most he chirps beneath the sod,
When he has made his winter's bed,
His creak grown fainter, but more broad,
A film of autumn o'er the summer spread.

Far in the woods these golden days
Some leaf obeys its Maker's call ;
And through their hollow aisles it plays
With delicate touch the prelude of the Fall.

The loneliest birch is brown and sere,
The farthest pool is strewn with leaves,
Which float upon their watery bier,
Where is no eye that sees, no heart that grieves.

The jay screams through the chestnut wood ;
The crisped and yellow leaves around
Are hue and texture of my mood—
And these rough burrs my heirlooms on the ground.

The threadbare trees, so poor and thin,
They are no wealthier than I ;
But with as brave a core within
They rear their boughs to the October sky.

Poor knights they are which bravely wait
The charge of Winter's cavalry,
Keeping a simple Roman state,
Discumbered of their Persian luxury.

Thoreau gloried in poverty, like St. Francis, to whom in some other respects he has been compared. In an unfinished poem on "Poverty," he said :

If I am poor,
It is that I am proud ;
If God has made me naked and a boor,
He did not think it fit his work to shroud.

The poor man comes direct from heaven to earth,
As stars drop down the sky, and tropic beams ;
The rich receives in our gross air his birth,
As from low suns are slanted golden gleams.

Yon sun is naked, bare of satellite,
Unless our earth and moon that office hold ;
Though his perpetual day feareth no night,
And his perennial summer dreads no cold.

Mankind may delve—but cannot my wealth spend ;
If I no partial wealth appropriate,
No armed ships unto the Indies send,
None robs me of my Orient estate.

Another unfinished poem was suggested by the fine print of Guido's "Aurora," sent by Mrs. Carlyle as a wedding-gift to Mrs Emerson, and for nearly sixty years hanging in her parlor at Concord.

THE AURORA OF GUIDO.

The god of day his car rolls up the slopes,
Reining his prancing steeds with steady hand ;
The lingering moon through western shadows gropes,
While Morning sheds its light o'er sea and land.

Castles and cities by the sounding main
Resound with all the busy din of life ;
The fisherman unfurls his sails again ;
And the recruited warrior bides the strife.

The early breeze ruffles the poplar leaves ;
The curling waves reflect the unseen light ;
The slumbering sea with the day's impulse heaves,
While o'er the western hill retires the drowsy night.

The seabirds dip their bills in Ocean's foam,
Far circling out over the frothy waves—

. . . . . .

The rest is wanting ; how close a rendering these lines are of the picture may be seen by examining that, either in the Rospigliosi palace or in the copies now so common.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The measure of these verses is that used by Davenant in his "Gondibert," and by Dryden in his "Annus Mirabilis"—a grave and rather monotonous verse, no longer much in favor. The last poem I shall cite is in a more pleasing verse — that of Milton's "L'Allegro," used also by Thoreau in his "Rumors from an Æolian Harp" It is a true and profound expression of his feeling for Nature, and may take that name.

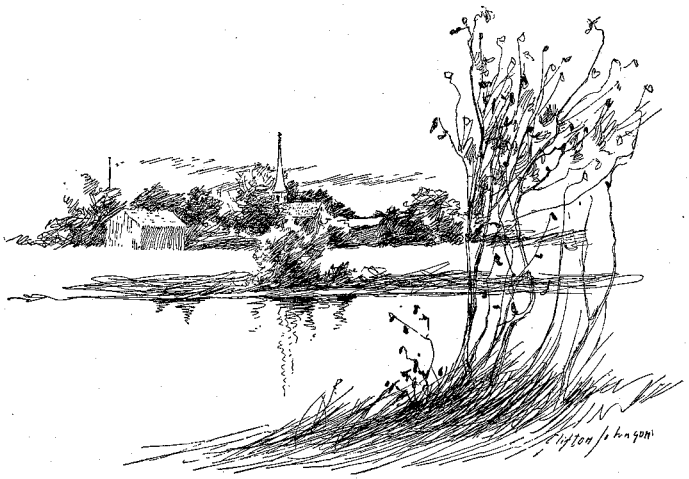
NATURE.

O Nature! I do not aspire
To be the highest in thy quire—
To be a meteor in thy sky,
Or comet that may range on high;
Only a zephyr that may blow
Among the reeds by the river low;
Give me thy most privy place
Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead
Let me sigh upon a reed,
Or in the woods, with leafy din,
Whisper the still evening in;
Some still work give me to do—
Only—be it near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,
Than be the king of men elsewhere,
And most sovereign slave of care;
To have one moment of thy dawn,
Than share the city's year forlorn.

Judging by the handwriting and other slight indications (for few of Thoreau's verses are dated), all that I have copied here were composed between 1841 and 1844. During most of this period he was living either in Mr. Emerson's house at Concord, or in that of Mr. William Emerson, at Castleton, on Staten Island.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVENGE

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

MISS ATTERBURY put the paper she was reading carefully and slowly down upon the table. It was the *Boston* ——, and there was a long article upon the first page marked ostentatiously around with a blue lead-pencil, and headed, in glaring letters, "Athletics in Girls' Colleges."

There was a dangerous gleam in Miss Atterbury's dark gray eyes, and she seemed a trifle more than her ordinary five feet eight inches as she drew herself up and turned, with that careful repression of irritation which always denotes the extreme limit of self-control, upon an inoffensive freshman, comfortably installed in the window-seat, playing a mandolin.

"I was in Antwerp two weeks last summer," she remarked, with careful emphasis, "and I heard the cathedral chimes play 'La Mandolinata' twice every five minutes, I think. I would be obliged if you would play something else, or even stop altogether for a while —I have something important to talk about just now."

The freshman stuck her pick guiltily in the strings, and shifted her position upon the cushions into one of extreme and flattering attention, while the four girls who had been playing whist over in a corner turned hastily around toward Miss Atterbury.

"What is it now, Katharine?" inquired Miss Yale, reproachfully, laying down her cards. "She always takes things so terribly *au grand sérieux*," she explained plaintively to the rest. Miss Yale had her rooms with Miss Atterbury, and stood rather in awe of that young woman, and was very proud of her athletic prowess, and could always be relied upon to tell her friends "that Katharine Atterbury was the captain of the senior crew, and could pull an oar as well as a 'Varsity stroke, and that the champion tennis-player of a certain year had said that she was an antagonist to be feared and respected."

"*This* is what is the matter," said Miss Atterbury, in a tragic voice, picking up the paper. "I don't know who it is that writes such absurd, such wilfully misleading articles about us, but I do know that if I could get at him I would——"

What Miss Atterbury would do was apparently too awful to speak of just then.

One of the girls got up and went over to her.

"But what is it? — what have they said about us now?" she inquired, impatiently.

"What they are always doing—poking fun at us," replied Miss Atterbury, hotly, and with a fine disregard of grammar. "To read this article one would imagine that we were imbecile babies. One would think that a girl was as weak as a kitten, and didn't know a boat from an elevator, nor a five-lap running track from an ice-wagon, nor a golf club from a sewing-machine. He —whoever the man is who wrote this ridiculous article—seems to think that all our training and physical development is a huge joke. He don't even know how stupid he is. That's the worst of it—he isn't even aware of his unutterable, his colossal ignorance!"

"Wouldn't it be fun to have him drawn and quartered, as an awful example, a sort of warning to the other newspaper men not to write about what they are totally ignorant of, and to leave us alone," suggested the inoffensive little freshman, with a base but entirely successful attempt to get back into Miss Atterbury's good graces.

The senior gave her a brief but cordial glance, and then ran on:

"Something must be done about it. I'm tired of reading this sort of trash about women's colleges. It is time the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You cannot imagine how anxious the girls are to see you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public was learning the true state of things—that girls can and do swim, and row and play golf and tennis, and run and walk about, just as their brothers do, and that we have courage and muscle enough to go in for football even, except that we have some *little* regard for our personal appearance!"

"And it's so degrading and irritating to go home in the vacations, and have one's brother tease one to death about it all, and try to be funny, and ask one if the color of one's gymnasium suit is becoming, and if the golf captain knows the caddie from a cleek," interposed Miss Thayer, a pretty blond girl who got up slowly and sauntered over to Miss Atterbury, putting her face over that young lady's shoulder to get a look at the unfortunate paper. As she did so she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Why, I know the man who wrote that," she gasped. "There! J. E. N.—see those initials at the end?—they mean Jack Newbold. I remember now he is writing for that paper. He told me this summer at the seashore that he was going in for newspaper work. His grandfather owns this paper, you know, and has promised him half a million when he is twenty-five if he will go through the whole thing—learn everything a newspaper man must know. He didn't want to do it much, but, of course, he would go in for almost anything sooner than loose all that pile of money."

Miss Atterbury looked thoughtfully and intently at Miss Thayer.

"You say he is a friend of yours?" she demanded, slowly.

"Oh, yes; we got to be very good friends this summer. He taught me how to play fifteen-ball pool—that's about all he knows," went on the girl, scornfully. "He's an awful duffer about everything else. You ought to see him play tennis! It's not very edifying, but it's awfully funny."

Miss Atterbury gave a little gasp of delight.

"That's too good to be true," she said, enthusiastically.

Miss Thayer rather stared. "Why?" she demanded, and then, without waiting for a reply, she swept on. "You wouldn't think so if you had to play doubles with him! And he simply can't walk—gets awfully tired he says. *I* think it's his clothes. Gets 'em in London, and they are terribly swell and uncomfortable. And he is always afraid his collar is going to melt; it's quite painful to be with him on a warm day. And I couldn't induce him to come out in my cat-boat with me. Said he didn't think a girl could learn to handle one with any degree of safety. Did you ever hear of anything so unjust? I think he was *afraid*."

Miss Atterbury was leaning on the table now, and her countenance had assumed such a cheerful look that the freshman felt quite relieved and ventured to pick up her mandolin again.

"Go on!" demanded the senior, delightedly.

"Well, I don't know anything more," declared Miss Thayer, impatiently. "Isn't that enough for you? He's no good at out-door sports, and what he is doing writing *us* up or down, is more than I can imagine. He oughtn't to be allowed to do so. He don't know anything about it at all, and I should think he would be ashamed of himself. I suppose his editor told him to do it, and he simply 'made up' and put down everything he had ever heard about us, and worked in all the old jokes about girls' colleges."

Miss Atterbury got up slowly.

"Well!" she said, impressively, to Miss Thayer, "I'm sorry if that young man is much of a friend of yours, for we have got to make an example of him. I suppose you know him well enough to invite him out here Monday afternoon?—for you've got to do it," she added, with calm decision.

Miss Thayer said she thought she might venture on that simple act of courtesy, though she could not quite understand why Miss Atterbury was so anxious to see him since she disapproved of him so entirely; to which that young woman replied that she wished to see him once, so that she might never see him again, and that the next day she would explain her plans, in which she expected their hearty co-operation.

Mr. Jack Newbold had just comfortably installed himself in the 1.50 B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and A. train, when it occurred to him that he might possibly have made a mistake as to the time Miss Thayer expected him. He pulled out the note which he had received from her, and read it again.

"My dear Mr. Newbold: I have been so interested in what you have written about athletics in girls' colleges! I saw the article in your paper and knew immediately by the initials that it was your work. Ever since seeing it I have been very anxious to redeem my promise to have you come out here and see our college.

"All the girls are anxious to see you. I hope you won't mind receiving a great deal of attention! You know how enthusiastic and unconventional college girls are, and you are of the greatest interest to us just now. Miss Atterbury, a charming girl, is especially eager to meet you. Don't be *too* flattered! But we shall all be delighted to see the man who has so ably written up girls' colleges, and unless I hear from you to the contrary, shall look for you out Monday afternoon by the 1.50 train.

"Of course I shall expect you to take dinner and go to the concert in the evening. I tell you this now, so you can wear just the right 'dress'—men are so ridiculously particular about their clothes!

"Very cordially yours,
"Eleanor Thayer."

Mr. Jack Newbold was not a particularly vain youth, but he had a slight feeling of satisfaction on perusing that note which made him settle himself even more comfortably in his seat and resign himself cheerfully to the short journey.

"Had no idea that article would make such a sensation," he was saying to himself, "and I'm glad she expects me by this train. Of course she will bring her trap to the station for me. I believe the college is quite a little distance from the town. Nice little trap—she drives well for a girl, I remember." And then he fell to wondering whether he had selected just the right things to wear. "Girls are so deucedly critical," he soliloquized, and it had been rather hard to decide on just what would be in good taste for an afternoon call and would still do without change for the concert in the evening, and he rather complimented himself on his judicious selection, and was assuring himself that the particular shade of his gloves had not been a mistake, when he found that he was at the station.

Miss Thayer welcomed him effusively.

"I knew you wouldn't have the vaguest idea of how to get up to the college," she was saying, "and so I came down for you myself. No, I didn't bring my trap. I knew you would enjoy the walk up, and I wanted to show you it myself. I remember how fond you were of walking, last summer," she added, with a bright smile at him.

Newbold stared a little.

"I don't think," he began doubtfully; but Miss Thayer interrupted him quickly—

"You cannot imagine how anxious the girls are to see you. Each one wants to show you what she is particularly interested in. Really you are quite a martyr—I mean a hero—in our eyes! We will go up this way," she ran on. "It's a little longer and there is a pretty bad hill, but of course a man doesn't mind a little extra exertion, and it's even more beautiful than the other way."

Newbold said he would be charmed to go any way that Miss Thayer might choose, but that he didn't want to lose any of his visit at the college, and that perhaps it would be wiser to take the shorter cut. But Miss Thayer said that if they walked a little faster they would get there just as soon, and he would see the finer view, too. So they started off briskly, and Newbold wished that he had worn the other pair of patent leathers, and finally, when he felt ready to drop, and thought they must have walked about five miles, and she told him they had only two more to go, he blamed himself most severely for not having firmly refused anything but the short cut and a cab. One of Miss Thayer's friends who met her told her the next day that she was glad to see that she had joined the Pedestrian Club, and that she had often wondered why she had not done so before.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Play!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I hardly think it is worth while to go into the drawing-room now," remarked Miss Thayer, argumentatively, as they strolled up the broad drive to the college. "I see Miss Atterbury down there on the campus playing tennis, and I promised to bring you to her immediately," she went on. Newbold felt a horrible inclination to say that he didn't care if he never met Miss Atterbury, and that personally he would very much prefer going into the drawing-room and stopping there for the rest of the afternoon, in the most comfortable chair to be found; but he managed to murmur a weary assent to Miss Thayer's proposition, and together they started down the steep hill at the bottom of which stretched the campus. But he could not seem to keep up with Miss Thayer, and by the time he had reached the tennis grounds and had decided that in all probability his heart would never beat normally again, he was conscious that he was bowing, and that Miss Atterbury, flushed from playing, was standing before him and was laughing and saying—"I don't often give acquaintances such a warm welcome!" The next thing he knew was that someone had thrust a racket into his hand, and he heard, as in a dream, Miss Thayer telling her friend that Mr. Newbold was a splendid tennis-player, and that she would have to do her best to beat him, but that she hoped she would for the honor of the college. And then he found himself, somehow, walking over to the court, and, before he could protest, Miss Atterbury was on the other side, and was asking him kindly but briskly if he were ready to play. He thought he was as near ready as he ever would be, so he said "Play!" and waited resignedly for her serve.

It was just after Miss Atterbury had piled up an appalling number of games against him, and he had come to the conclusion that he knew what it would be like to stand fire from a Krupp gun, and had decided that tight patent leathers and a long coat were not just what he would have chosen to play tennis in, that he saw Miss Atterbury, to his intense relief, throw down her racket and run up the hill a little way. She was back in an instant with Miss Thayer and a tall, handsome girl, carrying a lot of golf clubs. When young Newbold saw the golf clubs he felt so tired that he thought he would sit down on the cold ground, although he knew how dangerous such a proceeding was, especially when he was so painfully aware of how hot his head was and how clammy his linen felt.

"Mr. Newbold!" he heard Miss Atterbury say, "I want to present you to Miss Yale. She is the captain of the Golf Club, and I knew you would want to meet her. Anyone who is such an authority on the subject as you proved yourself to be in that article would, of course, want to see the links out here."

"Ah! thank you!" murmured Newbold; "but I play very little, you know, and I wouldn't interrupt your game for the world!"

But Miss Yale told him how interested she had been in his article, and that she wouldn't feel that she had done her duty by the college unless she showed him the links, and that he really must come with them and tell them whether the meadow-land was too stiff a bit of ground to be gone over. And so Newbold found himself trudging wearily along again between Miss Atterbury and Miss Yale, who seemed as fresh as though they hadn't moved that day. The links seemed distressingly far off, and the holes absurdly distant from each other. His arms ached so from tennis that he could scarcely hold the driver Miss Yale gave him.

"I wish you would drive off this tee once—men do that sort of thing so much better than girls," she was saying, admiringly. "They don't seem to need any practice at all—just comes natural to them." Newbold had a very distinct impression that it hadn't come at all natural to him, and he would greatly have preferred not trying before Miss Yale and the knot of young women who had drawn together at some little distance, and were very obviously watching him under the shallowest pretence of hunting for a lost ball. He felt desperately nervous, and his nervousness did not tend to disappear when he made a frantic try at the ball, digging a hole in the ground about a foot in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

front of the tee, and almost hitting Miss Atterbury, who jumped back with a little cry very unlike her ordinary calm self.

"I—I beg your pardon," he began, desperately; but Miss Atterbury assured him that she was all right, and urged him to try again. He did so, and although he balanced himself cautiously on one foot and then on the other, and snapped at the ball several times before trying to hit it, and wobbled his driver after the most approved methods, he topped his ball miserably, and had the mortification of seeing it land in a most difficult hazard. And then he watched Miss Yale drive off with a good backward swing of her club, which hit the ball "sweet and clean," and sent it a good ninety yards.

"Of course, as you said in your article," remarked that young woman, picking up her clubs and starting off energetically after the ball, "this is no game for women. It is pre-eminently a man's game, and a woman's short collar-bone is never such an obvious mistake as in golf. A man can do so much with a driver or a cleek or a lofter, and the walking is so easy for him, and he is so entirely independent of the weather." Newbold murmured inarticulate assents as he walked wearily by her. He wondered if she could keep up that pace all around the course, and he especially wondered how far around it was. He had a great deal of difficulty in getting his ball out of the hazard and lofting it up a steep hill, and he savagely wished that he had joined that golf club all his friends were urging him to join, and decided firmly to do so before he slept that night, and to engage the professional's services for himself, and to practise till he could drive a ball off without utterly destroying all the turf in the vicinity.

They were on the second round, and Newbold was roughly calculating that his erratic plays had made him walk about three miles, and was wondering if he could live to get up the hill in front of him, when he saw Miss Thayer and Miss Yale, who were three holes ahead of him, coming back toward him.

"You look awfully tired and hot," said Miss Thayer, sympathetically. "What's the matter? Don't you like golf? But what an absurd question! Anyone who could write the article on athletics *you* did must like it. Only, I suppose, girls seem such duffers at it, to you!"

Newbold looked at her sharply. He had an uneasy suspicion that she was laughing at him, but he was too tired to think of any way of finding out whether she was or not, and so he walked on taciturnly and sufferingly.

"I have such a nice surprise for you," ran on Miss Thayer. "But I won't tell you what it is yet." She pulled out her watch. "It is just a quarter to four now, and I think the surprise will not be ready until a quarter after. Can you possibly wait that long?"

Newbold said he thought he might if he could sit down; but Miss Thayer said she disapproved of getting overheated and then cooling off rapidly, and that she thought they had better keep moving until it was time to see the "surprise." So they strolled across the grounds, and the two girls seemed to meet an astonishing number of friends, all going their way. And while Newbold was vaguely wondering what their destination might be, and what new torture was in store for him, he heard Miss Yale say, in what sounded to him like the voice of an avenging angel:

"I think we had better show Mr. Newbold our new running-track while we are waiting. He is so interested in such things, and he might suggest some improvements." And then Newbold felt himself irresistibly compelled to walk on farther and farther. He wondered sadly why they thought *he* knew anything about running-tracks for girls, and decided that his humorous remarks on the subject in his article had been a great mistake.

"Do you think it's a fair track?" inquired Miss Yale, anxiously, as they came in sight of it. "It is an eight-lap track, you see, and of course a great many girls only go around four times at first—girls get tired so absurdly easy! Now I suppose men think nothing of making two miles at a time—it is just play for them. Men are so strong—that is their greatest fascination I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think," she ran on enthusiastically. "Haven't you seen foot-ball players after a hard practice game start off and run two miles around the track and seem to think absolutely nothing of it?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Newbold, unwarily and warmly. "Fellows are so different from girls, you know. A girl cries when she's tired, doesn't she? Well, a man just keeps going, you know, and doesn't let it make any difference to him."

"I am so glad to hear that, Mr. Newbold," said Miss Yale, with prompt and suspicious sympathy, and a sudden firmness of tone, "because I wanted dreadfully to ask you to try the track, but hated to do so, for I knew you were tired—at least you look so. But since you just keep going, and it doesn't make any difference to you, why I would be so awfully obliged if you would run around three or four times. I want to see just how you hold your head and arms. I don't believe we do it in just the best way, you know."

It was a rare and pleasingly curious sight that Miss Yale and Miss Thayer and a great many other young women assembled near the track, apparently by a strange coincidence, looked upon. It is not often that one has the chance of seeing an immaculately dressed youth, with flushed and desperate countenance tear madly around an eight-lap track in the presence of a number of flatteringly attentive young women. It occurred to Newbold as he dashed around and around that it would be far preferable to keep going until he fainted away or dropped dead, than to stop and encounter the remarks and glances of those young women. They would at least feel sorry for him in that case, he thought, gloomily. But even that modest and simple desire was not granted him. As he started on the fifth lap he heard Miss Yale call to him to stop. He had a wild inclination to pay no attention to her, but to keep going on and on, but as he got nearer he saw her step out toward him and put up a warning hand.

"Thank you so much," she said, warmly. "I think we have all had a lesson in running which we shall not forget soon. I hope you are not tired?" she went on, anxiously.

Newbold said, "Oh, no!" but he felt very tired indeed. His feet ached horribly and his head felt hot and dizzy, and there were queer, sharp pains shooting through his body which made him think forebodingly of pneumonia.

"The surprise is ready—Miss Atterbury is going to have the crew out for your especial benefit!" went on Miss Yale, triumphantly. "Don't you feel complimented? And you are to pull Miss Thayer and myself about while they go through a little practice for you. Not much, you know, but just enough to show you the stroke and speed we get. The boat is a beauty—but then, of course, you know so much more about it than we do! I imagine from your article that you must pull an oar capitally. Miss Thayer says a cat-boat is your especial hobby, though."

"Did Miss Thayer say that?" began Newbold, hotly. "Beastly things, I think—hate 'em!"

Miss Yale smiled incredulously and brightly at him.

"How modest you are!" she said, admiringly. "Ah! there is Miss Atterbury!"

Newbold saw someone waving frantically at them.

"Come on!" exclaimed Miss Yale; "we want to see them start off—that's the best part."

Newbold never remembered afterward how he got across the intervening space, nor how he got into a boat with the two young women. The first thing he heard was Miss Atterbury asking him anxiously how he liked the new sliding-seats, and what he thought of the proportions of the boat, and about outriggers in general, and where he thought they could be built best and cheapest. Newbold felt about as capable of instructing her on such points as of judging the pictures at a Salon exhibit, and he longed, with a longing born of utter exhaustion and desperation, to get away. As he wearily pulled the heavy, unwieldy boat about after the light practice-barge, which kept an appalling distance ahead of him, he decided within himself that the physical development of women had been carried

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to an absurd and alarming extent, and that men simply were not in it with them when it came to endurance and enthusiasm, and that he had made the mistake of his life when he wrote that article on athletics in girls' colleges, and that his chief might talk until he was blue in the face before he would ever consent again to write about anything of which he knew so little.

They were very disappointed when he told them firmly that he could not stay to dinner or to the concert, but that he had a pressing engagement that would take him back to the city. And they said that there were still the Swedish gymnastics and basket-ball and pole-vaulting to see, and that they were afraid he had not enjoyed himself or he would have got rid of that engagement in some way; but he assured them impressively that he had never spent a more instructive or peculiarly interesting afternoon in his life.

Miss Thayer took him back to the station in her trap, and remarked on how much shorter the way seemed with a good horse; and when she bade him good-by she told him that she would be looking out for another article in his paper, and that she would be much disappointed if his visit had not inspired him to write something. To which Newbold replied that that was his pressing engagement—he was going back to the city to write another article on athletics in girls' colleges, and that he thought it would be different and better than the former one, but that he would not put his initials to it this time.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

By J. Russell Taylor

I

With flying wing'd mercurial feet
The frolic swift cloud shadows go
Across the meadows long and low
And ghostly woodlands ribb'd with snow,
Chasing the sunshine gleaming fleet
That makes the dismal meadows smile,
And grim woods brighten a brief while.

II

The trees pass on the flying gleam
From hand to hand, from field to stream,
Snatching it deftly from the wind
That follows frenziedly behind:
It leaves no footprint, this torch-race,
Upon the white stream's shuddering face,
And on the forest-tops no trace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER IX

CONCERNING THE BLACK GODDESS FORTUNE AND THE WORSHIP OF HER, TOGETHER WITH AN INTRODUCTION OF SOME OF HER VOTARIES.

IN those early days of Fortune's pregnant alternations of color between the red and the black, exhibited publicly, as it were a petroleum-spring of the ebony-fiery lake below, Black-Forest Baden was the sprightliest of the antechambers of Hades. Thither in the ripeness of the year trooped the devotees of the sable goddess to perform sacrifice; and annually among them the beautiful Livia, the Countess of Fleetwood; for nowhere else had she sensation of the perfect repose which is rocked to a slumber by gales.

She was not of the creatures who are excited by an atmosphere of excitement; she took it as the nymph of the stream her native wave, and swam on the flood with expansive languor, happy to have the master-passions about her; one or two of which her dainty hand caressed, fearless of a sting; the lady petted them as her swans. It surprised her to a gentle contempt of men and women, that they should be ruffled either by love or play. A withholding from the scene will naturally arouse disturbing wishes; but to be present lulls; for then we live, we are in our element. And who could expect, what sane person can desire, perpetual good luck? Fortune, the Goddess, and young Love, too, are divine in their mutability: and Fortune would resemble a humdrum housewife, Love a droning husband, if constancy were practised by them. Observe the staggering and plunging of the blindfold wretch seeking to be persuaded of their faithfulness.

She could make for herself a quiet centre in the heart of the whirlwind, but the whirlwind was required. The clustered lights at the corner of the vale under forest hills, the bursts of music, the blazing windows of the saloons of the Furies, and the gamblers advancing and retreating, with their totally opposite views of consequences, and fashions of wearing or tearing the mask; and closer, the figures shifting up and down the promenade, known and unknown faces, and the histories half known, half-woven, weaving fast, which flew their threads to provoke speculation; pleasantly embraced and diverted the cool-blooded lady surrounded by the courtiers, who could upon occasion supply the luminous clew or anecdote. She had an intuitive liveliness to detect interchanges of eyes, the shuttle of intrigue; the mild hypocrisy, the clever audacity, the suspicion confirmed, the complication threatening to become resonant and terrible; and the old crossing the young and the young outwitting the old, wiles of fair traitors and dark, knaves of all suits of the pack. A more intimate acquaintance with their lineaments inspired a regard for them, such as poets may feign the throned high moon to entertain for objects causing her rays to flash.

Livia was a follower of the red and black, and the running ball in the person of the giant Captain Abrane, through whom she received her succession of sweetly teasing thrills and shocks, as one of the adventurous company they formed together. The place was known to him as the fair Philistine to another muscular hero; he had been shorn there before, and sent forth tottering, treating the friends he met as pillars to fall with him; and when the operation was done thoroughly, he pronounced himself refreshed by it, like a more sensible Samson, the cooler for his clipping. Then it was that he relapsed undistractedly upon processes of his mind; and he often said he thought Fortune would beat the devil.

Her power is shown in the moving of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her solicitors to think, instantly after they have made their cast, that the reverse of it was what they intended. It comes as though she had withdrawn the bandage from her forehead and dropped a leaden glance on them, like a great dame angry to have her signal misinterpreted. Well, then, distinguished by the goddess in such a manner, we have it proved to us how she wished to favor; for the reverse wins, and we who are pinched blame not her cruelty but our blind folly. This is true worship. Henceforth the pain of her nip is mingled with the dream of her kiss; between the positive and the imagined of her we remain confused until the purse is an empty body on a gallows, honor too perhaps.

Captain Abrane was one of the Countess Livia's numerous courtiers on the border of the promenade under the lighted saloons. A colossus inactive, he had little to say among the chatting circle; for when seated, cards were wanted to animate him; and he looked entirely out of place and unfitted, like a great vessel's figure-head in a shipwright's yard.

She murmured: "Not this evening?"

Abrane quoted promptly a line of nursery song: "How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?"

"Have we run down so low!" said she, with no reproach in her tone.

The captain shrugged over his clean abyss, where nothing was.

Yesterday their bank presented matronly proportions. But an importuned goddess reduces the most voluminous to bare stitches within a few winks of an eye.

Livia turned to a French gentleman of her court, M. de St. Ombre, and pursued a conversation. He was a stately cavalier, of the Gallicized Frankish outlines, ready but grave in his bearing, grave in his delivery, trimly mustached, with a Guise beard.

His profound internal question relating to this un-English Beauty of the British Isles: had she no passion in her nature? was not convinced by her apparent insensibility to Fortune's whips.

Sir Meeson Corby inserted a word of Bull French out of place from time to time.

As it might be necessary to lean on the little man for weapons of war, supposing Lord Fleetwood delayed his arrival yet another day, Livia was indulgent. She assisted him to think that he spoke the foreign tongue.

Mention of Lord Fleetwood set Sir Meeson harping again on his alarms, in consideration of the vagabond object the young lord had roamed away with.

"You forget that Russett has gypsy in him; Welsh! it's about the same," said Livia. "He can take excellent care of himself and his purse."

"Countess, he is a good six days overdue."

"He will be in time for the ball at the Schloss."

Sir Meeson Corby produced an aspect of the word "if," so perkily, that the dejected Captain Abrane laughed outright and gave him double reason to fret for Lord Fleetwood's arrival, by saying: "If he hangs off much longer I shall have to come on you for another fifty."

Our two pedestrians out of Salzburg were standing up in the night of cloud and pines above the glittering pool, having made their way along the paths from the hill anciently dedicated to the God Mercury; and at the moment when Sir Meeson put forth his frilled wrists to say: "If you had seen *his hands*—the creature Fleetwood trotted off alone with! you'd be a bit anxious too;" the young lord called his comrade to gaze underneath them; "There they are, hard at it, at their play! It's the word used for the filthiest gutter scramble."

They had come to know something of one another's humors; which are taken by young men for their characters; and should the humors please, they are friends, until further humors develop, trying these nascent conservatives hard to suit them to their moods as well as the accustomed. Lord Fleetwood had discovered in his companion, besides the spirit of independence and the powers of thought impressed on him by Woodseer's precocious flashes, a broad playfulness that trenched on buffoonery; it astonished, amused, and relieved him, loosening the spell of rev-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erence cast over him by one who could so wonderfully illumine his brain. Prone to admire and bend the knee where he admired, he chafed at subjection, unless he had the particular spell constantly renewed. A tone in him once or twice of late, different from the comrade's, had warned Woodseer to be guarded.

Susceptible, however, of the extreme contrast between the gamblers below and nature's lover beside him, Fleetwood returned to his enthusiasm without thinking it a bondage.

"I shall never forget the walk we've had. I have to thank you for the noblest of pleasures. You've taught me—well, a thousand things; the things money can't buy. What mornings they were! And the dead-tired nights! Under the rock and up to see the snowy peak pink in a gap of thick mist. You were right; it made a crimsoning color shine like a new idea. Up in those mountains one walks with the divinities! you said. It's perfectly true. I shall remember I did. I have a treasure for life! Now I understand where you get your ideas. The life we lead down there is hoggish. You have chosen the right. You're right, over and over again, when you say, the dirty sweaters are nearer the angels for cleanliness than my Lord and Lady Sybarite out of a bath, in chemical scents. A man who thinks, loathes their high society. I went through Juvenal at college. But you—to be sure, you add example—make me feel the contempt of it more. I am everlastingly indebted to you. Yes, I won't forget; you preach against the despising of anything."

Now this was pleasant in Woodseer's ears, inasmuch as it established the young nobleman as the pupil of his philosophy for the conduct of life; and to fortify him, he replied:

"Set your mind on the beauty, and there'll be no room for comparisons. Most of them are unjust; precious few instructive. In this case they spoil both pictures, and that scene down there rather hooks me; though I prefer the Dachstein in the wane of the afterglow. You called it 'Carinthia.'"

"I did. The beautiful Gorgon, haggard Venus—if she is to be a girl," Fleetwood rejoined. "She looked burnt out—a spectre."

"One of the admirably damned," said Woodseer, and he murmured with enjoyment: "between the lights—that's the beauty and the tragedy of Purgatory!"

His comrade fell in with the pictured ideal. "You hit it—not what you called the 'sublimely milky,' and not squalid, as you'll see the faces of the gambling women at the tables below. Oblige me—may I beg?—don't clap names on the mountains we've seen. It stamps guidebook on them, English tourist, horrors. We'll moralize over the crowds at the tables down there. On the whole, it's a fairish game; you know the odds against you, as you don't on the turf or the Bourse. Have your fling; but don't get bitten. There's a virus. I'm not open to it. Others are."

Hereupon Woodseer, wishing to have his individuality recognized in the universality it consented to, remarked on an exchequer that could not afford to lose, and a disposition free of the craving to win.

These were, no doubt, good reasons for abstaining, and they were grand morality. They were, at the same time, customary phrases of the unfleshed in folly. They struck Fleetwood with a curious reminder of the puking inexperienced whom he had seen subsequently plunge suicidally. He had a sharp vision of the attractive forces of the game; and his elemental nature exulted in siding with the stronger against a pretender to the superhuman. For Woodseer had spoken a trifle loftily, as quite above temptation. To see a forewarned philosopher lured to try the swim on those tides, pulled along the current, and caught by the undertug of the lasher, would be fun.

"We'll drop down on them, find our hotel, and have a look at what they're doing," he said, and stepped.

Woodseer would gladly have remained. The starlit black ridges about him and the dragon's mouth yawning underneath were an opposition of spiritual and mundane: innocent noxious; exciting to the youthful philosopher. He had to follow, and so rapidly in the darkness that he stumbled and fell on an arm; a small matter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bedchambers awaited them at the hotel, none of the party; and Fleetwood's man-servant was absent. "Gambling, the rascal!" he said. Woodseer heard the first note of the place in that.

His leader was washed, neatly dressed, and knocking at his door very soon, impatient to be off, and he flung a promise of "supper presently" to one whose modest purse had fallen into a debate with this lordly hostelry, counting that a supper and a night there would do for it. They hurried on to the line of promenaders, a river of cross-currents by the side of seated groups; and the willowy swish of silken dresses, feminine perfumery, cigar-smoke, chatter, laughter, told of pleasure reigning.

Fleetwood scanned the groups. He had seen enough in a moment, and his face blackened. A darting waiter was called to him. He said to Woodseer, savagely, as it sounded: "You shall have something to joint your bones!" What cause of wrath he had was past a guess; a wolf at his vitals bit him, hardening his handsome features.

The waiter darted back, bearing a tray and tall glasses filled each with piled parti-colored liqueurs, on the top of which an egg-yolk swam. Fleetwood gave example. Swallowing your egg, the fiery-velvet triune behind slips after it in an easy, milky way, like a princess's train on a state march, and you are completely transformed, very agreeably; you have become a merry demon. "Well, yes, it's next to magic," he replied to Woodseer's astonished snigger after the draught, and explained that it was a famous Viennese four-of-the-morning panacea, the revellers' electrical restorer. "Now you can hold on for an hour or two, and then we'll sup. At Rome?"

"Ay! Druids to-morrow!" cried the philosopher, bewitched.

He found himself bowing to a most heavenly lady, composed of day and night in her coloring, but more of night, where the western edge has become a pale steel blade. Men were around her, forming semicircle. The world of men and women was mere timber and leafage to this flower of her sex, glory of her kind. How he behaved in her presence, he knew not; he was beyond self-criticism or conscious reflection; simply the engine of the commixed three liqueurs, with parlous fine thoughts, and a sense of steaming into the infinite.

To leave her was to have her as a moon in the heavens and to think of her creatively. A swarm of images rushed about her and away, took lustre and shade. She was a miracle of grayness, her eyes translucently gray, a dark-haired queen of the twilights; and his heart sprang into his brain to picture the novel beauty; language became a flushed Bacchanal in a ring of dancing similes.

All the while he was gazing on a green gaming-table. The gold glittered, and it heaped or it vanished. Contemptuous of money, beyond the limited sum for his needs, he gazed; imagination was blunted in him to the hot drama of the business. Moreover, his mind was engaged; but by degrees the visible asserted its authority; his look on the coin fell to speculating. Oddly, too, he was often right; the money, staked on the other side, would have won. He considered it rather a plain calculation than a guess.

Of a circling white marble ball Woodseer said to Fleetwood: "That ball has a look of a nymph running round and round till she changes to one of the Fates."

"We'll have a run with her," said Fleetwood, keener for business than for metaphors at the moment.

He received gold for a bank-note. Captain Abrane hurriedly begged a loan. Both of them threw. Neither of them threw on the six numbers Woodseer would have selected, and they lost. He stated that the number 17 had won before. Abrane tried the transversal enclosing this favored number. "Of course!" he cried, with foul resignation and a hostile glare: the ball had seated itself and was grinning at him from the lowest of the stalls.

Fleetwood quitted the table-numbers to throw on Pair; he won, won again, pushed his luck and lost, dragging Abrane with him. The giant varied his tone of acquiescence in Fortune's whims: "Of course! I've only to fling! Luck hangs right enough till I put down my stake."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If the luck has gone three times, the chances . . . " Woodseer was rather inquiring than pronouncing. Lord Fleetwood cut him short. "The chances are equally the contrary!" and discomposed his argumentative mind. As argument in such a place was impossible, he had a wild idea of example —"just to see;" and though he smiled, his brain was liquefying. Upon a calculation of the chances merely for the humor of it, he laid a silver piece on the first six, which had been neglected. They were now blest. He laid his winnings on and about the number 17. Who would have expected it? Why, the player, surely! Woodseer comported himself like a veteran; he had proved that you can calculate the chances. Instead of turning in triumph to Lord Fleetwood, he laid gold pieces to hug the number 17, and ten in the centre. And it is the truth, he hoped then to lose and have done with it—after proving his case. The ball whirled, kicked, tried for a seat in two, in three points, and entered 17. The usual temporary wonderment flew round the table; and this number was courted in dread, avoided with apprehension.

Abrane let fly a mighty breath: "Virgin, by Jove!"

Success was a small matter to Gower Woodseer. He displayed his contempt of Fortune by letting his heap of bank-notes lie on Impair, and he won. Abrane bade him say "Maximum" in a furious whisper. He did so, as one at home with the word; and winning repeatedly, observed to Fleetwood: "Now I understand what historians mean in telling us of heroes rushing into the fray and vainly seeking death. I always thought death was to be had, if you were in earnest."

Fleetwood scrutinized the cast of his features and the touch of his fingers on the crispy paper.

"Come to another of these 'green fields,'" he returned briefly. "The game here is child's play."

Urging Virgin Luck not to quit his initiatory table, the captain reluctantly went at their heels. Shortly before the tables were clad in mantles for the night, he reported to Livia one of the great cases of Virgin Luck; described it, from the silver piece to the big heap of notes, and drew on his envy of the fellow to sketch the indomitable coolness shown in following or in quitting a run. "That fellow it is, Fleetwood's tag-rag; holds his head like a street-fiddler; Woodler or some name. But there's nothing to be done if we don't cultivate him. He must have pocketed a good three thousand or more. They had a quarrel about calculations of chances, and Fleet ran the V up his forehead at a piece of impudence. Fellow says some high-flying stuff; Fleet brightens like a Sunday chimney-sweep. If I believed in black arts, upon my word!"

"Russett is not usually managed with ease," the lady said

Her placid observation was directed on the pair then descending the steps.

"Be careful how you address this gentleman," she counselled Abrane. "The name is not Woodler, I know. It must be the right name or none."

Livia's fairest smile received them. She heard the captain accosting the child of luck as Mr. Woodler, and she made a rustle in rising to take Fleetwood's arm.

"We haven't dined, we have to sup," said he.

"You are released at the end of the lamps. You redeem your ring, Russett, and I will restore it. I have to tell you Henrietta is here to-morrow."

"She might be in a better place."

"The place where she is to be seen is not generally undervalued by men. It is not her fault that she is absent. The Admiral was persuaded to go and attend those cavalry manœuvres with the Grand Duke, to whom he had been civil when in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. You know the Admiral believes he has military—I mean soldierly — genius; and the delusion may have given him wholesome exercise and helped him to forget his gout. So far Henrietta will have been satisfied. She cannot have found much amusement among dusty troopers or at that Court at Carlsruhe. Our French milliner there has helped in retarding her—quite against her will. She has had to choose a ball-dress for the raw mountain-girl they have with them, and get

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her fitted, and it's a task! Why take her to the ball? But the Admiral's infatuated with this girl, and won't hear of her exclusion—because, he says, she understands a field of battle; and the Ducal party have taken to her. Ah, Russett, you should not have flown! No harm, only Henrietta does require a trifle of management. She writes that she is sure of you for the night at the Schloss."

"Why, ma'am?"

"You have given your word. 'He never breaks his lightest word,' she says."

"It sounds like the beginning of respect."

"The rarest thing men teach women to feel for them!"

"A respectable love-match — eh? Good Lord! — You'll be civil to my friend. You have struck him to the dust. You have your one poetical admirer in him."

"I am honored, Russett."

"Cleared out, I suppose? Abrane is a funnel for pouring into that bank. Have your fun as you like it! I shall get supplies to-morrow. By the way, you have that boy Cresset here. What are you going to do with him?"

Livia spoke of watching over him and guarding him.

"He was at the table beside me, bursting to have a fling; and my friend Mr. Woodseer said, it was 'Adonis come to spy the boar!' The picture!"

Prompt as bugle to the breath, Livia proposed to bet him fifty pounds that she would keep young Cresset from gambling a single louis. The pretty saying did not touch her.

Fleetwood crowed and bowed, Sir Meeson Corby simulated a petrification of his frame at seeing the Countess of Fleetwood actually partly bent with her gracious acknowledgment of the tramp's gawky homage.

CHAPTER X

SMALL CAUSES.

A CLOCK sounded one of the later morning hours of the night as Gower Woodseer stood at his hotel door, having left Fleetwood with a band of revellers. The night was not clear. Stars were low over the ridge of pines, dropped to a league of our strange world to record the doings. Beneath this roof lay the starry She. He was elected to lie beneath it also; and he beheld his heavenly lady floating on the lull of soft white cloud among her sister spheres. After the way of imaginative young men, he had her features more accurately now she was hidden, and he idealized her more. He could escape for a time from his coil of similes and paint for himself the irids of her large, long, gray eyes darkly rimmed; purest water-gray, lucid within the ring, beneath an arch of lashes. He had them fast; but then he fell to contemplating their exceeding rareness; and the mystery of the divinely gray swung a kindled fancy to the flight with some queen-witch of woods, of whom a youth may dream under the spell of twilights east or west among forest branches.

She had these marvellous eyes and the glamour for men. She had not yet met a man with the poetical twist in the brain to prize her elementally. All admitted the glamour; none of her courtiers was able to name it, even the poetical head giving it a name did not think of the witch in her looks as a witch in her deeds, a modern daughter of the mediæval. To her giant squire the eyes of the lady were queer; they were unlit glass lamps to her French suppliant; and to the others, they were attractively uncommon; the charm for them being in her fine outlines, her stature, carriage of her person, and unalterable composure; particularly her latent daring. She had the effect on the general mind of a lofty crag-castle with a history. There was a whiff of gunpowder exciting the atmosphere in the anecdotal part of the history known.

Woodseer sat for a certain time over his note-book. He closed it with a thrilling conceit of the right thing written down, such as entomologists feel when they have pinned the rare insect; then restored the book to his coat's breast-pocket, smiling or sneering at the rolls of bank-notes there, disdaining to count them. They stuffed an inner waistcoat pocket and his trousers also. They at any rate warranted that we can form a calculation of the chances, let Lord Fleetwood rave as he may please.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woodseer had caught a glimpse of the elbow-point of his coat when flinging it back to the chair. There was distinctly abrasion. Philosophers laugh at such things. But they must be the very ancient pallium philosophers, ensconced in tubs, if they pretend to merriment over the spectacle of nether garments gapped at the spot where man is most vulnerable. He got loose from them and held them up to the candle, and the rays were admitted, neither winking nor peeping. Serviceable old clothes, no doubt. Time had not dealt them the final kick before they scored a good record. They dragged him, nevertheless, to a sort of confession of some weakness, that he could not analyze for the swirl of emotional thoughts in the way; and they had him to the ground. An eagle of the poetic becomes a mere squat toad through one of these petty material strokes. Where then is philosophy? But who can be philosopher and the fervent admirer of a glorious lady? Ask again, who in that frowzy garb can presume to think of her or stand within fifty miles of her orbit?

A dreary two hours brought round daylight. Woodseer quitted his restless bed and entered the adjured habiliments, chivalrous enough to keep from denouncing them until he could cast the bad skin they now were to his uneasy sensations. He remembered having stumbled and fallen on the slope of the hill into this vale, and probably then the mischief had occurred—though a brush would have been sufficient, the slightest collision. Only it was odd that the accident should have come to pass just previous to his introduction. How long antecedent was it? He belabored his memory to reckon how long it was from the moment of the fall to the first sight of that lady.

His window looked down on the hotel stable-yard. A coach-house door was open. Odd or not—and it certainly looked like fate—that he should be bowing to his lady so shortly after the mishap expelling him, he had to leave the place. A groom in the yard was hailed, and cheerily informed him he could be driven to Carlsruhe as soon as the coachman had finished his breakfast. At Carlsruhe a decent refitting might be obtained, and he could return from exile that very day, thanks to the praiseworthy early hours of brave old Germany.

He had swallowed a cup of coffee with a roll of stale bread in the best of moods, and entered his carriage; he was calling the order to start, when a shout surprised his ear: "The fiddler bolts!"

Captain Abrane's was the voice. About twenty paces behind Abrane, Fleetwood, and one whom they called Chummy Potts, were wildly waving arms. Woodseer could hear the captain's lowered roar: "Race you, Chummy; couple of louis, catch him first!" The two came pelting up to the carriage abreast. They were belated revellers, and had been carelessly strolling under the pinky cloudlets bedward, after a prolonged carousal with the sons and daughters of hilarious nations, until the apparition of Virgin Luck on the wing shocked all prospect of a dead fight with the tables that day.

"Here, come, no, by Jove, you Mr. Woodsir! Won't do, not a bit; can't let you go," cried Abrane, as he puffed. "What! cut and run and leave us, post winnings bankers—knock your luck on the head! What a fellow! Can't let you. Countess never forgive us. You promised—swore it—play for her. Struck all aheap to hear of your play! You've got the trick. Her purse for you in my pocket. Never a fellow played like you. Cool as a cook over a gridiron! *Comme un phare!* St. Ombre says, that Frenchman. You astonished the Frenchman! And now cut and run? Can't allow it. Honor of the country at stake."

"Hands off!" Woodseer bellowed, feeling himself a leaky vessel in dock, his infirmities in danger of exposure. "If you pull! what the deuce do you want? Stop!"

"Out you come," said the giant, and laughed at the fun to his friends, who were entirely harmonious when not violently dissenting, as is the way with Night's rollickers before their beds have reconciled them to the daybeams.

Woodseer would have had to come and was coming; he happened to say: "Don't knock my pipe out of my mouth," and touched a chord in the giant.

"All right; smoke your pipe," was answered to his remonstrance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During the amnesty Fleetwood inquired: "Where are you going?"

"For a drive, to be sure. Don't you see!"

"You'll return?"

"I intend to return."

"He's beastly excited," quoth Abrane.

Fleetwood silenced him, though indeed Woodseer appeared suspiciously restive.

"Step down and have a talk with me before you start. You're not to go yet."

"I must. I'm in a hurry."

"What's the hurry?"

"I want to smoke and think."

"Takes a carriage on the top of the morning to smoke and think! Hark at that!" Abrane sang out. "Oh, come along quietly, you fellow, there's a good fellow! It concerns us all, every man-Jack; we're all bound up in your fortunes. Fellow with luck like yours can't pretend to behave independently. Out of reason!"

"Do you give me your word you return?" said Fleetwood.

Woodseer replied: "Very well; I do; there, I give my word. Hang it! now I know what they mean by 'anything for a quiet life.' Just a shake brings us down on that cane-bottomed chair!"

"You return to-day?"

"To-day, yes, yes."

Fleetwood signified the captive's release; and Abrane immediately suggested:

"Pop old Chummy in beside the fellow to mount guard."

Potts was hustled and precipitated into the carriage by the pair, with whom he partook this last glimmer of their night's humorous extravagances, for he was an easy creature. The carriage drove off.

"Keep him company!" they shouted.

"Escort him back!" said he, nodding.

He remarked to Woodseer: "With your permission," concerning the seat he took, and that "a draught of morning air would do him good." Then he laughed politely, exchanged wavy distant farewells with his comrades, touched a breast-pocket for his case of cigars, pulled forth one, obtained "the loan of a light," blew clouds, and fell into the anticipated composure, quite understanding the case and his office.

Both agreed as to the fine morning it was. Woodseer briefly assented to his keeper's reiterated encomium on the morning, justified on oath. A fine morning indeed. "Damned if I think I ever saw so fine a morning!" Potts cried. He had no other subject of conversation with this hybrid; and being equally disposed for hot discourse or for sleep, the deprivation of the one and the other forced him to seek amusement in his famous reading of character; which was profound among the biped equine jockeys, turfmen, sharpers, pugilists, demireps. He fronted Woodseer with square shoulders and wide knees, an elbow on one, a fist on the other, engaged in what he termed the "prodding of his eel," or "nicking of his man;" a method of getting straight at the riddle of the fellow by the test of how long he could endure a flat, mute stare and return look for look unblinking. The act of smoking fortifies and partly covers the insolence. But if by chance an equable, not too narrowly focussed, counterstare is met, our impertinent inquisitor may resemble the fisherman pulled into deep waters by his fish. Woodseer perused his man, he was not attempting to fathom him; he had besides other stuff in his head. Potts had nought, and the poor particle he was wriggled under detection.

"Tobacco before breakfast!" he said disgustedly, tossing his cigar to the road. "Your pipe holds on. Bad thing, I can tell you, that smoking on an empty stomach. No trainers allow it, not for a whole fee or double. Kills your wind. Let me ask you, my good sir, are you going to turn? We've sat a fairish stretch. I begin to want my bath and a shave, linen and coffee. Thirsty as a dog."

He heard with stupefaction that he could alight on the spot, if he pleased, otherwise he would be driven into Carlsruhe. And now they had a lingual encounter, hot against cool; but the eyes of Chummy Potts having been beaten, his arguments and reproaches were not backed by the powerful looks which are an essential part of such eloquence as he commanded. They fled from his enemy's currishly, even while he was launching epithets. His pathetic posi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion subjected him to beg that Woodseer would direct the driver to turn, for he had no knowledge of "their German lingo." And said he: "You've nothing to laugh at, that I can see. I'm at your mercy, you brute; caught in a trap. I never walk; and the sun fit to fry a mackerel along that road! I apologize for abusing you; I can't do more. You're an infernally clever player — there! And, upon my soul, I could drink ditchwater! But if you're going in for transactions at Carlsruhe, mark my words, your luck's gone. Laugh as much as you like."

Woodseer happened to be smiling over the excellent reason for not turning back which inflicted the wofulness. He was not without sympathy for a thirsty wretch, and guessing, at the sight of an avenue of limes to the left of the road, that a wayside inn was below, he said: "You can have coffee or beer in two minutes," and told the driver where to pull up.

The sight of a gray-jacketed, green-collared sportsman, dog at heel, crossing the flat land to the hills of the forest, pricked him enviously, and caused him to ask what change had come upon him, that he should be hurrying to a town for a change of clothes. Just as Potts was about to jump out, a carriage, with a second behind it, left the inn-door. He rubbed a hand on his unshaven chin, tried a glance at his shirt-front, and remarking, "It won't be anyone who knows me," stood to let the carriages pass. In the first were a young lady and gentleman; the lady brilliantly fair, an effect of auburn hair and complexion, despite the signs of a storm that had swept them and had not cleared from her eyelids. Apparently her maid, a damsel sitting straight up, occupied the carriage following; and this fresh-faced young person twice quickly and bluntly bent her head as she was driven by. Potts was unacquainted with the maid. But he knew the lady well, or well enough for her inattention to be the bigger puzzle. She gazed at the Black Forest hills in the steadiest manner, with eyes betraying more than they saw, which solved part of the puzzle, of course. Her reasons for declining to see him were exposed by the presence of the gentleman beside her. At the same time, in so highly bred a girl, a defenceless exposure was unaccountable. Half a nod and the shade of a smile would have been the proper course; and her going on along the road to the valley seemed to say it might easily have been taken, except that there had evidently been a bit of a scene.

Potts ranked Henrietta's beauty far above her cousin Livia's. He was therefore personally offended by her disregard of him, and her bit of a scene with the fellow carrying her off did him injury on behalf of his friend Fleetwood. He dismissed Woodseer curtly. Thirsting more to gossip than to drink, he took a moody draught of beer at the inn, and by the aid of a conveyance, "hastily built of rotten planks to serve his needs, and drawn by a horse of the old wars," as he reported on his arrival at Baden, reached that home of the maltreated innocents twenty minutes before the Countess and her party were to start for lunch up the Lichtenthal. Naturally he was abused for letting his bird fly; but as he was shaven, refreshed, and in clean linen, he could pull his shirt-cuffs and take seat at his breakfast-table with equanimity while Abrane denounced him.

"I bet you the fellow's luck has gone," said Potts. "He's no new hand, and you don't think him so either, Fleet. I've looked into the fellow's eye and seen a leery old badger at the bottom of it. Talks vile stuff. However, perhaps I didn't drive out on that sweltering Carlsruhe road for nothing."

He screwed a look at the Earl, who sent Abrane to carry a message and heard the story Potts had to tell. "Henrietta Fakenham! No mistake about her; driving out from a pothouse; man beside her, military man; might be a German. And, if you please, quite unacquainted with your humble servant, though we were as close as you to me. Something went wrong in that pothouse. Red eyes. There had been a scene, one could swear. Behind the lady another carriage, and her maid. Never saw the girl before, and sets to bowing and smirking at me, as if I was the fellow of all others! Comical. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made sure they were bound for this place. They were on the Strasburg road. No sign of them?"

"You speak to me?" said Fleetwood.

Potts muttered. He had put his foot into it.

"You have a bad habit of speaking to yourself," Fleetwood remarked, and left him. He suffered from the rustics he had to deal with among his class, and it was not needed that he should thunder at them to make his wrath felt.

Livia swam in, asking: "What has come to Russett? He passed me in one of his black fits."

The tale of the Carlsruhe road was repeated by Potts. She reproved him. "How could you choose Russett for such a report as that! The Admiral was on the road behind. Henrietta—you're sure it was she? German girls have much the same coloring. The gentleman with her must have been one of the court equerries. They were driving to some chateau or battlefield the Admiral wanted to inspect. Good-looking man? Military man?"

"Oh! the man! pretty fair, I dare say," Potts rejoined. "If it wasn't Henrietta Fakenham, I see with the back of my head. German girl! The maid was a German girl."

"That may well be," said Livia.

She conceived the news to be of sufficient importance for her to countermand the drive up the Lichtenthal, and take the Carlsruhe road instead; for Henrietta was weak, and Chillon Kirby an arch-plotter, and pleader too, one of the desperate lovers. He was outstaying his leave of absence already, she believed; he had to be in England. If he feared to lose Henrietta, he would not hesitate to carry her off. Livia knew him, and knew the power of his pleading with a firmer woman than Henrietta.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRISONER OF HIS WORD

NOTHING to rouse alarm was discovered at Carlsruhe. Livia's fair cousin was there with the red-haired gaunt girl of the mountains; and it was frankly stated by Henrietta, that she had accompanied the girl a certain distance along the Strasburg road, for her to see the last of her brother Chillon on his way to England. Livia was not the woman to push inquiries. On that subject she merely said, as soon as they were alone together: "You seem to have had the lion's share of the parting."

"Yes, we passed Mr. Chumley Potts," was Henrietta's immediate answer; and her reference to him disarmed Livia.

They smiled at his name, transiently, but in agreement; the tattler-spout of their set was a fatal person to encounter, and each deemed the sudden apparition of him in the very early morning along the Carlsruhe road rather magical.

"You place particular confidence in Russett's fidelity to his word, Riette—as you have been hearing yourself called. You should be serious by this time. Russett won't bear much more. I counted on the night of the ball for the grand effect. You will extinguish every woman there—and if he is absent?"

"I shall excuse him."

"You are not in a position to be so charitable. You ought to know your position, and yourself too, a little better than you do. How could you endure poverty? Chillon Kirby stands in his uniform, and all's told. He can manœuvre, we know. He got the Admiral away to take him to those reviews cleverly. But is he thinking of your interests when he does it? He requires twenty years of active service to give you a roof to your head. I hate such allusions. But look for a moment at your character; you must have ordinary luxuries and pleasures, and if you were to find yourself grinding against common necessities—imagine it! Russett is quite manageable. He is, trust me! He is a gentleman; he has more ability than most young men; he can do anything he sets his mind to do. He has his great estates and fortune all in his own hands. We call him eccentric. He is only young, with a lot of power. Add, he's in love, and some one distracts him. Not love, do you say? You look it. He worships. He has no chance given him to show himself at his best. Perhaps he is off again now. Will you bet me he is not?"

"I should incline to make the bet, if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I betted," said Henrietta. "His pride is in his word; and supposing he's in love, it's with his pride, which never quits him."

"There's firmness in a man who has pride of that kind. You must let me take you back to Baden. I hold to having you with me to-day. You must make an appearance there. The Admiral will bring us his Miss Kirby to-morrow, if he is bound to remain here to-night. There's no harm in his bachelor dinners. I suspect his twinges of gout come of the prospect of affairs when he lands in England. Remember our bill with Madame Clemence. There won't be the ghost of a bank-note for me if Russett quits the field; we shall all be stranded."

Henrietta inquired: "Does it depend on my going with you to-day?"

"Consider, that he is now fancying a thousand things. We won't talk of the road to Paris."

A shot of color swept over Henrietta.

"I will speak to papa. If he can let me go. He has taken to Miss Kirby."

"Does she taste well?"

Henrietta debated. "It's impossible to dislike her. Oh! she is wild! She knows absolutely nothing of the world. She can do everything we can't—or don't dare to try. Men would like her. Papa's beginning to doat. He says she would make a first-rate soldier. She fears blood as little as her morning cup of milk. One of the orderlies fell rather badly from a frightened horse close by our carriage. She was out in a moment and had his head on her lap, calling to papa to keep the carriage fast and block the way of the squadron, for the man's leg was hurt. I really thought we were lost. At these manœuvres anything may happen, at any instant. Papa will follow the horse-artillery. You know his vanity to be a military quite as much as a naval commander—like the Greeks and Romans, he says. We took the bruised man into our carriage and drove him to camp, Carinthia nursing him on the way."

"Carinthia! She's well fitted with her name. What with her name and her hair and her build and her singular style of attire, one wonders at her coming into civilized parts. She's utterly unlike Chillon."

Henrietta reddened at the mention of one of her own thoughts in the contrasting of the pair.

They had their points of likeness, she said.

It did not concern Livia to hear what these were. Back to Baden, with means to procure the pleasant shocks of the galvanic battery there, was her thought, for she had a fear of the Earl's having again departed in a huff at Henrietta's behavior.

The Admiral consented that his daughter should go, as soon as he heard that Miss Kirby was to stay. He had, when a young man, met her famous father; he vowed she was the Old Buccaneer young again in petticoats, and had made prize of an English man-of-war by storm; all the profit, however, being his. This he proved with a courteous clasp of the girl, and a show of the salute on her cheek, which he presumed to take at the night's farewell. "She's my tonic," he proclaimed, heartily. She seemed to Livia somewhat unstrung and toneless. The separation from her brother in the morning might account for it. And a man of the Admiral's age could be excused if he exalted the girl. Senility, like infancy, is fond of plain outlines for the laying on of its paints. The girl had rugged brows, a short nose, red hair; no young man would look at her twice. She was utterly unlike Chillon! Kissing her hand to Henrietta from the steps of the hotel, the girl's face improved.

Livia's little squire, Sir Meeson Corby, ejaculated as they were driving down the main street: "Fleetwood's tramp! There he goes. Now see, Miss Fakenham, the kind of object Lord Fleetwood picks up and calls friend—calls that object friend! . . . But, what? He has been to a tailor and a barber!"

"Stop the coachman. Run, tell Mr. Woodseer, I wish him to join us," Livia said, and Sir Meeson had to thank his tramp for a second indignity. He protested, he simulated remonstrance, he had to go, really feeling a sickness.

The singular-looking person, whose necessities or sense of the decencies had, unknown to himself and to the others, put them all in motion that day, swung round listening to the challenge to arms,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the puffy little man's delivery of the Countess's message sounded. He was respectably clad, he thought, in the relief of his escape from the suit of clothes discarded, and he silently followed Sir Meeson's trot to the carriage. "Should have mistaken you for a German, to-day, sir," the latter said, and trotted on.

"A stout one," Woodseer replied, with his happy indifference to his exterior.

His dark lady's eyes were kindly overlooking, like the heavens. Her fair cousin, to whom he bowed, awakened him to a perception of the spectacle, causing the slight, quick arrest of her look, in an astonishment not unlike the hiccup in speech, while her act of courtesy proceeded. At once he was conscious of the price he paid for respectability, and saw the Teuton skin on the slim Cambrian, baggy at shoulders, baggy at seat, pinched at the knees, short at the heels, showing outrageously every spot where he ought to have been bigger or smaller. How accept or how reject the invitation to drive in such company to Baden!

"You're decided enough, sir, in your play, they tell me," the vindictive little baronet commented on his hesitation, and Woodseer sprang to the proffered vacant place. But he had to speak of his fly waiting for him at the steps of a certain hotel.

"Best hotel in the town!" Sir Meeson exclaimed, pointedly, to Henrietta, reading her constraint with this comic object before her. It was the Admiral's hotel they stopped at.

"Be so good as to step down and tell the Admiral he is to bring Madame Clemence in his carriage to-morrow; and on your way you will dismiss Mr. Woodseer's fly," Livia mildly addressed her squire. He stared; again he had to go, muttering, "That nondescript's footman!" and his mischance in being checked and crossed and humiliated perpetually by a dirty-fisted vagabond impostor astounded him. He sent the flyman to the carriage for orders.

Admiral Fakenham and Carinthia descended. Sir Meeson heard her cry out: "It is you!" and up stood the pretentious lout in the German sack, affecting the graces of a born gentleman fresh from Paris, bowing, smirking, excusing himself for something; and he jumped down to the young lady, he talked intimately with her, with a joker's air; he roused the Admiral to an exchange of jokes, and the Countess and Miss Fakenham more than smiled, evidently at his remarks, unobservant of the preposterous figure he cut. Sir Meeson Corby had intimations of the disintegration of his country if a patent tramp burlesquing in those clothes could be permitted to amuse English ladies of high station, quite at home with them. Among the signs of England's downfall this was decidedly one. What to think of the Admiral's favorite when, having his arm paternally on her shoulder, she gave the tramp her hand at parting, and then blushed! All that the ladies had to say about it was, that a spread of color rather went to change the character of her face.

Carinthia had given Woodseer her hand and reddened under the recollection of Chillon's words to her as they mounted the rise of the narrow vale, after leaving the lame gentleman to his tobacco on the grass below the rocks. Her brother might have counselled her wisely, and was to be obeyed. Only, the great pleasure in seeing the gentleman again inspired gratitude; he brought the scene to her; the gentleman was her link to the mountain paths; he was just outside an association with her father and mother. At least her thinking of them led to him, he to them. Now she had lost Chillon, no one was near to do so much. Besides Chillon loved Henrietta; he was her own. His heart was hers, and his mind his country's. This gentleman loved the mountains; the sight of him breathed mountain air.

Baden was her first peep at the edges of the world since she had grown to be a young woman. She had but a faint idea of the signification of gambling. The brilliant lights, the band music, the sitting groups and company of promenaders were novelties; the ball of the ensuing night at the Schloss would be a wonder, she acknowledged in response to Henrietta, who was trying to understand her; and she admired her ball-dress, she said; looking unintelligently when she heard that she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be guilty of slaying numbers of gentlemen before the night was over. Madame Clemence thought her chances in that respect as good as any other young lady's, if only she could be got to feel interested. But at a word of the pine-forest, and saying she intended to climb the hills early with the light in the morning, a pointed eagerness flushed Carinthia, the cold engraving became a picture of color.

She was out with the earliest light. Yesterday's parting between Chillon and Henrietta had taught her to know some little about love; and if her voice had been heeded by Chillon's beloved, it would not have been a parting. Her only success was to bring a flood of tears from Henrietta. The tears at least assured her that her brother's beautiful girl had no love for the other one, the young nobleman of the great wealth, who was to be at the ball, and had "gone flying," Admiral Fakenham shrugged to say; for Lord Fleetwood was nowhere seen.

The much talk of him on the promenade overnight fetched his name to her thoughts: he scarcely touched a mind that her father filled when she was once again breathing morning air among the stems of climbing pines, broken alleys of the low-sweeping spruce-branches, and the bare, straight shafts carrying their heads high in the march upward. Her old father was arch-priest of such forest-land, always recoverable to her there. The suggestion of mountains was enough to make her mind play, and her old father and she were aware of one another without conversing in speech. He pointed at things to observe; he shared her satisfied hunger for the solitudes of the dumb and growing and wild sweet-smelling. He would not let a sorrowful thought backward or an apprehensive idea forward disturb the scene. A half-uprooted pine-tree stem propped mid-fall by standing comrades; and the downy drop to ground and muted scurry up the bark of long-brush squirrels, cocktail on the wary watch; were noticed by him as well as by her; even the rotting timber drift, bark and cones on the yellow pine-needles, and the tortuous dwarf chestnut pushing level out, with a strain of the head up, from a crevice of mossed rock among ivy and ferns; he saw what his girl saw. Power of heart was her conjuring magician.

She climbed to the rock-slabs above. This was too easily done. The poor bit of effort excited her frame to desire a spice of danger, her walk was towering in the physical contempt of a mountain girl for petty lowland obstructions. And it was just then, by the chance of things—by the direction of events, as dame gossip believes it to be—while color, expression, and her proud stature marked her from her sex, that a gentleman, who was no other than Lord Fleetwood, passed Carinthia, coming out of the deeper pine-forest.

Some distance on, round a bend of the path, she was tempted to adventure by a projected forked head of a sturdy blunted and twisted little rock-fostered forest-tree pushing horizontally for growth about thirty feet above the lower ground. She looked on it, and took a step down to the stem soon after. Fleetwood had turned and followed, merely for the final curious peep at an unexpected vision; he had noticed the singular shoot of thick timber from the rock, and the form of the goose neck it rose to, the sprout of branches off the bill in the shape of a crest. And now a shameful spasm of terror seized him at sight of a girl doing what he would have dreaded to attempt. She footed coolly, well-balanced, upright. She seated herself.

And there let her be. She was a German girl, apparently. She had an air of breeding, something more than breeding. German families of the nobles give out here and there, as the great war showed examples of, intrepid young women, who have the sharp lines of character to render them independent of the graces. But, if a young woman out alone in the woods was hardly to be counted among the well-born, she held rank above them. Her face and bearing might really be taken to symbolize the forest life. She was as individual a representative as the tragic and comic masks, and should be got to stand between them for sign of the naturally straight-growing untrained, a noble daughter of the woods.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not comparable to Henrietta in feminine beauty; she was on an upper plateau, where questions as to beauty are answered by other than the shallow aspect of a girl. But would Henrietta eclipse her if they were side by side? Fleetwood recalled the strange girl's face. There was in it a savage poignancy in serenity unexampled among women—or modern women. One might imagine an apotheosis—a militant young princess of Goths or Vandals, the glow of blessedness awakening her martial ardors through the languor of the grave; Woodseer would comprehend and hit on the exact image to portray her in a moment, Fleetwood thought, and longed for that fellow.

He walked hurriedly back to the stunted rock-tree. The damsel had vanished. He glanced below; she had not fallen. He longed to tell Woodseer he had seen a sort of Carinthia—a sister, cousin, one of the family. A single glimpse of her had raised him out of his grovelling perturbations, cooled and strengthened him, more than diverting the course of the poison Henrietta infused, and to which it disgraced him to be so subject. He took love unmanfully; the passion struck at his weakness; in wrath at the humiliation, if only to revenge himself for that, he could be fiendish; he knew it and loathed the desired fair creature who caused and exposed to him these cracks in his nature, whence there came a brimstone stench of the infernal pits. And he was made for better. Of this he was right well assured. Superior to station and to wealth, to all mundane advantages, he was the puppet of a florid puppet girl; and he had slept at the small inn of a village hard by, because it was intolerable to him to see the face that had been tearful over her lover's departure, and hear her praises of the man she trusted to keep his word however grievously she wounded him.

He was the prisoner of his word; rather like the donkeys known as married men; rather more honorable than most of them. He had to be present at the ball at the Schloss and behold his loathed Henrietta, suffer torture of chains to the rack, by reason of his having promised the bitter coquette he would be there. So hellish did the misery seem to him, that he was relieved by the prospect of lying a whole day long in loneliness with the sunshine of the woods, occasionally conjuring up the antidote face of the wood-sprite, before he was to undergo it. But, as he was not by nature a dreamer, only dreamed of the luxury of being one, he soon looked back with loathing on a notion of relief to come from the state of ruminating animal, and jumped up and shook off another of men's delusions; that they can, if they have the heart to suffer pain, deaden it with any semi-poetical devices.

Pleasure in the scenery had gone, and the wood-sprite was a flitted vapor; he longed to be below there, observing Abrane and Potts and the philosopher confounded, and the legible placidity of Countess Livia. Nevertheless, he hung aloft, feeding when he could, impatient of the solitudes, till night, when, according to his guess, the ladies were at their robing.

Half the fun was over; but the tale of it, narrated in turns by Abrane and his Chummy Potts on the promenade, was a very good half. The fiddler had played for the countess and handed her back her empty purse, with a bow and a pretty speech. Nothing had been seen of him since. He had lost all his own money besides. "As of course he would," said Potts. "A fellow calculating the chances, catches at a knife in the air."

"Every franc-piece he had!" cried Abrane. "And how could the jackass expect to keep his luck! Flings off his old suit and comes back here with a rig of German bags—you never saw such a figure! Shoreditch Jew's holiday!—why, of course, the luck wouldn't stand that."

They confessed ruefully to having backed him a certain distance, notwithstanding. "He took it so coolly, just as if paying for goods across a counter."

"And he had something to bear, Braney, when you fell on him," said Potts, and murmured aside: "He can be smartish. Hears me call Braney Rufus, and says he, like a fellow chin on his fiddle, 'Captain Mountain, Rufus Mus.' Not bad for a counter!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fleetwood glanced round; he could have wrung Woodseer's hand. He saw young Cressett instead, and hailed him: "Here you are, my gallant! You shall flesh your maiden sword to-night. When I was under your age, by a long count, I dealt sanctimoniousness a flick o' the cheek, and you shall, and let 'em know you're a man. Come and have your first boar-hunt along with me. Petticoats be hanged."

The boy showed some recollection of the lectures of his queen, but he had not the vocables for resistance to an imperative senior at work upon sneaking inclinations. "Promised Lady F——! do you hear him?" Fleetwood called to the couple behind; and as gamblers must needs be parasites, manly were the things they spoke to invigorate the youthful plunger and second the whim of their paymaster.

At half past eleven, the prisoner of his word entered under the Schloss portico, having vowed to himself on the way, that he would satisfy the formulas to gain release by a deferential bow to the great personages, and straightway slip out into the heavenly starlight thence down among the jolly Parisian and Viennese Bacchanals.

CHAPTER XII

HENRIETTA'S LETTER TREATING OF THE GREAT EVENT

BY the first light of an autumn morning, Henrietta sat at her travelling desk, to shoot a spark into the breast of her lover with the story of the great event of the night. For there had been one, one of our biggest, beyond all tongues and trumpets and possible anticipations. Wonder at it hammered on incredulity as she wrote it for fact, and in writing had vision of her lover's eyes over the page.

"Monsieur Du Lac:

"Gray dawn. You are greeted. This, if you have been tardy on the journey home, will follow close on the heels of the prowest, I believe truest, of knights, and bear perhaps to his quick mind some help to the solution he dropped a hint of seeking.

"The Ball in every way a success. Grand Duke and Duchess perfect in courtesy, not a sign of the German *morgue*. Livia splendid. Compared to Day and Night. But the Night eclipses the Day. A Summer Sea of dancing. Who think you eclipsed those two?

"I tell you the very truth when I say your Carinthia did. If you had seen her—'poor dear girl' you sigh to speak of, with the doleful outlook on her fortunes: 'portionless, unattractive!' Chillon, she was magical! You cannot ever have seen her irradiated with happiness. Her pleasure in the happiness of all around her was part of the charm. One should be a poet to describe her. It would task an artist to paint the rose-crystal she became when threading her way through the groups to be presented. This is not meant to say that she looked beautiful. It was the something above beauty — more unique and impressive—like the Alpine snow-cloak towering up from the flowery slopes you know so well and I a little.

"You choose to think, is it Riette who noticed my simple sister so closely before . . . ? for I suppose you to be reading this letter a second time and reflecting as you read. In the first place, acquaintance with her has revealed, that she is not the simple person—only in her manner. Under the beams of subsequent events, it is true I see her more picturesquely. But I noticed also just a suspicion of the 'grenadier' stride when she was on the march to make her courtesy. But Livia had no cause for chills and quivers. She was not the very strange bird requiring explanatory excuses; she dances excellently, and after the first dance, I noticed she minced her steps in the walk with her partner. She catches the tone readily. If not the image of her mother, she has inherited her mother's bent for the graces; she needs but a small amount of practice.

"Take my assurance of that; and you know who has critical eyes. Your anxiety may rest; she is equal to any station.

"As expected by me, my Lord Tyrant appeared, though late, near mid-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

night. I saw him bowing to the ducal party. Papa had led your 'simple sister' there. Next I saw the Tyrant and Carinthia conversing. Soon they were dancing together, talking interestedly, like cheerful comrades. Whatever his faults, he has the merit of being a man of his word. He said he would come, he did not wish to come, and he came.

"His word binds him—I hope not fatally; irrevocably, it certainly does. There is the charm of character in that. His autocrat airs can be forgiven to a man who so profoundly respects his word.

"It occurred during their third dance. Your Riette was not in the quadrille. O but she was a snubbed young woman last night! I refrain—the examples are too minute for quotation.

"A little later he had vanished. Carinthia Kirby may already be written Countess of Fleetwood! His hand was offered and hers demanded in plain terms. Her brother would not be so astounded if he had seen the brilliant creature she was—is, I could say; for when she left me here, to go to her bed, she still wore the 'afterglow.' She tripped over to me in the ball-room to tell me. I might doubt, she had no doubt whatever. I fancied he had subjected her to some degree of trifling. He was in a mood. His moods are known to me. But no, he was precise; her report of him strikes the ear as credible, in spite of the marvel it insists on our swallowing.

"'Lord Fleetwood has asked me to marry him.' Neither assurance nor bashfulness; newspaper print; and an undoubting air of contentment.

"Imagine me hearing it.

"'To be his wife?'

"'He said wife.'

"'And you replied?'

"'I said I would.'

"'Tell me all?'

"'He said we were plighted.'

"Now, 'wife' is one of the words he abhors; and he loathes the hearing of a girl as 'engaged.' However 'plighted' carried a likeness.

"I pressed her: 'My dear Carinthia, you thought him in earnest?'

"'He was.'

"'How do you judge?'

"'By his look when he spoke.'

"'Not by his words?'

"'I repeat them to you.'

"She has repeated them to me here in my bed-room. There is no variation. She remembers every syllable. He went so far as to urge her to say whether she would as willingly utter consent if they were in a church and a clergyman at the altar-rails.

"That was like him.

"She made answer: 'Wherever it may be, I am bound, if I say yes.'

"She then adds: 'He told me he joined hands with me.'

"'Did he repeat the word "wife"?'

"'He said it twice.'

"I transcribe verbatim scrupulously. There cannot be an error, Chillon. It seems to show that he has embraced the serious meaning of the word—or seriously embraced the meaning reads better. I have seen his lips form 'wife.'

"But why wonder so strangely? They both love the mountains. Both are wildish. She was looking superb. And he had seen her do a daring thing on the rocks on the heights in the early morning, when she was out by herself, unaware of a spectator, he not knowing who she was; the fates had arranged it so. That was why he took to her so rapidly. So he told her. She likes being admired. The preparation for the meeting does really seem 'under direction.' She likes him too, I do think. Between her repetitions of his compliments, she praised his tone of voice, his features. She is ready to have the fullest faith in the sincerity of his offer; speaks without any impatience for the fulfillment. If it should happen, what a change in the fortunes of a girl!—of more than one possibly.

"Now I must rest—'eyelids fall.' It will be with a heart galloping. No rest for me till this letter flies. Good-morning is my good-night to you, in a world that has turned over."

Henrietta resumes:

"Livia will not hear of it, calls up all her pretty languor to put it inside. It is the same to-day as last night. 'Why mention Russett's nonsense to me?' Carinthia is as quietly circumstantial as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at first. She and the Tyrant talked of her native home. Very desirous to see it, means to build a mansion there. 'He said it must be the most romantic place on earth.'

"I suppose I slept. I woke with my last line to you on my lips, and the great news thundering. He named Esslemont and his favorite—always uninhabited—Cader Argau. She speaks them correctly. She has an unfailing memory. The point is, that it is a memory.

"Do not forget also—Livia is affected by her distaste—that he is a gentleman. He plays with his nobility. With his reputation of gentleman, he has never been known to play. You will understand the slightly hypocritical air—it is not of sufficient importance for it to be be alluded to in Papa's presence—I put on with her.

"Yes, I danced nearly all the dances. One, a princeling in scarlet uniform, appearing fresh from under earth, Prussian; a weighty young Graf in green, between sage and bottle, who seemed to have run off a tree in the forest, and was trimmed with silver-like dew-drops; one of your Austrian white, *dragon de Bohème*, if I caught his French rightly. Others as well, a list. They have the accomplishment. They are drilled in it young, as girls are, and so few Englishmen—even Englishmen—even English officers. How it may be for campaigning, you can pronounce; but for dancing the *pantalon collant* is the perfect uniform. Your critical Henrietta had not to complain of her partners, in the absence of the one.

"I shall be haunted by visions of Chillon's amazement until I hear or we meet. I serve for Carinthia's mouthpiece, she cannot write it, she says. It would be related in two copybook lines, if at all.

"The amazement over London! The jewel hand of the Kingdom gone in a flash, to 'a raw mountain girl,' as will be said. I can hear Lady Endor, Lady Eldritch, Lady Cowry. The reasonable woman should be Lady Arpington. I have heard her speak of your mother, seen by her when she was in frocks.

"Enter the 'plighted.' Poor Livia, to be made a Dowager of by any but a damsel of the family. She may well ridicule 'that nonsense of Russett's last night.' Carinthia kisses, embraces her brother. I am to say: "What Henrietta tells you is true, Chillon.' She is contented though she has not seen him again, and has not the look of expecting to see him. She still wears the kind of afterglow.

"Chillon's Viennese waltz was played by the band—played a second time, special request conveyed to the leader by Prince Ferdinand. True, most true, she longs to be home across the water. But be it admitted, that to any one loving color, music, chivalry, the Island of Drab is an exile. Imagine, then, the strange magnetism drawing her there. Could warmer proof be given?

"Adieu. Livia's 'arch-plotter' will weigh the letter he reads to the smallest fraction of a fraction before he moves a step.

"I could leave it and come to it again and add and add I foresee in Livia's mind a dread of the aforesaid arch, and an interdict. So the letter must be closed, sealed, and into the box, with the hand I still call mine, though I shall doubt my right if it were contested fervently. I am singing the waltz.

"Adieu,

"Ever and beyond it,

"Your obedient Queen,

"HENRIETTA.

"P. S.—My Lord Tyrant has departed as on other occasions. The prisoner of his word is sure to take his airing before he presents himself to redeem it. His valet is left to pay bills, fortunately for Livia. She entrusted her purse yesterday to a man picked up on the road by my lord, that he might play for her. Captain Abrane assured her he had a star, and Mr. Potts thought him a *rusé compère*, an adept of those dreadful gambling tables. Why will she continue to play. The purse was returned to her, without so much as a piece of silver in it; the man has flown. Sir M. Corby says, he is a man whose hands betray him—or did to Sir M., expects to see him one day on the wrong side of the Criminal Bar. He struck me as not being worse than absurd. He was, in any case, an unfit companion, and our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C. would help to rescue the Eccentric from such complicating associates. I see worlds of good she may do. Happily, he is no slave of the vice of gambling; so she would not suffer that anxiety. I wish it could be subjoined, that he has no malicious pleasure in misleading others. Livia is inconsolable over her pet, young Lord Cressett, whom he yesterday induced to 'try his luck'—with the result. We leave if bills are paid in two days. Captain Abrane and Mr. Potts left this afternoon; just enough to carry them home. Papa and your blissful sister out driving. Riette within her four walls and signing herself,

"THE PRISONER OF CHILLON."

(To be continued.)

THE LAST PRAYER

By William Wilfred Campbell

MASTER of life, the day is done,
My sun of life is sinking low.
I watch the hours slip one by one
And hark the night-wind and the snow.

And must thou shut the morning out
And dim the eye that loved to see;
Silence the melody and rout
And seal the joys of earth for me:

And must thou banish all the hope,
The large horizon's eagle swim,
The splendor of the far-off slope
That ran about the world's great rim,

That rose with morning's crimson rays
And grew to noonday's gloried dome,
Melting to even's purple haze
When all the hopes of earth went home?

Yea, Master of this ruined house,
The mortgage closed, outruns the lease.
Long since is hushed the gay carouse,
And now the windowed lights must cease.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The doors all barred, the shutters up,
  Dismantled, empty, wall and floor,
And now for one grim eve to sup
  With death, the bailiff, at the door.

Yea, I will take the gloomward road
  Where fast the arctic nights set in,
To reach the bourne of that abode
  Which thou hast kept for all my kin,

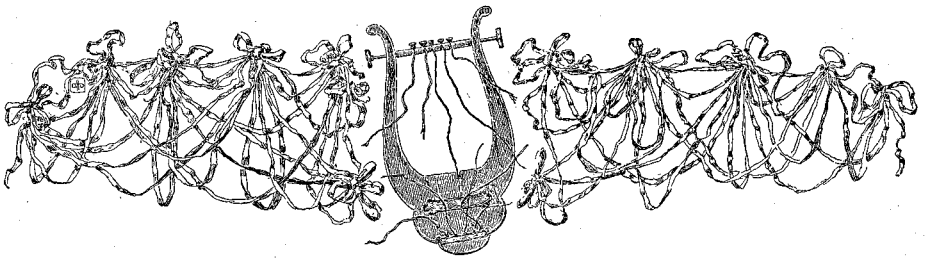
And all life's splendid joys forego,
  Walled in with night and senseless stone,
If at the last my heart might know
  'Mid all the dark one joy alone.

Yea, thou may'st quench the latest spark
  Of life's weird day's expectancy,
Roll down the thunders of the dark
  And close the light of life for me,

Melt all the splendid blue above,
  And let these magic wonders die,
If thou wilt only leave me Love
  And Love's heart-brother Memory.

Though all the hopes of every race
  Crumbled in one red crucible,
And melted mingled into space,
  Yet Master thou wert merciful.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTING AND CONDUCTORS

By William F. Apthorp

FOR the musical public at large to take special interest in orchestral conductors—under which head I would include also conductors of choruses — is something rather new; in America at least it belongs distinctly to the present day. Yet that such an interest is really and quite generally felt is indubitable. When Mr. Arthur Nikisch resigned his position at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the spring of 1893, the newspapers rang with the news; as much reporter's ingenuity was spent on trying to find out who was likely to be his successor as if it had been a matter of political import. New York, too, knows well enough how much printer's ink has been spilt over certain notable conductors; and printer's ink is a pretty sure gauge of popular interest in any question. Were this particular interest an isolated fact, a mere passing fashion or fad, unconnected with the progress of the Art of Music itself, it would have little significance. But this is not so; it is to be recognized as a direct outcome of the modern artistic spirit, a sign of the times, and is hence worth studying.

The orchestral conductor, as we now know him, is essentially a modern product; let us trace out his history. Ever since concerted music was first written and performed, it has been felt that bodies of musicians—whether singers or players—must have some more or less definite head. Even in Palestrina's day, and earlier, there was the organist, or *maestro di cappella*, who kept the performers together; but a conductor, beating time with a stick was unheard of. The same is true of Bach's and Handel's time; then it was a matter of course that the organ or clavichord (*cembalo*) should take part in all concerted music:* in purely instrumental compositions as well as in the accompaniment† of choral works. Ensemble performances were led by the organist or cembalist; he sat at his instrument, played the "accompaniment," and directed the performance—now by movements of his head, now perhaps by beating time with one hand. We still see the survival of this in our church choirs, where the organist leads and keeps the singers together.

With the more regular establishment of the orchestra under Philipp Emanuel Bach, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart, and the gradual disappearance of the improvised organ or clavichord "accompaniment," the direction of ensemble performances passed out of the hands of the time-honored organist or cembalist into those of a functionary otherwise employed. Yet the duties of the *maestro di cappella*, *maître de chapelle*, or *Kapellmeister*, embraced also those of the modern *Conzertmeister*, *chef d'attaque*, or leading first violin;

* Except, of course, *a cappella* works, for voices only.

† It is to be noted that the part to be played by the organist or cembalist was not written out, but merely vaguely indicated by thorough-bass figuring over the orchestral bass part (or *continuo*); sometimes even this figuring was omitted. The player had therefore to improvise his part in full harmony from these sparing indications. It is an interesting item in the musical terminology of the day that the term "accompaniment" did not mean, as it now does, the combined instrumental parts in a composition for voices and orchestra, but was restricted in its application to the part improvised by the organist or cembalist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the conductor still formed part of the orchestra; he conducted violin in hand, played the same part as the other first violins, beating time with his bow only in ticklish places where it was necessary to do so, to keep the players and singers together. In operas and oratorios, where there were *secco*-recitatives to be accompanied, he sat at the clavichord or pianoforte, beating time when necessary and playing—still generally improvising — the accompaniments to the recitatives.* Conducting in Haydn's and Mozart's day was much of the sort still done by the Strauss brothers of Vienna, and other dance-orchestra conductors; it was two-thirds violin playing and one-third beating time with the bow. Indeed, conducting with the violin-bow is still the rule in France, the violin itself being laid rather ostentatiously on the conductor's desk, there to repose in innocuous desuetude.

As composers began to indulge themselves more and more in rhythmic complexities, as the old simple contrasts between *forte* and *piano* made way for more elaborate effects of shading, and the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, the *rallentando* and *accelerando*, were introduced, the conductor's beating time and giving his attention more exclusively to directing the forces under him became more and more necessary; at last he gave up playing at all, and did nothing but conduct. Then the old traditional violin-bow, with its often audible "swish-sh!" through the air, was replaced by the lighter, more silent, and less fatiguing baton; the conductor grew to be pretty much what he is to-day. Still it was some time before he was considered to have much more to do than give the *tempo*, keep the orchestra well together in *accelerando* and *ritardando* passages, and see that attention was paid to the composer's "expression-marks." In the matters of vitality of accent and personal magnetism in general, he doubtless exerted a considerable influence over the forces under his command; but this was pretty much all. It was not until composers of the romantic and "emotional" schools—Beethoven† and Weber, and after them Mendelssohn—began to conduct their own works that much was done in the way of "rhythmic elasticity," or transient "modifications of *tempo*." But with these men the modern style of orchestral performance began; it was carried to still greater lengths under Wagner, Berlioz,‡ Liszt, and others; and to what extraordinary and monstrous excesses (if I may be pardoned for saying so) it has been pushed by some of our own contemporaries need hardly be said.

So much for a general outline of the main facts in the "evolution of the conductor;" now for the efficient causes that have furthered this evolution. Looking back over the history of the Art of Music, we find that, at every stage in the progress of the Art of Composition, the contemporary Art of Performance reflects its essential, as well as its more salient characteristics; no essential change comes about in the style or ideal aims of musical composition without soon being followed by a corresponding change in the methods of musical performance. And, if we are to seek the reason of being of the evolution of the orchestral conductor I have just described, we must look for it in some corresponding process of development in the Art of Music itself. Here, and nowhere else, can it find its artistic justification and explanation.

The philosophical gist of the course Music has run from the days of its first manhood down to the present time—from the age of Palestrina down to the post-Wagnerians of our own—has been well pointed out by Robert Franz as follows:

"In the old Italian school the personal element withdraws almost wholly into the background, and is overwhelmed by the demands of the Catholic Church, which, as is well known, considers the individual of no account.

* Many of us can still remember old Max Maretzek sticking his baton under his left arm and striking chords on an upright pianoforte for the recitatives in Don Giovanni and others of the older Italian operas.

† Beethoven was, to be sure, as much a classicist as anybody—as indeed Mendelssohn was—but Beethoven was decidedly a romanticist in his way, too; an assertion which I am sure the present "modernists" will be the last to dispute.

‡ Berlioz's "free-romantic" conducting was, however, confined to his own works; he conducted the classic repertory far more strictly, and, as has been said of him, "just like everybody else."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The expression of the masters of this school thus became so typical that one has difficulty in distinguishing between, *e.g.*, the grand works of Palestrina. It was Protestantism that first loosed musicians' tongues, for in it the personal element, in contradistinction to the typical, comes into its rights. Nowadays we are told to fall back upon ourselves alone, which fact has led to a subjectivism. . . ."*

From the absolute "objectivity" of artistic point of view of Palestrina, the two Gabrielis, and Orlando Lasso, with the purely "typical," or, as we say nowadays, "conventional," forms of musical expression it brought with it, we pass by gentle gradations—if at times with a more sudden leap—to Sebastian Bach and Handel, in whose artistic attitude "objectiveness" and "subjectiveness" are in equilibrium, and whose forms of musical expression show complete freedom within the limits of the "typical"—the *libertas in legitimo* of the free citizen. From these masters again we pass on to Beethoven, in whom personal emotion and its expression rise to the passionate pitch, and then to composers of the newer and newest schools of our own day, with whom "subjectivism" reigns rampant, to the destruction or quasi-destruction of all "typical" or conventional modes of expression. The whole process has been a gradual and more and more complete emancipation of the *Ego* and a corresponding elimination of conventional forms in musical composition.

Now let me not be misunderstood if I venture to assert that, with every successive stage in this process, composers have lost something in the matter of *completeness* of expression. In a score by Palestrina the very notes themselves not only contain, but reveal the whole essence and emotional gist of the music; sing these notes accurately and clearly, with good voices and in true intonation, and you have satisfied all the composer's demands. Mere musical notation enabled Palestrina to convey to his performers all he had to say, and they had but to follow this notation blindly to impart his whole meaning to the listener. Thus Palestrina could completely express in his music all he had to express; the aid he asked for from performers was purely mechanical. But when we come to Bach and Handel, we find that the mere notes of their scores do not convey their meaning so exhaustively; even added "expression-marks" do not help the notes to tell the whole story. There is still an *unexpressed residuum* that the performer must get at by some other means than merely reading the score; something—and something very important, too—has been left to be read between the lines. Mere technical adequacy on his part and obedience to printed directions no longer suffice; he must *understand* the composition and grasp its full meaning aright, else he comes to grief. I need not cite further examples, for it must already be plain whither my argument is tending. From the old Italian school, with the composer's complete expression of his idea through purely typical forms, down to the most recent modern school, with its "barrier-spurning subjectivism" and subversion of all that is typical in musical expression, we find that the written or printed score conveys to us the composer's idea less and less exhaustively, and that more and more is left to be "read between the lines" by the performer. The corollary to which is that the performer's task grows more and more arduous and problematical, quite apart from his merely technical proficiency. The adequacy of a mechanically correct performance gives way more and more to the necessity of an ideally correct *interpretation*.

It might be thought from this that the performer's prominence in popular estimation must have kept pace with the increasing difficulty of his task and the wider scope it has given his personal artistic initiative. Unfortunately the matter has been complicated by the introduction of a third element, which it will be well to examine now.

The fact is that the musical performer has, from the very first, enjoyed a prominence in popular estimation such as no change in the character or scope of his normal functions could possibly increase. In the eyes of the musical

*From a private letter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public at large he has always been cock of the walk; as much so a hundred years ago as he is to-day. And it takes no such ponderous abstractions as "subjectivity" and "objectivity," or "typicalness" and "individuality," to account for it. A fine voice, brilliant technique, the magnetism of genius, the contagion of personal emotion, or were it but the Alcibiades fashion of tailless dogs—all these have ever held potent sway over the enthusiasm of men, regardless of the way they have been used in the service of Art. The virtuoso is the true ruler of men; it is not for nothing that the Italians have dubbed the female of the species *diva*, or goddess!

To great lengths has this business of virtuosity gone! It is well worth a passing glance for its own sake. Virtuosity—by which term is meant *brilliant executive power* in general—is really a twofold quality; it has its higher spiritual, as well as its lower mechanical, side; besides virtuosity in technique there is also virtuosity in expression. Let the reader remember for a moment what essentially different things *emotion* and *expression* are. Expression is the throwing-out of emotion, the projection of our own feeling upon the plane of another's emotional receptivity; it is a process, and, as such, may be analyzed; furthermore, its component elements are susceptible of synthesis. No doubt the power of expression implies the presence of emotion, of something to be expressed—sceptically to deny this were sheer blasphemy against the sacredness of Art—nothing will come of nothing! But observation proves that there is little necessary connection between the vigor and vividness of an artist's expressive power and the depth or poignancy of his feeling; the one does not increase or decrease in any constant ratio with the other. The power of expression is really a special gift; some of the most stolid natures possess it in a high degree, while it is found to be lacking in some of the most emotional.

Virtuosity in expression has ever been a potent factor of the hold great performers have on popular enthusiasm. Let us give this higher spiritual side of virtuosity its due; yet we should none the less remember that it is quite as capable of being misused, of being made a merely marketable article, or employed in the service of the performer's personal vanity, as of being devoted to the ideal interests of Art. And if the prominence virtuosity in both its phases has given the musical performer in the eyes of the public is naturally and easily accounted for, popular enthusiasm for the virtuoso *per se* has not the purely artistic character that should be ascribed to the more legitimate interest felt in the performer because of the larger and wider scope given him by the development I have described in the Art of Music itself.

From the actual performer to the conductor—the director and controller of many united performers—is but an easy step. We have seen how the conductor has gradually separated himself more and more from the orchestra; how, from merely occasionally *leading* it, he has at last come absolutely to *command* it. Indeed the modern orchestra has been converted into a great, composite musical instrument on which the conductor actually *plays;* and the specific skill he has developed of playing on this ideal instrument is an exact counterpart of what we call virtuosity in the individual performer. A generation of "virtuosi of the orchestra" has sprung up, exercising the same fascination over the great crowd of music-lovers that other virtuosi have, time out of mind. The orchestral conductor is fast becoming the Cynosure in the musical firmament, with the pole-star of safety or shipwreck beaming at his baton's tip. Lightly warbling soprani, tenors, storming the Jericho of the people's heart with "miraculous sound," and sonorous basses of Bashan will have to look to their laurels; some fine day they may find them encircling the conductor's Olympian brow! In a word, the modern conductor is essentially a performer; and, whether he be a popular favorite by reason of his virtuosity or of the scope modern musical performance gives to the artistic initiative of all performers, his virtuosity *per se* is unquestionably the element by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which he most gains his ascendency over the public. This aspect of the phenomenon is by no means without its dubious side. All virtuosity is but a means to an end; and the artistic end to compass which this means is employed is what is fundamentally important in the whole business. It is by the artistic ideal he tries to incarnate, and by his fealty to that ideal that the conductor, like other virtuosi, must show whether he is really the man for his place or not; whether he is worthy to step into the conspicuous and responsible position the whole past of the Art of Music has prepared for him, or is only fit to join the glittering and ignoble army of mere clap-trap virtuosi—singers, fiddlers, or pianoforte-torturers—that have gone before him.

The modern orchestral conductor's position is not free from its peculiar temptations. Let us take him in his most favorable situation, as a modern man (the product of his time and of all past time) conducting modern music. Here he has every advantage; he has with him the musical spirit of his day, the best chances of harmony between his individual artistic instinct and that of the composer whose music he is to conduct. It may be taken for granted that much has been left to be read between the lines of the score; in a word, the music has to be *interpreted*. And a modern score is naturally open to considerable latitude of interpretation; the conductor must strive to grasp the unrevealed essence of the music aright, that the composer's intention shall be fully realized.

No exploration of the unknown, mystic essence—as the French well put it, the *au delà*—of a thing, no expedition starting from the *phenomenon* to discover the *noumenon*, is an easy matter, nor its probable results of assured value. Were it so, metaphysics had long since been a closed science and some of the greatest minds would not still spend their best thinking on it, with what results we know! Yet, in this matter of metaphysics, may there not be a grain of truth in the hypothesis that all philosophers, in their explorations of the *au delà*, have insensibly been guided by a certain ineradicable spirit of optimism, by an unconquerable personal preference, that led them to pitch upon that "scheme of the universe" which seemed to them the best, highest, grandest, and most inspiring to the spiritual life? Is not every scheme of philosophy in the end little more than the projected image of the mind that originated it, with its hopes, fears, and aspirations?

If this is so, how natural for the conductor to follow the philosopher, and in his endeavor to discover the mystic essence of a composition, allow himself to be guided by a similar personal preference, and make that problematic essence the best and highest he knows! May he not be irresistibly impelled to make his performance something of an *original* work of art, "*un coin de* musique *vu à travers* son propre *tempérament?*" If he is truly an artist, he knows that the emotional gist of one man's expression can be rightly comprehended only by what is emotional in another; that the intellect and reason can never of themselves exhaust the significance of feeling. Is it not then natural for him, in striving to fulfil the *duties* of his office, to make use also of the *freedom* these duties imply? If he do not, he is no true artist! And yet he must proceed with caution. *Reading* between the lines—taking this hint right, and grasping the exact purport and weight of that innuendo—is one thing; *amplifying* between the lines, putting in something of his own to eke out the composer's incomplete and uncomprehended expression—is another. One can see that the conductor's temptation to abuse his freedom of interpretation, to amplify effectively instead of reading aright, is great, and all the more insidious that the freedom he abuses springs directly from his duty to the composer.

But if the difficulty is considerable in rightly reading between the lines of contemporary composers' scores—where the artistic instincts of both composer and conductor may be assumed to be tolerably harmonious—how doubly and trebly difficult will it not be to grasp and realize the hidden meaning of compositions written in a by-gone age when men had other ideals in art, were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actuated by another spirit, and employed other forms of expression! I have harped on this string before; but must give it another twang or two, for it sounds the key-note of the most serious difficulty in the orchestral conductor's position to-day. It should be the Catonic "*et delendam esse Carthaginem*" to every discussion of the subject.

To quit generalities, let me take one strongly characteristic case — Beethoven. It were idle to deny that the germs — and indeed, something more than these—of some of the most characteristic developments in the music of the present day are to be found in Beethoven. He pushed "subjectiveness" of expression to lengths unknown before him; he virtually was the first to introduce the element of genuine *passion* into music.* His expression was not only passionate, it was often sudden and fitful, another new feature. There was much in Beethoven which, more by relaxing certain restraints than by giving additional prick to any special stimuli, might easily develop into Berlioz on the one hand, or Wagner on the other. Leaving the musical drama out of consideration, the beginnings of what is most characteristic in the "modern" musical movement are to be descried in Beethoven. He left more to be read between the lines than any composer before him. To play the mere notes of his scores is to do him no manner of justice; his music calls imperatively for a certain amount of "interpreting." But it is equally important for us to recognize that in Beethoven there is to be found no disposition to discard any of the essential elements of "typical" expression in music, such as melodic definiteness (almost what the French call "*carrure*") of thematic material, coherency of development, symmetry of design, or unity of form. Beethoven, even when at his most frenetic pitch, when he comes nearest to what Artemus Ward called "slopping over," as in the last part of the ninth symphony, or the prison-quartet in "Fidelio," never loses his grasp of distinct and well-balanced musical form. Neither does he ever seem in danger of it; the saying of von Bülow's I have often quoted, that "it is especially noteworthy how Beethoven in his later period, when he has wrought himself up to such a pitch of passionate fury that he hardly knows where to look for adequate means of expression, nearly always *takes to the fugue*," is very significant here. To suppose that Beethoven aimed at the untrammelled, barrier-spurning "subjectivism" of expression to be found in the works of men like Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, and others of still later date, but was not quite able to throw off the "shackles" of musical form, is to make up a gratuitous hypothesis out of the whole cloth; for nothing in his works indicates any such disposition or inability on his part. It is just as arrant nonsense to speak of a master like Beethoven as unable to throw off the shackles of musical form as it would be to talk about Dante's not being able to throw off the "shackles" of the *terza rima*. If Beethoven held fast by organic construction and symmetry of design in music, it was because he deemed these things eminently worth preserving. Note also that the sense for artistic measure which impelled him to hold fast by unity and symmetry of musical form did not, and in the nature of things could not, restrict its influence to matters of form alone, but must needs manifest itself in other phases of his work as well, in his orchestral coloring, his dynamic effects, in what is commonly called his "expression" in general. And if this sense for measure controls his writing throughout, save in some exceptional moments of fury, a corresponding sense for artistic measure ought to be manifested in the way his works are performed. Never was there a man of more reserve-power than he; he never had to do any tail-lashing to keep his passionateness up to the sticking-point; he had enough to do to give voice to the passion seething within him, without looking about him for more to express. And his expression

* That this statement may not seem too extreme, let me remind the reader of the distinction to be drawn between *dramatic* and *passionate* expression. Music had certainly been dramatic enough before Beethoven; with Gluck, Mozart, and some of the older Italians. But the intrinsically passionate element was, for the most part, lacking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was nearly always noble and dignified; only twice or thrice in his works do you find him having recourse to anything that might be taken for the musical equivalent of profane swearing—and even then he swears in good grammar! It is most true that his works ill endure the metronomic rigor of rhythm which was part of Bach's* and Handel's natural gait; but it is equally true that, in performing them, "rhythmic elasticity" and transient "modifications of *tempo*" must not be pushed to the point of marring that ideal *unity of tempo* which is an integral factor of all unity of form. His profound pathos and tragic expression do not need the added poignancy of a grimace; his thunder, fresh from Jove's own armory, needs no eking-out with the portentous rolling of Salmoneus chariots. Yet these terrifico-absurd things are what not a few conductors to-day are sorely tempted to do; and they give in to the temptation. They well-nigh wash away all that is "typical" in Beethoven's expression in Niagaras of "subjectivism;" they play him like Wagner, *et encore*—if that were all!

Ay, if that were all! There can be little doubt that the business began after the publication in 1869 of Wagner's pamphlet, "*Ueber das Dirigiren*" (On Conducting). Upon the whole, one hardly knows whether to be glad or sorry this rather violent *opusculum* was ever written; it has doubtless done much good, but also an immense deal of harm. In it Wagner insisted upon conductors taking an inch, and they have gone on taking a longer and longer ell. Especially in what Wagner says about conducting Beethoven—admirable as it is in the main—has he thrown open the door to countless extravagances. It is pretty evident that he could not help allowing his ideas on performing Beethoven to be tinged more or less by his own personal artistic bias, and gave somewhat too liberal scope to his conviction that he and Beethoven were perfectly at one. In this he struck the key-note of a tendency which has since become almost universal and given rise to one of the most curious phenomena in the art history of our day.

It is rather surprising, in an age when all mere *authority* in art matters is held unprecedentedly cheap, how people will do their uttermost to set up one man as irrefragable authority for all their doings. Drive Authority out at the door, and she will back at the window! The most curious part of the controversy that has been going on for years between the modern come-outers and the "classicists" is the way Beethoven has—rather gratuitously, one would think—been thrust into the very centre of the debate. Everything has been made to hinge on him. He has been set up as a sort of infallible incarnation or avatar of the Musical Ideal, and each party seems to think that, if it can only prove Beethoven to be on its side, nothing further need be said. His works have become a musical Bible: ample authority for anything you please. In one way this is not so bad. There is no little truth in the idea. Would that it were oftener recognized that the entirely great artist verily *is* high and highest authority on art matters. It were wholesome for art lovers in general to ponder on this, for it is at times in danger of being forgotten. But the lamentable side of the business is that Beethoven, like the Bible, has been made the theme of a most astounding and bewildering variety of exegesis. It has ended in every sect and denomination in the Musical Ecclesia having a special Beethoven of its own, made, like the horse's god, in its own image. Beethoven has been tortured and twisted into agreement with every musical theory, every miserablest musical fashion or fad that has been offered for the world's edification for the last several decades. He has been so cunningly analyzed and dissected that it is like to take a good half-century more to put him together again!

Of course, musical performance cannot but reflect this curious state of things, as indeed it reflects all developments that regard the Art of Music. It does not take any "*Ueber das Dirigiren*" nowadays to make a Wagnerian

* Robert Franz has well characterized the true essence (*Wesen*) of Sebastian Bach's art as "mystical depth combined with mathematical strictness."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conductor play Beethoven "Wagnerianly;" he would do so of his own accord, if only to prove to himself and his audience how alike the two masters were. And when I say, "Wagnerianly," I do not mean that the conductor plays Beethoven as Wagner would, but that he plays his music just as he does Wagner's—which is quite another story. "*Ja! Wagnerisch, meine Herren!*" has some salt in it, and is oftener capital than not; but the other thing is stale and foisonless as "condemned gooseberry!"

Here we come to the root of the matter. Conductors—or too many of them—cannot let well-enough alone in taking Wagner's advice in "*Ueber das Dirigiren*," but must needs try to improve on it. Instead of taking it with the legendary grain of salt, which some might think it needed, they heighten its pungency with Cayenne pepper of their own. Wagner insists on "modifications of the *tempo*" whenever the character and expression of the music changes. Well and good! But the "modifications" made by some conductors to-day remind one of the Irishman's "persuading" his opponent with a stirrup-strap. Wagner, going on in his poetic way, calls the *cantilena* of the second theme in symphonic first movements an "*adagio* in the midst of an *allegro*." Admirable! Only, when Hamlet invited Laertes to join him in having "millions of acres" piled upon their heads, he probably did not purpose keeping exact tally of the cart-loads; he would have been satisfied when Ossa had been made enough like a "wart" for practical purposes, and let the superfluous acres go. "*Adagio* in the midst of an *allegro*" is all very well: the *cantilena* of the second theme is in so far an *adagio*—and perhaps just a shade farther—as its component notes are of greater time-value than those of the characteristically *allegro* first theme. It has unquestionably something of the *adagio* character by comparison, and this should be duly emphasized in performance. But nowadays, when the "Volumnia and Virgilia" theme * comes in, in the "Coriolan" overture, conductors too often make it a veritable, most love-lorn, and painfully halting *adagio*. Volumnia, forsooth! Mrs. Haller-and-water! And the overture's back is broken, to boot! Every hint in "*Ueber das Dirigiren*" has been taken for considerably more than it was worth. Wagner's suggestions have been held up to the modern conductor's magnifying mirror, and there you see their reflections exaggerated *ad nauseam*.

And, as by a sort of divine irony, these sins against Beethoven have been expiated by no one more painfully than by Wagner himself. His works, too, have come in for the same exaggerated and distorted kind of "interpretation." To hear some performances of Wagner to-day, one would think that "Wagnerian" conductors were with malice prepense playing into the hand of his old-time detractors, who denied him all delicacy of perception, subtlety, or artistic *finesse*. They lay on his colors with a white-wash brush. And the good public is asked to accept this hideous distortion as "characteristically Wagnerian!" †

The trouble, in so far as Wagner's music and that of some other modern composers is concerned, is one of degree rather than of kind; the now current excessive style of performance is "Wagnerish," only more so. All performers, especially those of long standing, are exposed to the temptation to commit similar exaggerations. One of the most "moderate" pianists I know in this respect once admitted to me that, after playing certain pieces in public for some time, year in, year out, he had to lay them on the shelf and let them lie fallow for a while; every successive time he played them he would, quite involuntarily, "make the effects a

* *Vide* Wagner's Explanatory Program to Beethoven's overture to Coriolan.

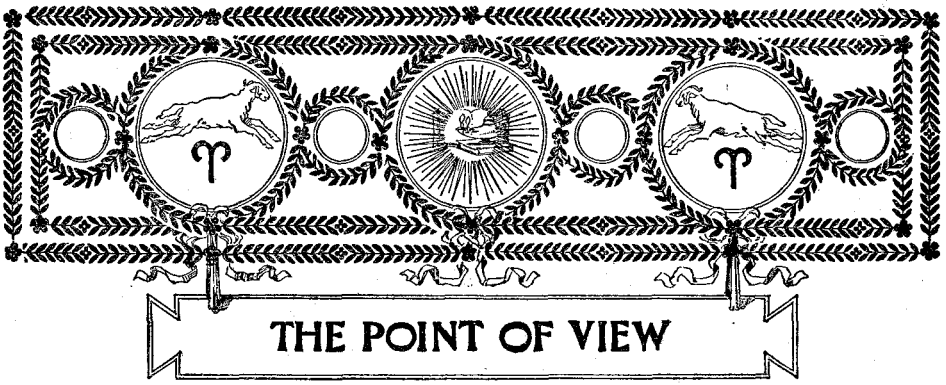
† Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, for five years conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and previously one of the conductors at the Vienna Court Opera, once told me that, when Wagner conducted in person a rehearsal and performance of Lohengrin in Vienna, all the musicians present (of whom he was one) were simply astonished at the way Wagner modified the *tempo* at almost every turning; but were equally, if not still more, surprised at the extreme delicacy of these modifications. In every case the *tempo* was changed but by a hair's-breadth; it was the most delicate and subtile play of *nuances* imaginable! On the other hand, when Verdi conducted his Aïda at the same opera-house, every one was taken off his feet by the suddenness and violence of the "modifications" he made. His *più moto* in particular has been described as "absolutely headlong!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little stronger than the time before," and would so go on until he became aware that he was overstepping all artistic bounds. This is the cumulative effect of a long course of gradually increased stimulation; it is the half-glass of whiskey to-day, the whole glass next week, ending at last in the bottle *per diem*. The conductor begins with the honestest striving after the *right* effect —which, in our modern music at least, is nearly always of the stimulative sort —and then finds himself insensibly led on to resort to stronger and stronger stimulating doses, until he falls into the downward path of aiming at effect *per se* and *quand même*. To carry out my simile, he ceases to be an epicure who drinks for the flavor, and turns to a mere "stimulator" who drinks for the effect. One can easily see what exceedingly slight value "correct traditions" must have after being submitted to such a process; they must sooner or later lose all authenticity and authority. And, when we consider the headlong pace at which all things move in our day, we should not be surprised to find four or five years of constant professional work quite enough to throw a conductor off his artistic balance. If the Bach and Handel traditions have become a very quicksand for performers after nearly a century and a half, the Beethoven traditions are already in a pretty bad case, and the Wagner traditions are fast following them on the same road. The text in the Beethoven Bible—since Beethoven has, once for all, been set up as *the* authority—that most needs to be preached to-day is that which inculcates *artistic measure in all things!*

I am not constitutionally a croaker, and would by no means be misunderstood in what I have said about conductors to-day exaggerating "effects" in their performance of works by the great classic and modern masters. It seems to me hardly questionable that this tendency toward exaggeration is in many, perhaps in most, cases really nothing more than the exaggeration of a tendency which is essentially good, artistic, and coincident with the general direction the development of the Art of Music has taken for the last three centuries. It is but the unlovely reverse side of something of which the obverse is intrinsically fine—the "vice of a virtue." If the excesses in which some modern conductors are too prone to indulge themselves are worse and lower than anything habitually done by the old "Pigtails" in times when orchestral performance was of a more negative character than it is to-day, our present conductors have led the orchestra to higher ideal flights of artistic performance than were even dreamt of half a century ago. They have made the orchestra capable of doing the fullest justice to music of every age and every school. This is no slight achievement! True, they at times show that they feel their oats a little; they get somewhat by the head with their newly acquired power. Like new brooms, they often make an over-clean sweep of artistic points of view that have been held for ages and have that in them which will not stay swept away in dark corners forever. Yet sanity, and not irresponsible intoxication, is desirable in all things; the time is well past when conductors needed any goading on, to keep the Art of Musical Performance neck and neck with the Art of Musical Composition. Nay! the time has already come when the fly-wheel of artistic measure should be added, to control the mighty push of this new mainspring of free individualism. Else we may in time find the current style of orchestral performance of a kind which is the most irredeemably inartistic of all—the kind which it is *impossible to caricature!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE POINT OF VIEW

THE touch of death sometimes crystallizes a man's fame almost as visibly for us as a sudden jar to the chemist's bowl turns the waiting liquid into solid forms, definable and unvarying. However conscious we may have been of a man's achievement, however fully we may have understood its quality, there is a moment not unlike the recognition of a new birth when suddenly we see it finished in the form in which we are to know it henceforth, never to be increased or lessened by any act of its author. And, indeed, it is a new birth : a man is dead ; but that strange entity is only then born which is henceforward to be known by his name, combined of his remembered personality and his work, a being that at first thought seems partly of our own creation, and yet may be really the whole man seen for the first time.

This immortalizing touch of death (no unmeaning paradox) has come to Robert Louis Stevenson so kindly as to be free from much of its sadness, even to his friends, and under circumstances that will always give a peculiar vividness and brightness to the figure that now takes its place in English literature. There has been nothing to dim the impression of that vital and awakening personality, that reached through his books to his readers with perhaps less loss of its quality than that of any living English writer. The conditions of his life, the fine courage of his high-handed and almost contemptuous struggle with disease—which he seldom mentioned but as an inconvenience to be set aside as a matter of course ; and above all the circumstances of his last few years—his actual isolation from, yet intense community with, the world in which he took so keen an interest—all combined to give a force to this personal attraction which will carry it far into the future of his work.

Of much of that work, however, even the coldest critic need not mince his words. It is stamped for long life with that stamp which he can busy himself in justifying, but cannot often affix. The mastery of Stevenson's style has not escaped the occasional accusation that it was self-conscious, or artificial, or "too obviously literary ;" and his defenders have commonly worded their easy defence as though this question of style were that which involved the permanency of his work. Nine out of ten of the comments on his death speak of it as the loss of "one of the greatest living writers of English." He was one of them ; but there is also another element in his prospect of permanence. Readers of this magazine—and all his readers—remember his paper printed here under the title "Pulvis et Umbra," of which the theme was the persistence and indestructibility of the struggle of mankind toward an ideal, "however misconceived." Whoever will turn to "Pulvis et Umbra" and read the enumeration of the powers arrayed against the Promethean side of man (a piece of writing most closely comparable, perhaps, to the memorable catalogue of human woes in Newman's "Apologia"), and then the picture of man contending against them everywhere—"it matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burdened with what erroneous morality" — will have,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though in a form unusually sombre with him, a glimpse of the idea of conflict which above all things interested Stevenson. He was here to preach the Fight and to tell of the Fight—physical, intellectual, moral—and of the Adventure, which is another form of it. This it was that made him a great story-teller. Quiet did not concern him ; and his contemplation, charming as it is, comes nearest, perhaps, to an opening for that accusation of the occasional artificial note. But the other—the *gaudium certaminis*—he felt with all his heart ; his eyes kindled over it ; and literature so inspired, backed by powers like his, is very vital and will last long.

My cousin Anthony has been in to tell me of the betrothal of his son Ajax to a young woman of exceptionally voluminous financial prospects. My cousin is not himself a man of large means, and his children's fortunes are still to be made ; nevertheless it was not without an air of deprecation and symptoms of uneasiness that he told me what Ajax had done. He confided to me the name of the maiden's father, and little as I know about finance I recognized its fiscal potency, and realized the probability that the daughter of such a parent would some day be very rich. I asked Anthony how it happened. He could not tell me much. It had been sudden news to him, and wholly unexpected. Beyond the fact that it *had* happened he knew little. Ajax had asked neither his advice nor his consent. The young woman's natural protectors had apparently made no effort to interfere. If she chose to marry Ajax they seemed willing that she should do so, and the engagement was liable to be announced at any moment on the ticker-tapes, and in the society columns of the daily papers.

I congratulated Anthony, of course ; but it was evident that the disparity between his son's fortune and that of his prospective daughter-in-law embarrassed him, and that he had come in not so much to be felicitated as to be reassured. So I did my best to reassure him.

Remarking (not without some private satisfaction in the thought) that Ajax seemed to feel entirely competent to manage his affairs, and that, anyhow, the business had already passed the point where interference was possible, I proceeded to dwell at some length on the disadvantages that had to be overcome by a young man of character and ability who married a very rich girl. What such a young man was after in life was of course to work out what was in him. As long as he was tolerably poor he had the stern incentive of scant means, and if a family became dependent on his efforts, the incentive became so much the stronger. In that case he must work hard, take care of his health, grasp every chance, be temperate, thrifty, and far-sighted, since only by the most earnest devotion could he hope for such success as would yield him the comforts of life. But to the husband of a woman of fortune this incentive would be almost lost, though the mischief might in some degree be counterbalanced by the opportunities for very advantageous labor which a powerful family connection may often control.

I went on to point out some of the perils which beset the path of the working husband of a rich wife. He may get lazy and stop work. It will be made easy for him to do so, since if anything happens to check his labors the strain will be immediately relaxed, and someone will stand ready to undertake any task he may choose to lay down. Instead of having his endurance strengthened by moderate hardship, he will be pampered. If he needs a week's rest, he will be urged to take a month ; if he needs a month, he will be advised to go abroad and spend the summer. He will probably be overfed and very possibly he will develop gout. He will drink champagne when he should be drinking claret, and claret when he should not be drinking at all. He will be liable to be called upon to waste much time aboard yachts ; he will be exposed to many perils from horses ; he will be liable to travel at short notice to the remotest places for the benefit of his health, or his wife's health, or the health of his children ; he must run the risk of being oppressed by a multiplicity of servants, and of having his energies frittered away in detail by the cares of large establish-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments. He will be nagged by promoters who will offer him opportunities to invest his wife's surplus income. It will be very hard for him to stick to business. Small matters will not be worth his attention, and the direction of large concerns is not to be learned without preliminary training in affairs of less importance. Then there will be his children. He will have to see that his boys are not ruined by luxury, and that adventurers do not steal his daughters.

But, of course, I went on to say, seeing Anthony growing solemn, somebody must marry the rich girls. There might be enough rich young men to pair off with them if all the rich bachelors were available; but as long as a large percentage of the rich bachelors insist on marrying poor girls there is no choice but for some rich girls to marry poor men or none. And, after all, if a girl is truly a nice girl, it would be a shame to avoid her because of her fortune. When I was young, I told him, if I had really loved a girl, and she had loved me, and had been of age or an orphan, I would have married her if she had owned all New York between Canal Street and Central Park. Dreadful as it would have been to be burdened with such a load I would have felt that a true affection might make it tolerable.

I think I was a comfort to cousin Anthony. He went away looking a good deal less dejected than when he came in. What a happiness it is, to be sure, when one gets a chance to benefit a fellow-creature's spirits by changing his point of view!

No amount of philosophy, in the world as at present constituted, is going to make any man absolutely careless whether his associates consider him an ass or a dullard, or even a bore—which a man may be without being either of the other two, for everybody knows the clever type of the species. Strong feeling on this subject is consistent with all right theories of living, from the highest altruism to the most self-respecting individualism (if indeed they differ); and a desire to be taken by others at what he knows to be his value is distinctly a healthy symptom in the social human being.

But I have been a good deal impressed of late by the appearance of a morbid condition of this trait, which bears the same relation to its sounder manifestation that irritation does to normal sensitiveness. It consists in a preposterous alertness; an apparent fear to be caught napping, or even lounging, in any of your intellectual outposts, as if your immediate response to a signal were a matter of life and death, and a kind of febrile activity were that for which you were chiefly anxious to be esteemed.

The chief damage that this apparently epidemic condition is doing, is the reduction of rational conversation to a process of repartee. Proportionately to the interests involved, not much more time and strength are wasted by the European nations in keeping up their armaments than some of the victims of the complaint waste in trying to be perpetually ready for their interlocutor, to "get back at him," to "score off him." I know men of whom you cannot ask what o'clock it is without their feeling it a necessity to reply in an epigram, or in any form of words that shall not convict them of the unreadiness of saying simply "half-past two." They are extreme cases; but men with whom satisfactory talk on any subject is impossible are numerous enough, because of a disposition—or more probably only a habit—essentially the same. The worst of it is that the companion of one of these victims is apt to encourage the thing in spite of himself. If a man will fence, or play checkers, or match coins with you (lest you may think he can't do it), instead of getting at what you both want, human nature cannot always refrain from taking an interest in the game, even to your own subsequent annoyance.

It is not necessary to advise persons who find their regard for their interlocutor's opinion in this irritated condition, to sadden conversation by solemnly asking themselves, upon every temptation to a repartee (as Tattycoram in "Little Dorrit" counted five-and-twenty), whether on the whole their intelligence might not be equally proved by speaking simply to the subject in hand. Something must be left to the natural man. But let the reader listen with this homily in mind to the next

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talk he hears among half a dozen men of good intelligence, not too great age, and reasonable conformity to the prevailing type and see if the objector has not a case.

READING, this morning, a chapter of Professor Barrett Wendell's skilful book on Shakespeare, I am impressed by a phrase in which the mighty gloom of "King Lear" is summed up wonderfully well. "Whether you read this great tragedy," he says, "or see it on the stage, the effect produced by any single and swift consideration of it must nowadays be one of murky, passionate, despairing confusion." He then proceeds cleverly to justify this "nice derangement of epitaphs," as Mrs. Malaprop would have called it, by indicating obscurities of style, situations intellectually dramatic rather than theatrical, and other technical traits due to obsolete conditions of the Elizabethan stage. But upon one strange obscurity, which surely cannot have escaped the notice of so close a student, since it is unparalleled in all Shakespeare, he does not touch at all. This is the sudden and unexplained disappearance from the play, when the action is at its height, of King Lear's Fool.

Differing from all other clowns and jesters of the master dramatist, Lear's attendant reveals in his very first scene an underlying mournfulness which complicates his character, and, technically speaking, makes the part a hard one to perform. He has been whipped for speaking true, whipped for lying, sometimes whipped for holding his peace. Ellen Tree often played him, and women, perhaps, have always succeeded best with the whimper in his speech, which at times is almost feminine. But his phrase of sorrow rises with the storm until a man, and a strong one, is needed to do it justice. Never was mirth so bitter. As Hamlet's replies were pregnant, even to Polonius, the Fool's questions are home-thrusts that must stir the dullest hearer. "Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?" he asks. And Lear answers: "A king, a king!" Throughout the scenes upon the heath he serves as chorus, brought into the foreground to deepen their sadness by his mockery. And when the king's oppressed nature sleeps, the Fool still has the last word.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so.
We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.
Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Immediately upon this speech, near the close of the third act, he leaves the stage, helping Kent and Gloster to bear away his master. Up to that point, although he is but a secondary figure, he has been constantly before us. Now he makes his final exit into outer darkness. We see him no more, and not the smallest mention is made of him again. Why?

If we decide that the Fool is dismissed in this summary fashion, because he has served his purpose and the full effect of that purpose has been accomplished, the answer seems insufficient. For it is not thus that Shakespeare deals with the well-rounded secondary personages in whom he has awakened interest. We see Mercutio hurt, and learn at once that the hurt was mortal. We know Horatio as we know our own comrades. Other attendants and confidants may arouse our curiosity, and their story is fully told. But the fate of this one faithful follower, who has touched us deeply, is left in everlasting mystery. Did he take arms with his master against Albany and Edmund, to fall in battle? Was he hanged, like that other "fool," the poor Cordelia? Did he live, to journey on in grief as Kent's companion? We search the last two acts in vain for an explanation, only to wonder whether some line has slipped from the text, or whether Shakespeare, with unaccustomed carelessness, forgot to write the line. Whatever may be the true explanation, we shall never know it. The Fool's pathetic figure is hopelessly lost in that desperate confusion of the closing scenes. His end remains an insoluble enigma. He goes to bed at noon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORSHIPPERS.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

From the painting by F. H. Tompkins by courtesy of Mr. John Reese.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED